

THE

CHILD'S FRIEND.

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THE NEW YEAR.

WE never wish you a "happy New Year" without a fresh feeling of affection towards you all, — to those whom we know and meet day by day, no less than to those who are scattered over our dear New England, or listen to us by ones and twos from some western prairie or southern plantation. What can we say that we have not already said in the five years of our acquaintance? Our highest wish is that you may be all Christian children. This, as we have so many times told you, is no impossible desire. We believe that one reason why Jesus came on earth in the form of a child was that he might be an example to children. In order to be Christian children, you must think of Christ. You must read often about him, and you must picture him to your minds, — the holiest being that ever lived on earth, and yet reviled, scoffed, and ill treated by those he came to bless. Ah! you think, if Jesus were only here now! If he could speak to us and tell us our duty, if he could lay his

hand on our heads, we should never wish to do any thing wrong again.

He *is* here now. You do not see him, for we cannot see spirits; but we know he is with those who love him and try to serve him, because he declared to his disciples when he left them, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Let the thought of this heavenly presence be, then, to you a constant guide. You may as certainly feel that his smile of approval meets you, when you have done right, as if you had lived when he was on earth. The remembrance of his pure life can urge you on to greater purity as well as if that life were led, from day to day, by your side, if you will only realize it. Make it a reality.

In this way the greatest saints have attained to their virtues. They have felt that by alone taking him for their guide could they learn and obey the commands of Him who is over all things; they have felt their Saviour far dearer than any earthly friend; they have felt that he could lead them to the Source of all comfort when they were distressed, to the Fountain of all light when they were perplexed; and that the thought of God and his blessed Son would render more deep and abiding the greatest joy.

But we fancy we hear you say that our New Year's greeting is as sober as our Old Year's retrospect. Sober it may, but not sad. These are the most beautiful, the most precious, truths in the world; and the child who is most like Jesus is the happiest child, and he who tries most to be like him will have the happiest New Year. No matter what his outward lot is, even if hunger and cold are pressing round him: he knows that Jesus



hath said, "He that cometh to me shall never hunger;" and the rich and abundant food for the soul will always be provided for those who seek it.

That God may so enable you to overcome all your sins, that your own approving conscience shall make this indeed a happy year, is the sincere wish and earnest prayer of your unknown friend the

EDITOR.

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#### LETTER TO A SUNDAY-SCHOOL SCHOLAR.

MY DEAR JULIA, — Will you consider me an "ugly old spy" if I bestow upon you the result of some observations I made while staying at your house lately? You may think it a poor return for hospitality. You, as well your mother, were full of kind attentions to me, and made me very happy. One source of my happiness, however, was that I saw so much to love in you, the only daughter of my early friend; and, at my time of life, to form a new attachment is an unexpected fountain of innocent enjoyment.

But no attachment is worth much, unless some moral good springs from it. You did me good by breaking up a morbid melancholy into which I was sinking through ill-health; you tempted me to exercise out of doors, and made me laugh, using the fine flow of spirits which God has given you, as he meant you should sometimes, for the best of purposes. Now, it remains to be seen if I can do you any good, so that the benefit of our friendship may be mutual. I think I can; for I have observed the can-

dor of your disposition : the humility it indicates is one of the chief Christian graces ; and this it was which first charmed me. I saw you listen, not only patiently, but cheerfully, eagerly, when told of a fault by your mother ; I saw the ingenuousness with which you acknowledged it as soon as convinced, — how few young people can be convinced of an error ! — and then I witnessed your sincere and successful efforts to correct the habit that grieved her so justly.

So I am encouraged to try if I can requite your hospitality in the stern, old-fashioned way, — of doing you good by an exhortation.

That against which I would warn you is a tendency very common at your age, and in your sex ; and it is most common, I think, among the best girls : it is the worship of a human being, — a sort of idolatry, which, in your case as in many others, has chosen your Sunday-school teacher for its object.

The first reason I shall give you for protesting against this idolatry will startle you ; but you ought to consider, that it is not good for the *object* of your enthusiastic attachment. Sensible and good as Miss Taylor may be, both her sense and goodness may not be proof against the indirect adulation of such homage as she receives from you. She is human, and has frailties ; she is a young woman still, and her character is still forming ; her judgment is fallible, and no one should trust to it implicitly. I have seen many a fine young woman seriously injured by the excessive devotion of her Sunday scholars, — looked up to until she forgot to look up to any one else, and, quite unconsciously, walked about among her family and friends as an oracle ; judging the

conduct, and advising the proceedings, of those as competent as herself, and suffering from surprise if her opinions were not received with the deference to which she was accustomed in her class. Nothing can do a young woman more good than to become a Sunday-school teacher: its difficulties and discouragements are good for her, as well as the kind of study necessary. But the pleasing danger of which I speak is one evil of the position against which neither teacher nor pupil is apt to place sentry, and it comes unperceived. Do not expose that excellent Miss Taylor to it. Respect and love her; ascertain and *weigh* her opinions; compare them with those of other judicious friends; beware of being influenced in the comparison by a blind partiality; and let your affectionate heart chasten itself into a love that bears exact proportion to what is right. Nothing that injures its object can be right. As I am not sure I can persuade you that it is possible to injure Miss Taylor by worship, let me remind you that there is the risk of injuring yourself.

As no human creature deserves to be worshipped, you throw your character out of balance when you indulge such a mental habit. I know that young people usually underrate that excellent attainment which is called *balance* of character, looking upon it as uninteresting, tame, and unsatisfactory to the imagination: yet it implies the complete, beautiful, equal development of all that is noble and good in mind or heart, and is, in reality, the most lofty, difficult, and rare of acquisitions. We suspect that many pretend to despise it, when, in reality, they have a dim consciousness that it is above

them; that it requires effort they are not willing to make, sacrifices of which they are not capable.

• She who idolizes, therefore, is self-indulgent, and throws herself back from the perfection at which all should aim. We have actually heard young persons boast of it, or at least confess their tendency to it, with an air which showed how little they understood the weakness it betrayed. It is a matter of shame, a thing to be struggled against and put away, as an offence against God, a wrong to your fellow-creatures, and a debilitating influence in your own moral system.

It may offend God, because you make yourself likely to think more of the approbation of an imperfect creature than of *his* who is the only perfect. Have I not heard you weep and distress yourself through a whole week, because you had, by some thoughtlessness, brought on yourself a word of reproof from Miss Taylor? Were you not in extravagant spirits after she had forgiven and kissed you? And, if *she* had not known of your misdemeanor, would a sense of God's disapprobation have affected you so? It is a terrible thing to let a mortal come between you and God, either in reverence or love. You will see it so as you pass out of the flesh. God is not selfish, of course, as might be inferred from the simple statement that it must offend him to be placed second to any created being. It grieves rather than offends him, because he loves you better than mortals can, and knows that nothing can so truly help you towards complete goodness and happiness as the love of Him who is perfect goodness. To love a fellow-creature blindly and supremely will infallibly set up too low a standard in your mind, and you will never rise above it.



God sees that fact distinctly, and therefore cannot approve your idolatry.

It is a wrong to your fellow-creatures to idolize one among them, because you will be sure not to give others all that they deserve. You will neglect to observe real excellences in others, or will pass them over slightly; you will omit some opportunities of giving pleasure and doing good, because not prompted to them by the one whom you adore. Do you remember absenting yourself from a sewing-meeting, when a poor family was to be fitted out, because your beloved Miss Taylor could not go? Do you remember quitting your little brother one morning, when your mother had been up with him all night? He was very sick, and she quite unwell: but she could not lie down to rest till you came home from Sunday school; for you could not be absent from dear Miss Taylor's class. I do not think Miss Taylor would have justified either of these incidents, had she known of them; but, on reflection, you will see that they grew out of something unwise, unsafe, and wrong.

In speaking of the wrong to God and to your fellow-creatures, I have perhaps sufficiently indicated the wrong to yourself in indulging this idolatrous propensity. It is a lazy, debilitating practice: you will be apt to take opinions on trust; so that, for want of exercise, your judgment will not become active and healthy, and your affections will become sentimental and morbid for want of sufficient variety in their objects. It is a charming and wholesome study to look about among all the characters which God throws in your way, seeking beauties and excellences to admire and copy. The world

of character, like that of nature, is full of loveliness, most marvellously varied; and you are in danger of losing more than he would who should fix his attention exclusively on a fair white lily, and refuse to contemplate the moss-rose in the next bed, or the violet among the grass.

Love, respect, admire, strive to equal, all that you see good in any human being, my dear young friend; but highest and dearest of all let Him stand who is wisest and best of all; and, if you do that, he will keep you in the right way as to all things else. Parents, teachers, friends, the world with all its duties, will all fall into their proper places. Christ, who worshipped no man, and would suffer no man to worship him, will be a living and beloved presence with you; and the growth of your character will go on, deriving nourishment and strength from every good influence around you, while it acquires an independent power of resisting evil.

Your true friend,

L. J. H.

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### THE FIRST THEFT.

(See Engraving.)

THE eighth commandment was repeated among the others, every Sunday evening, by Frank Walker, or one of his brothers or sisters, as they all sat round the table after the lamps were lighted. Sometimes Mr. Walker told a little story to illustrate one of them, and to show how it might be applied to their daily life. Frank had often heard his youngest sister recite, "It is a sin to steal

a pin," and he knew perfectly well that stealing leads often to lying and its whole train of vices.

Thanksgiving Day drew near; and Frank's mother, with his two older sisters, were often in the kitchen, making cake and tarts, pies, puddings and jellies, the very thought of which made Frank's mouth water.

One morning, as he went, at his mother's desire, to bring some water from the well, on his way through the kitchen he saw a most tempting collection of cakes, just drawn from the oven; and, as he returned, he saw they were placed on a table in the outer kitchen to cool. He must have one of them! It did not occur to him that the best way was to ask for one, or to wait till his mother chose to give him one; so our silly boy — it was vacation with him, dear readers — loitered round the kitchen and the wood-shed, watching for an opportunity to steal from his own mother.

He thought they would never have done going from one room to the other. He never was so tired of waiting in his life. First, something was wanted from the drawer of the identical table on which the cakes stood, and Jane came to get it. Then Mary brought a bottle, and put it beside them; and, oh! worse than all, his mother took her station at the table, and began to beat eggs. He had almost made up his mind that he had wasted time enough, when he heard the servant call his mother. She left the eggs, and went into the inner room; and Frank saw that all were intent upon what was going on there.

He crept softly into the door, and, with one eye fixed on the group in the adjoining apartment, stretched out his hand for the cake. In so doing, he did not observe a cup of milk which stood near the edge of the table, and

which he threw down in his haste. His mother turned, and, seeing Jowler come out of the room with something in his mouth, she supposed that he had been guilty of the mischief, and, again turning her head, went on with her directions. Frank had crept behind the door; but, when he heard his mother begin to talk again, he stole out again, and ran into the barn, where he thought he might eat his cake in safety. Just as he opened the door, he took a bite. His brother Joe called out, "Who's there?" and Frank answered, with his mouth full.

"Oh! you took some lunch, did you? Give me some, for I am as hungry" ——

"Plenty more in the house," returned Frank, hiding the cake in his pocket.

"Let's see what it is. Ho! you need not be so choice; I shan't take any of it. Any thing good, eh?"

"Not especially."

Off went Joe. Frank knew that he would ask directly for what he desired. He finished the cake; but, to his surprise, it did not taste nearly so good as he expected. His conscience troubled him too; and a troublesome conscience is a very bad companion. Presently Joe came back.

"There!" cried he, exultingly, "see what Jane gave me! She was just putting these into the cake-box, and she gave me one. Now, if you hadn't been such a stingy fellow, I'd give you a taste. Think I must as it is. Here!" And he broke off a large piece.

Frank took it; he did not know what else to do: but he only tasted it, and gave the rest back to Joe, saying he had eaten enough luncheon before.



Joe was as gay as a lark, swinging round the beams and hiding in the hay. But Frank was out of sorts: he hid once or twice, but soon gave that up. He would not walk round the barn on one of the great beams, nor would he try to climb up to the ridge-pole. Joe said there was no use in trying to play with him: he meant to go and find Jem Bently. Frank left the barn, too, and went to his own room.

He was reading "Sinbad the Sailor;" and, the night before, his mother had to take the book away from him before he could be persuaded to go to bed. To-day, however, he did not understand a word he was reading, and finally laid aside the book. So it went on all day. He was uncomfortable, hard to suit, and froward. He was glad when night came, that he might go to bed, and hide his shame from himself in sleep. But even this he could not do. He was haunted all night by dreams, from which he woke in affright; and he rose in the morning looking almost ill, and with a headache, — a pain from which he had never suffered before. His mother was occupied with her plans for the day, and did not observe him; but when he came up stairs, just before dinner, she called him into her room to speak to him.

"Why, my son, you look sick!"

The kind tone touched Frank's heart, and the miserable boy began to cry bitterly. As well as his sobs allowed, he confessed the theft to his mother, and told her how much he had suffered, and begged her to punish him, and make him a better boy.

"You will not be happy, Frank, until you have asked your heavenly Father's forgiveness too," said his mother.

"As for punishment, I think you have been punished

sufficiently by the unhappiness you have felt ; and I trust it will teach you that the slightest wrong deed brings untold misery in its train."

"O mother ! it will ; I am sure it will. But, indeed, I had rather you would punish me."

"Name your own punishment, then, Frank. I think I can trust sufficiently to your present sorrow for your making it a real one."

"Well, then, mother," said Frank, after some deliberation, "I think I will go without any of all the nice eatables you have been cooking lately. I will give up the pies, and the cakes, and the puddings, till these all are eaten ; and by that time I hope I shall feel happy again, and not ashamed to show my face."

"You will before that time, my son ; for true repentance of a sin always brings peace of mind. I shall not regret all you have suffered, if your first theft is also your last."

EDITOR.

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### UP AND DOING, LITTLE CHRISTIAN.

Up and doing, little Christian, —

Up and doing while 'tis day :

Do the work the Master gives you ;

Do not loiter by the way.

For we all have work before us ;

You, dear child, as well as I :

Let us seek to learn our duty,

And perform it cheerfully.

Up and doing, little Christian :  
Gentle be, and ever kind ;  
Helpful to thy loving mother, —  
E'en her slightest wishes mind.  
Let the little children love you  
For your care and harmless play ;  
And the feeble and more wilful, —  
Help them by your kindly way.

Patience, patience, little Christian ;  
No cross look or angry word :  
Follow Him who died to save you ;  
Follow Jesus Christ your Lord.  
Help the suffering and the needy ;  
Help the poor whom Jesus loves ;  
Tell the sinner of the Saviour,  
Who still lives to bless, above.

Up and doing, little Christian ;  
Trust not to thyself alone,  
But work out thine own salvation  
Through the blood of God's dear Son.  
Jesus loves you, little Christian ;  
Turn not from his love away ;  
But go forth and do his bidding,  
Up and doing while 'tis day.

*Child's Paper.*

## THE MANUFACTURE OF SHOT.

ONE of the earliest modes of making lead-shot consisted in cutting up sheet-lead into narrow strips; cutting these strips again into little cubes, or fragments, and working them about between two flat stones, until the fragments had assumed somewhat of a globular form. Another method bore some resemblance to the plan on which boys' marbles are made: the small pieces of lead, after being cut in any convenient way from the sheets, were shaken together in a bag, whereby each fragment was enabled to rub off the irregularities of its neighbor. A third plan, better still for larger shot, was that of casting in a mould, — a process still adopted for musket-bullets. For this purpose a mould is employed, formed of two oblong pieces of brass, hinged together at one end. In each half are several hemispherical cavities, so arranged, that, when the mould is closed, the cavities form spherical hollows, just the right size and shape for the shot: small channels are left open to communicate with these cavities, and melted lead is poured through the channels until the cavities are full. On opening the mould, the shot are extricated, and are soon finished by cutting off the roughnesses of the surface. The small shot, however, are required to be made by some process more expeditious than that of casting; and hence the importance of the present remarkably quick process of manufacture.

A person named Watts has the honor of a place in all descriptions of the shot manufacture. The story runs thus: Once upon a time, somewhat more than seventy



years ago, a plumber named Watts, residing in or near Bristol, obtained a patent for the manufacture of shot by a process which is said to have been suggested to his mind in a dream. The method consisted in pouring molten lead from a considerable height, in order that, while falling, it might cool into separate globules, or shot. He is further reported to have made an experiment, from the tower of the Church of St. Mary Redcliff, at Bristol, which was satisfactory. He obtained a patent, which he was fortunate enough to dispose of for ten thousand pounds (nearly fifty thousand dollars).

The very remarkable system whereby shot — that is, small shot for pistols and muskets and fowling-pieces — are now made, whether devised originally by Watts or not, requires a great perpendicular height for its due management. On the banks of the Thames there is a lofty tower, originally built for this purpose, near Waterloo Bridge; but, in the north of England, another contrivance of a curious kind is adopted. The shafts of coal-pits are occasionally abandoned, when the old seams of coal are worked out, and the shaft remains, although useless for its original purpose. Now, such a shaft, if not too deep, will constitute a capital shot-shaft, as a substitute for a shot-tower. Newcastle-upon-Tyne happens to be well located in respect to this matter; for it is the place from which all the rich lead is brought from the Alston district — on the confines of Yorkshire, Durham, and Cumberland — for conversion into salable forms; and it is surrounded on every side by coal-pits, some of which are abandoned for their original purpose, and are available in aid of shot-making. Some of the large establishments in and near this town have the

requisite working apparatus for extracting silver from lead, for casting or rolling sheet-lead, for making white-lead, for making red-lead, for making shot, and for other manufacturing processes wherein lead is the principal material operated upon. But the little shot are the only products here demanding notice.

Supposing that a deserted coal-pit be available, and that this pit is sixty or eighty yards deep by six or seven feet in diameter, — the mouth of the pit closed over for safety, with the exception of a small square hole in the centre. Over this opening a tripod is supported, at about a yard from the ground; and, in its turn, this tripod supports a kind of colander, or perforated metal pan, the perforations in which correspond in size with the kind of shot to be made. The smallest holes, for the smallest shot, are about one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter; from which minimum there is a gradation of twelve or fifteen sizes, up to the shot one-fifth or one-sixth of an inch in diameter. The shot are not made entirely of lead: a small percentage of arsenic is added, to harden the lead, and to enable the shot more readily to assume a spherical form. Near the tripod is a small furnace, in which the two metals are melted. A little of the scum or dross from former meltings is laid over the holes in the colander, to separate the molten metal into distinct little streams. A workman, provided with a ladle, pours molten metal from the furnace into the colander; and presently a bystander will see a brilliant shower of silvery rain descending from the holes in the colander into the abyss below. Now, it is just at this juncture that the philosophy of shot-making presents itself for notice. The object in view is to granulate the lead; that is, to separate the

fluid mass into a number of little globules, all distinct, and all spherical. When this system was first adopted, the drops of molten lead fell into a vessel of water almost close to the under-surface of the colander; but it was found, that, although the drops were cooled into shot by this sudden immersion in cold water, the shot were distorted, and sadly misshapen. It was here that Watts's dream, if it was a dream, gave him the advantage: he dreamed, that, by greatly increasing the distance between the colander and the water, the drops, revolving in various directions as they fell, might assume a spherical form before the instant when the sudden chill made them solid. By adopting a descent of some two hundred feet or so, this object is attained. Every little circumstance connected with the process affects the probability or improbability of the drops reaching the water in the right shape: the ratio of arsenic to lead, the temperature of the melting, the nature of the layer placed over the holes in the colander, the thickness of this layer, the quantity of molten metal poured into the colander at one time, the depth of the pit, — all are important.

But, with all the care that can be taken, imperfect shot make their appearance; and these must be separated from the good shot; for the direct course of a missile depends intimately on the symmetry of its shape. In the first place, when several hundred-weights of shot have collected in a pool of water at the bottom of the pit, a man is lowered by ropes, and he sends up the shot in baskets or other vessels. The shot are spread out on iron plates heated from beneath, and are speedily dried; and a series of siftings bring them into groups according to their

sizes, sieves being employed whose perforations correspond with the sizes of the respective shot. Then ensues one of the prettiest and most singular processes which we know in manufactures, — the separation of the good from the misshapen shot. An iron table is prepared, the bed of which is as flat and smooth as possible; and this table can be tilted up at one end to give any desired angle to the surface. A handful or a shovelful of shot are placed on the upper end of the table, whence they can roll down to the lower end. The shot which have a true spherical shape roll in a straight course down the inclined surface of the table, and fall into a box at the bottom; but those which are not round descend irregularly, tending now to one side, and now to the other, and reaching the lower edge of the table after a somewhat winding course. Now, the consequence is this: the good shot, descending regularly, acquire increased momentum, and dart off into a box at some distance from the lower end of the table; while the bad shot, descending irregularly, gain very little momentum, and fall into a nearer box. The angle of inclination given to the table is just sufficient to insure this separation between the good and bad shot. If too much inclined, many of the bad shot would dart off to the distant box; if too little inclined, many of the good shot would drop into the near box.

A little more has yet to be done. The shot have a kind of dead silvery-white appearance; but sportsmen and other shooters have a liking for a neat, polished, blackish appearance. This is imparted by means of black-lead; which, by the way, is no lead at all, — only carburet of iron. The shot, with a little powdered black-



lead, are put into a kind of churn : they are shaken about for some time, until they become still more spherical, and the black-lead rubbed into their surfaces. Finally, they are tied up in bags containing twenty-eight pounds each ; and thus they reach the market.—*Chambers's Journal*.

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## STORIES ON THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

## NO. I.

“Thou shalt have no other god before me.”

THE sabbath sunset-light was streaming in, rich and soft, through the western window, and tinging with crimson the snowy page of my open book. I was not reading now, — only *dreaming* ; and I turned round to listen idly, as my little sister Annie broke the silence with a long yawn, and a pettish —

“Mother, I never *shall* learn this Catechism !”

“Why, what’s the trouble now, Annie ?” asked my mother, pleasantly.

“Oh ! I don’t know, — it’s all so hard. I’m sure I never should undertake it if Mr. Whitney hadn’t offered all the Sunday scholars such a *lovely* ‘Pilgrim’s Progress,’ bound in black and gilt, if we would learn it ; and I like to have books so much. And besides, I don’t want the rest to think I *couldn’t* get it.”

“I’m sorry, dear, you have no better motive for learning such a good and useful book : you should study it for its *own* sake too. But what is your difficulty now ?” said my mother.

"Oh! these *Commandments*, with the 'what is required,' and 'what is forbidden,' and 'what is the reason annexed,' to say nothing of the 'Scripture proofs.' I've studied *hard* ever since I came from church, and I haven't learned the first yet!" exclaimed poor Annie, despairingly. "I could do better with it, mother, if I could just see the *use*. Of course it is right, since God gave it to us; but then, mother, we are Christians: there is no danger that *we* will ever have *any other god*, like the heathen, — is there?"

"Cannot you imagine any other gods than those of wood and stone, which pagans worship, Annie?" asked my mother, gravely.

The child looked up doubtfully. "I don't know: won't you tell me?" she asked.

And mother said, "Suppose you come and sit by me, Annie, and I will tell you a story of a little girl who worshipped another god than the true and living God; and, if it makes your Catechism any pleasanter, I will do the same with the other commandments."

"Oh, that will be elegant, mother! I dearly love stories," exclaimed the child, eagerly, as she drew her ottoman to mother's side; and I, who, although I numbered six years more than Annie's eleven, was as fond of "stories" as she, seated myself in the low window-sill, where I could at once watch the sunset-gold fading into twilight-gray, and listen to the sketch I now transcribe for you.

"Charlotte Staunton was a schoolmate of mine, a long time ago, Annie, when I was not much older than you; but although we were in the same classes, and lived very near to each other, we were never very intimate; indeed,

I do not remember that she was ever very intimate with any one. And yet she was pretty and intelligent, and had a sister whom we all loved dearly, — little Lizzie Staunton, a quiet, gentle child, who never was unkind to anybody or any thing. Charlotte knew very well that Lizzie was much more popular with the girls than herself; and she wondered vainly why it was, when she was older, and had more pocket-money to buy dainties with, and was much more amusing a companion. But we girls had often discussed the difference between the sisters, as children will talk over their playmates; and we had decided quite positively that Charlotte was very, *very* selfish, and loved no one but herself, while Lizzie was gentle and generous almost to a fault, and ‘loved her neighbor as herself.’

“I remember very well, one day, when, as a group of girls, of whom I was one, were sitting under the catalpa-trees behind the schoolhouse, eating their lunch and chatting schoolgirl gossip, one of our set, named Ellen Lloyd, came up to us, and commenced to tell us, hurriedly, what ‘a very selfish girl Charlotte Staunton was. Do you believe it, just now, as I was passing through the schoolroom to put my dinner-basket away, I heard her say to Lizzie, who stood by her side holding their satchel, while Charlotte was lying luxuriously on a pile of wrappings she had heaped upon the desk, “There, Lizzie, let me have both those slices of cake: you know I am devoted to plum-cake, and you are not specially fond of it; and you don’t want any chestnuts, do you? There, I thought not. Now take the basket away; there are some sandwiches in it for you: I ate the chicken.” And so that dear little Lizzie went away, without a word, to eat her

ham and biscuit; when presently Charlotte called her to bring her a glass of water; and she did it at once, only saying, playfully, "You lazy sister!" Ellen stopped, breathless and indignant; and we all exclaimed, 'For shame!'

"'But it's not the first time she has done so,' said one: 'she always makes Lizzie bring the basket and take it home, and then eats her dinner first; and Mrs. Staunton never knows it.'

"'Yes; but at home it is almost the same, only she manages to deceive her mother; and Lizzie loves her so, she never thinks she does wrong. The girls have a room together; and Charlotte always persuades Lizzie to dust the furniture, and arrange the books on their shelves; and she makes her get into bed first, so as to warm the sheets in the winter nights; and she never allows her to sit in the rocking-chair when she wants it herself; and she barely gets ready in time for breakfast, and allows her mother to think that she has performed her devotions, and done all she ought to do. I know all these things, because I spent a vacation with them; and though it isn't right to talk about one's entertainers, still Charlotte is dreadfully selfish!'

"'Poor girl! she worships *herself*, — she has another god before HIM,' said Lucy Selwyn, the *good* girl of our school, very sadly: 'but then, girls, we ought not to judge another so, indeed. And there is the bell!' And so we went in, and dropped Charlotte for that time.

"That very evening, as it happened, while we were all in the schoolroom, studying busily, a thunder-cloud rolled up black and heavy, and, before the hour for dismissal came, burst in a storm of rain. Now arose a



dilemma about getting home: some of us decided to wait until the storm subsided, or until our parents sent for us; others, who lived near, to run home as fast as possible. Among these was Charlotte; and she persisted in going, though Lizzie, who with her gentleness was very timid, and dreaded a thunder-storm, implored her to wait till it had ceased.

“‘I have no patience with such a little coward; and you only pretend you have a cold, and feel sick,’ said Charlotte, angrily; ‘so just come along, or I shall leave you to come alone, and then you *will* be afraid.’ And away she ran; while Lizzie, frightened and distressed, hurried after her. The thunder burst in fearful crashes, and the lightning was intensely vivid. It was almost as dark as night in the wood through which they had to pass; and at last, poor Lizzie, completely overcome with terror and exhaustion, sank upon the ground, declaring she could go no farther.

“Charlotte only said, carelessly, ‘As you please,’ and hurried on: so the child, nerved by her fear, sprang up, and, bounding on amid the storm, rushed past her, and fell, half-fainting and sobbing bitterly, into the arms of her father, who was starting to bring them home. He reproved them for being so imprudent as to come out in such a storm; and Lizzie said nothing of Charlotte’s obstinacy, — only complained of a headache, and said she would go and lie down. The next morning she awoke shaking with ague; and, when the physician came, he said she would have a severe bilious fever. Still Charlotte did not seem to care, or to feel in the least self-reproached, and paid grudgingly any little attention her mother required for her sister.

“One day, Mrs. Staunton was obliged to be absent for several hours, and left Charlotte to administer Lizzie’s medicine: it was to be given in very small quantities at intervals of half an hour; and Charlotte thought this was a useless trouble. Besides, the sick child’s moaning and tossings were annoying to her selfish sister; and she presently took a book, and, going to her own room, lay down to read, thinking she could remember when to give the medicine. Her position was so comfortable, however, that she fell asleep, and, springing up after a long nap, ran into Lizzie’s room, and persuaded the child that it was time to take all her medicine; which she unsuspectingly did.

“Charlotte thought that her carelessness would thus remain undiscovered; but, alas! it was only too plainly revealed. The powerful dose acted almost as a poison; and, on his next visit, the physician gave little hope of her recovery. I haven’t time now, Annie, to tell you how bitterly Charlotte, at last awakened to a sense of her self-worship, deplored her conduct, how wildly she prayed that Lizzie’s life might be spared, how fervently she promised amendment. I will only say that the God whom she had never worshipped heard her prayer, and taught her, by this merciful lesson, to ‘love her brother whom she *had* seen, and then her God whom she had *not* seen,’ — to have no other god before *Him*.

“And now, daughter, can you see that *selfishness* is idolatry? and will you ever be guilty of it? But the tea-bell is ringing: we will talk more of this another time. Come!”

SISTER KATE.

A REMINISCENCE OF MEHEMET ALI, THE FAMOUS VICEROY  
OF EGYPT.

It was a fine day of spring. Our ship, a man-of-war, was riding at anchor in the harbor of Alexandria. It was the first American ship-of-war that had ever visited that port, — at least, it was the first for many years. The vessel lay on the water like a sleeping infant, beneath the pure sky and bright sun of Egypt. Every thing about her spoke faultless cleanliness and perfect order; for we were in hourly expectation of a visit from the renowned Viceroy of Egypt, Mehemet Ali. At an interview with our captain, the day before, he had expressed great interest in our nation, and a curiosity to see an American man-of-war. He was, of course, invited on board, and had accepted the invitation.

I must describe to you this personage, to whom we were about to render the honors of a sovereign and the hospitalities of a sailor.

Mehemet (or Mohammed) Ali was born in Cavalla, in Roumelia, Turkey, in 1769, — the same year in which Napoleon, Wellington, and Chateaubriand were born. He began life as a tobacconist; but soon became a soldier, and served against Napoleon in the pachalic of Egypt. He here contrived to seize the sovereignty of the country, which he secured to himself by treacherously murdering all the Mamelukes, who tyrannized over it. He governed Egypt for a long time, quite independently of his nominal sovereign, the Sultan of Turkey: in fact, he once went to war with him, and conquered Syria, and was prevented from taking Constantinople only by the European sove-

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reigns' joining against him, and driving him back to Egypt. He had previously conquered Nubia, Dongola, Kordofan, and part of Arabia.

Like Peter the Great of Russia, he had the virtues and vices of a semi-barbarian despot. He found Egypt a poor, miserable, misgoverned province, where neither life nor property was safe; he left it an empire, abundant in resources, with a large, well-disciplined, and well-appointed army and navy, full of the products of civilization, and so well regulated, that the life and property of the traveller were, and are, as safe there as in France or England.

He died, in 1849, an imbecile idiot, leaving the vice-royalty of Egypt hereditary in his family.

I will describe this personage as I saw him at the interview above spoken of, to which I had accompanied our captain. We were received and conducted into a large, plain, straw-carpeted hall, which, on two of its sides, had a *divan*, or *diwan*, that is, a stuffed seat against the wall, with a stuffed back. Mehemet Ali was seated in the corner where the two seats met, — the place of honor. He was a man of Turkish form, that is, rather stout than tall, with a large, full eye; a wide, rather than a high, forehead; and broad, dark, overhanging brows. His beard and mustaches were black, large, and sprinkled with gray; for he was more than sixty years of age. His turban was ample, and his dress and whole air not remarkable. As he talked, he occasionally smiled, or rather grinned, and showed a fine set of white teeth.

Our captain sat at his side, and near him the American consul. In front, within three or four feet, stood Booghoos Jooksoof, his prime-minister. This gentleman

was a tall, lank Armenian, with a fine, noble face beneath his high, Armenian cap. His long, black, close robe reached his feet. Around his waist was a plain girdle, with a pen and inkstand attached, something like a bayonet-sheath.

Our captain, an American, spoke English to the consul, an Englishman, who spoke Italian to the Armenian, who spoke Turkish to the Egyptian viceroy. The viceroy replied in Turkish, which the Armenian translated into Italian, and the consul into English.

Ten feet in front of the viceroy stood a row of attendants, arranged in a quarter of a circle, from divan to divan. Their hands were crossed in front, and their heads were bowed in Oriental submission.

The viceroy asked our captain if he would suggest any thing to improve the harbor of Alexandria; and our captain recommended that black and red buoys should be placed to indicate the channel, which is difficult and dangerous. The viceroy said it should be done. After some conversation, the presentation and acceptance of a couple of North-Carolina bears, and mutual compliments, — coffee, or rather coffee-grounds-soup, unsweetened, was handed round in tiny cups, each held in a tiny silver, filigree basket. We then took leave; the presentation of coffee, in the East, being the usual indication that the audience is at an end.

Our good ship was sleeping on the water, as I said, in her best rig, awaiting, like a proud lady, the visit of Mehemet Ali. He came, and passed over the side to the quarter-deck, with his pipe-bearer and other attendants, and the tall Armenian, of the dark, piercing eye. Both were dressed as before; the viceroy in an ample robe,

like a long morning-gown, of rich, but well-worn, green cloth, with costly, but plain, trimmings. This was belted around his middle by a sash, in which were pistols and a dagger.

As he stepped on the deck, the crew, neatly dressed in their straw hats, blue-collared and blue-bosomed white shirts, and white trousers, "laid out" at a given signal, and stood at equal distances on all the yards of the ship, aloft and aloft. As the viceroy advanced towards the capstan, where I was standing, the officer of the deck gave a signal; and at once there burst from more than two hundred stentorian throats, aloft on the yards and masts, nine startling cheers, given with a sailor's hearty good-will.

The viceroy was within three feet of me at the moment. The salute was so new and unexpected, and the roar of manly voices so tremendous, that the wily Turk seemed, for an instant, to suspect treachery. Alas! he had played too many such wicked tricks himself. A sudden change came over his countenance; the lion look of defiance lit up his fierce eye. He cast a glance up into the rigging, as if to say, "If I am entrapped, I will sell my liberty dearly." His right hand rose towards his dagger.

It was all done in an instant, so that I believe I was the only person who observed it. The brave old viceroy, however, at once perceived his error; his countenance relaxed into a gracious smile. As his hand fell, he waved it, and bowed with a great deal of dignity and suavity in answer to the strange salute of the "Frangy Dooneeainee Noo," the "Europeans of the New World," as the Turks call Americans. As he entered the ship's cabin, twenty-one guns were fired, — the naval salute due to a sovereign.



I remained on deck, full of reflections. I thought of the remark of Eliphaz, in Job xv. 20-22. The little incident showed me what a life of suspicion a despot, especially an unscrupulous one, ever leads. "A dreadful sound is in his ears;" he cannot rest day nor night. The thought occurred to me, of how little worth is power that is purchased at the expense of peace of mind. The despot who has the lives of millions of his subjects in his hand, and has freely used them for his own glory and emolument, yet fears, at each instant, lest the assassin take his own life. The sword of retribution, like that over the head of Damocles in the story, hangs, as it were, over the crown of the sceptred murderer, suspended but by a single hair.

President Washington slept in peace, without ever thinking of a midnight dagger. He walked serenely in the broad light of noonday, without fearing the pistol-shot of the avenger. He was never obliged to raise a finger to defend his person against the hand of violence. His life, his happiness, and his person, were sacred and secure, enshrined as they were in the heart of a grateful nation as in a sanctuary. — *New-Church Magazine*.

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### THE LITTLE CHRISTIAN.

WHEN the heats of the summer came on, Dr. Gilbert thought Gertrude well enough to bear the fatigue of a journey to the seaside; and, as the whole family could not go, it was decided that Mrs. Maurice and Jessie

should accompany her. Jessie's delight was unbounded. The sea, so often talked of, and read of, but never seen! She petitioned only for stout shoes, and a broad hat to shade her face. She declared she wanted neither books, work, or even her great doll, for which, though her mother thought it too childish a toy, she still retained a great affection. At Gertrude's suggestion that it sometimes rained by the seaside, she consented to allow a very few books and a very little sewing to be placed in her trunk.

Gertrude bore the journey remarkably well. The motion of the cars, and of the rattling coach which conveyed them from the station to their temporary home, did not fatigue her more than her companions, and she was as much delighted as Jessie with her first view of the ocean.

For a week at least, Jessie lived on the beach. It mattered not to her that she had no companions. She made playmates of the waves; and the tiny room which she called her own was littered with shells, pebbles, and seaweed. As she was setting off one night, after tea, Gertrude called her back.

"Can you not take me to your favorite rock that juts out into the sea?" she asked.

"You, Gertrude? You are joking."

"No: I feel quite strong enough to reach there, if you will carry my camp-stool for me to sit upon."

If any of my readers have ever been ill for a long time, they can imagine Gertrude's delight at walking once more, without fatigue or pain. She paused at every step to admire some beautiful flower or some gorgeous cloud; but when she reached the rock, and the whole

grandeur of the ocean burst upon her view, she sat in perfect silence. The moment the sun set, she rose to return home; and then Jessie saw that her eyes were filled with tears. "O sister!" she exclaimed, in consternation, "you ought not to have come so far: you are completely tired."

"My dear Jessie, I am not at all tired; only my heart is so full of thankfulness that it must find relief in tears. You cannot possibly know, dear, how delightful it is to be able to go forth once more and see all these glories around me. Truly, it is alone almost worth my invalid years to enjoy as I am enjoying now."

Jessie walked quietly along beside her sister, thanking God in her heart for her returning health.

Every day of Gertrude's stay at the beach was marked by some improvement in her health; and, at the end of six weeks, she was able to walk a mile without fatigue. Mrs. Maurice remained as long as the advancing autumn permitted, unwilling that Gertrude should leave a spot so favorable to her health. The bracing autumn weather still continued to benefit her after her return home; and she was able to mingle in all the domestic amusements and occupations of the family, and to take her seat once more in the house of God. At first, Jessie missed the quiet conversations in her sister's room; but, as Gertrude still spared to her the morning hour, she was somewhat consoled.

"I wish you would play with me oftener," said Rose Enfield to Jessie one day. "I know I am a great deal better when I play with you; for you always stop to consider what is right or wrong, and I never do. I know you don't love me as well as you do Lucy Ayres

and Mary Henshaw ; but, once in a while, won't you play with me ?”

Jessie promised that she would.

A few days afterwards, there arose at school a question of right and wrong which was difficult to decide.

“ We'll leave it to Jessie Maurice,” said her school-fellows, “ because she is the best girl in school.”

“ You're the best little soul that ever was,” said John Maurice, one evening, when his sister gave up some work, in which she was much engaged, to play with him his favorite game of jack-straws.

And so it happened, that, as the winter months passed by, Jessie was gradually learning to consider herself a piece of perfection, and a little disagreeable air of conceit was growing upon her. Gertrude perceived this with much anxiety, and sought in various ways, other than direct reproof, to lead her sister to the true estimate of herself ; but in vain.

One evening, at length, when Gertrude and Jessie were alone in the parlor, the latter began with much self-complacency to enumerate the various good deeds she had performed during the day. Gertrude asked, with her old grave look, “ And, now, where are the evil deeds ? ”

Jessie seemed surprised. “ I don't remember any,” she said : “ I have not done any thing wrong for a long time.”

“ When you left your own dinner to carry the warm soup to Mrs. Dane, were you not thinking of the praises she would give you ? Were you not making a parade of your own goodness ? When you asked papa's leave to give up the concert to-night, and to receive the price of a



ticket to buy something for poor sick Julia, did you not think how pleasant it would be to hear papa call you a self-denying little girl? When you came to sit down by my side to-night, and to tell me the account of to-day's doings, did not you think of the approval I should give?"

Jessie's cheeks burned as Gertrude thus seemed to penetrate into the very recesses of her heart. She hid her face in her hands.

"This is bitter medicine, my little one," resumed Gertrude, stroking her sister's hair, "but it is a necessary one. You have been growing vain of your own goodness; your schoolmates have praised you, and looked up to you; papa and mamma, and we all, have done our part in spoiling the simplicity of your conduct. I am very, very sad to think of the share I have had in the work. You are not as good as you were when you came from the beach; you are not as careful in little things. Those which were to be observed by others you have taken care should be correct; but has it been so with those which no eye but God's could perceive? how often have you neglected to pray lately? How often have you omitted that quiet quarter of an hour's thought before you retired? how often have you forgotten to read in your Bible?"

"O Gertrude! no more! I see how wicked I have been: pray, pray don't speak of it again!"

"It is best for me to say all now, and make the cure a thorough one, if I can. Jessie, you have forgotten your Father in heaven and your Saviour lately. You have trusted in yourself that you were righteous, and you have fallen. If you had compared your conduct

day by day with that of Christ, you would never have thought yourself good. I do not think it will be best for you, now, to tell me all the events of the day. I fear I have encouraged you, in that way, to speak of yourself more freely than you ought. I will still read with you and pray with you in the morning; but to God alone must you tell the evil and good of the day."

"Don't say that, Gertrude! *Do* let me tell you all, just as I used! I shall be so unhappy if I cannot come to you."

"I think it is best otherwise, Jessie. I will help you at any time when you are in doubt; and you must try every night to recall your evil deeds, and not your good ones."

Jessie's hardest struggle now began. Only they who have wrestled with a similar fault know how difficult it is to overcome it. It seemed to stain her purest motives, and mingle itself with her best deeds. Many a night her pillow was wet with her tears; and she longed to throw herself on Gertrude's neck, and confess all her struggles and all her discouragements. But she learned in this way, what perhaps she would have done in no other, that there is a better than any earthly friend, who can give the greatest encouragement and the greatest consolation. And now again she began really to pray, and to compare every act with the example of Jesus. She started, as if afraid, when any one praised her, and seemed so much distressed, that her companions, who loved her very much, at last forbore their commendations.

The spring found her still going on in her path of duty, and Gertrude herself longed for the old familiar

confiding intercourse. She entered Jessie's room one evening, and found her, not preparing for bed, but with the window opened, and gazing at the setting moon.

"I will be confessor to-night, Jessie, if you like," she said; "or rather you may talk to me, and tell me any thing about yourself that you like. You have so far overcome your fault, that I think an occasional conversation will not injure you." Gertrude listened to Jessie's account, and contrasted it strongly in her mind with that of four months past. She seemed to have learned to submit even her thoughts to the test of the Christian, and she mourned over faults which then she would not have perceived.

"And now, do you not see that I was right, dearest?" Gertrude asked. "Is it not best that you should have been taught of the heavenly Friend who is nearer than a brother? What should you have done, had you depended on me always, if I had gone away? You would have been like a ship without a rudder, — driven to and fro at the mercy of every wind."

"Gone away? O sister! are you going to Europe with Aunt and Uncle Stanhope? I thought you had given up that plan."

"So I have, Jessie; but Europe is not the only place."

Gertrude's smile puzzled Jessie. "I don't think you have had any other invitation, I'm sure," she replied.

"Mr. Bernard has asked me to go and live with him; and I have promised him that I would," answered Gertrude.

"Mr. Bernard? He has no house. Why, Gertrude!" And Jessie looked more puzzled than ever, till the light flashed upon her, and she cried out, "O

Gertrude! Gertrude! don't be married! We cannot spare you! Stay with us! stay with us!" And hiding her face on Gertrude's shoulder, she wept bitterly.

"Don't cry so, dearest! I am not going yet, — not before next fall; and not then, unless I should be quite well and strong; and, even then, I shall not be far away. We shall not go out of the town; and you can come and see me every day."

Still Jessie wept bitterly; and it was at least an hour before Gertrude succeeded in making her see any thing pleasant connected with the new arrangement. Her face, the next morning, was as sorrowful as possible, to the infinite amazement of John, who thought the prospect of a wedding in the family an uncommonly fine thing. She was destined to have her sorrowful thoughts speedily changed, however. That very day, as she was sauntering up the long avenue, on her return from school, at a melancholy pace, she heard a quick step behind her, and a voice called her name. She turned, and Mr. Bernard stood before her, with so kind a smile, that she felt it impossible to continue to wish him at Jericho.

"Will you be my little sister now?" he asked, as he held out his hand, "or must you wait a while?"

Jessie gave her hand, and soon found herself laughing and talking as merrily with him as if he were not the Giant Grim who was to appropriate Gertrude.

But we have somewhat digressed from our subject. We only have done so to show our little readers how it happened that Jessie was at last deprived of the power of going to Gertrude upon every emergency. She still had, at times, most unfriendly thoughts of Mr. Bernard; but he, at last, completely won her heart. Above all, when



she found that he could talk with her, as even Gertrude could not, of the "deep things of the spirit;" when she found that he would have been a minister, had his health permitted, — she became entirely reconciled to the change.

Gertrude's marriage took place in the early autumn. Her other sister, whom we have not found it necessary to mention in the course of this story, took Gertrude's position, as eldest daughter, in the eyes of the world; but she who really took her place was our little friend Jessie. She became the very light of her father's eyes. Her Christian education taught her those little acts of self-denial, that quiet, unobtrusive attention to little things, which contribute so much to the happiness of home.

And Jessie was happy herself. After the first few months were over, she no longer missed Gertrude at home; and Gertrude was as much interested as ever in what concerned the little one she had been the means of leading to God. John, too, outgrowing his schoolboy ways, was, in many things, led and guided by her gentle influence; so that, as Mrs. Maurice said to Gertrude, about a year after the marriage of the latter, "You will never cease to be of our household, as long as Jessie is with us. She has learned so much from you, that I could sometimes shut my eyes when she is speaking, and fancy you with us. I cannot be sufficiently thankful to you for aiding her to become what she indeed is, — a little Christian."

EDITOR.

## THE BATTLE OF THE ANTS.

ONE day, when I went out to my wood-pile, or rather to my pile of stumps, I observed two large ants, the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black, fiercely contending with one another. Having once got hold, they never let go, but struggled, and wrestled, and rolled on the chips incessantly. Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants; that it was a war between two races of ants; the red always pitted against the black, and frequently two red ones to one black. The legions of these myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my wood-yard; and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black. It was the only battle-field which I have ever witnessed, the only battle-field I ever trod while the battle was raging. On every side, they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise that I could hear; and human soldiers never fought so resolutely.

I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embraces, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, — now, at noonday, prepared to fight till the sun went down or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened himself, like a vice, to his adversary's front, and, through all the tumblings on that field, never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already amputated the other; while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his members.

They fought with more pertinacity than bull-dogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident that their battle-cry was, "Conquer, or die."

In the mean while, there came along a single red ant on the hillside of this valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had despatched his foe, or had not yet taken part in the battle: probably the latter; for he had lost none of his limbs; whose mother had charged him to return with his shield, or upon it. He saw this unequal combat from afar; for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the red. He drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants: then, watching his opportunity, he sprang upon the black warrior, and commenced his operations near the root of his right fore-leg, leaving the foe to select among his own members; and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented, which put all other locks and cements to shame. I was myself excited somewhat, as if they had been men.

I took up the chip on which the three I have particularly described were struggling, carried it into my house, and placed it under a tumbler on my window-sill, in order to see the issue. Holding a microscope to the first-mentioned red ant, I saw, that, though he was assiduously gnawing at near the fore-leg of his enemy, having severed his remaining feeler, his own breast was all torn away, exposing what vitals he had there to the jaws of the black warrior, whose breastplate was apparently too thick for him to pierce; and the dark carbuncles of the sufferer's eyes shone with ferocity such as war only could excite. They struggled half an hour longer under the tumbler; and, when I looked again, the black soldier had severed

the heads of his foes from their bodies, and their still living heads were hanging on either side of him like ghastly trophies at his saddle-bow, still apparently as firmly fastened as ever; and he was endeavoring with feeble struggles, being without feelers, and with only the remnant of a leg, and I know not how many other wounds, to divest himself of them; which at length, after half an hour more, he accomplished. I raised the glass, and he went off over the window-sill in that crippled state. Whether he finally survived that combat, and spent the remainder of his days in some Hôtel des Invalides, I do not know; but I thought that his industry would not be worth much thereafter. I never learned which party was victorious, nor the cause of the war; but I felt for the rest of that day as if I had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity, and carnage of a human battle before my door. — *Thoreau's Life in the Woods.*

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#### REFLECTIONS AND RESOLUTIONS ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE NEW YEAR.

Now that I have been spared to begin a new year, I will this day record resolutions, which, with God's help, I trust I may be enabled to perform. This year may be my last; and I pray God that it may be my holiest, and then assuredly it will be my *happiest*.

1st. With the return of each day, I will lift my heart gratefully to God, praying for his blessing through the



day, and that he will guide and lead me in the "strait and narrow way" which leadeth to eternal life. I will never go forth to the duties and pleasures of the day before offering to God my humble prayer.

2d. I will make it my chief aim in life to do good to all around me; to make all happy, as far as it lies in my power; like the flowers, shedding fragrance all about me. I will sacrifice my own wishes for the happiness of others, remembering that our holy Saviour inculcated self-denial, both by his example and in his teachings.

3d. I will always speak the truth, and not exaggerate, but try always to give a true impression; remembering that all deceit, however trivial it may seem, is a violation of the great law of truth.

4th. I will try to spend my hours profitably and usefully. I may be called away from my home on earth at any moment; for we "know not what a day may bring forth." Oh, may I so improve each hour, that, when the angel of death comes to bear me hence, I may be ready!

5th. I will live with this thought ever before me: "Thou, God, seest me." If I bear this ever in my heart, I must live a holy life. This thought will keep me from all mean, base, and degrading sin; from all that will injure and pollute my soul, which is made in "the image of God." Thus I shall live holy and happy; and, when death comes, I shall hear its summons with joy.

A. L. L.

CAMBRIDGE.

## PASQUINADES.

AMONG my readers, I suppose there are many who know the meaning of *pasquinade*. At all events, if you don't know, I am sure you will consult your dictionary at once, and find out. But it may not be quite so easy a matter to ascertain how this term first came to be used; and, as I think it will be interesting to you to learn, I will see if I cannot enlighten you. Among the objects of interest which I visited in the city of Rome, is a statue, or rather the mutilated trunk of a statue, of very great antiquity, which, whatever name it originally had, has long known no other than the statue of *Pasquin*. We are told that it is designed to represent Menelaus supporting the dead body of Patroclus; though that is a mere surmise. It is the work, however, of no ordinary artist, and it is universally admired. By some, it has even been called the finest piece of antique sculpture in Rome. When I saw it, some three years since, it was shockingly maimed: it looked as if it had been an actor on half a dozen battle-fields. This statue derives its modern name from a tailor by the name of *Pasquin*, who once kept a shop on the same piazza. *Pasquin's* shop was the rendezvous of all the wits and the gossips of the city. From his premises, the satirical witticisms of these idle men, on the manners and foibles of the day, obtained a ready circulation. These witticisms were placarded on this antique statue; and, in course of time, they took the name of *pasquinades*. The term has long been an almost universal one among all civilized nations; but it is

in Rome only, where the thing originated, that it flourishes. The statue of Marforio, in another part of the city, was made the vehicle for replying to the attacks of Pasquin; and, for years, the two kept up a continual fire of wit and repartee. Marforio was removed from the place where it stood, near the Arch of Septimus Severus, to the Museum of the Capitol. The pope, at that time, expressed his wish to have Pasquin removed too; but the wealthy and independent duke to whom the statue belonged would not permit it. His holiness himself used sometimes to be the butt of these *pasquinades*; so he made up his mind that he would cut short the career of the wicked Pasquin, by having his statue burned and thrown into the Tiber. But one of the pope's friends saved the old veteran, by suggesting, that, in the event of its destruction in the manner determined on, its ashes would turn into frogs, and croak more terribly than before. It is said that its owner is compelled to pay a fine, whenever the statue is found guilty of exhibiting a placard that is positively scandalous. The modern Romans think a great deal of their Pasquin: it has become an *institution* with them. The press in the city is under such a rigid censorship, that nothing in the shape of satire on prominent men ever finds its way into the public journals; and this system of witty placards supplies, in some measure, the want of a free press. It is almost incredible what liberties are tolerated in the shape of *pasquinade*. There is scarcely a public matter upon which Pasquin is not allowed to express his mind.

“ASK, AND IT SHALL BE GIVEN YOU.”

MATT. VII. 7.

WHAT shall be given us, if we ask? First, and chiefly, spiritual blessings. If we ask God to help us in the performance of our duty, we have this assurance, — that he will do so. If we are perplexed, and know not whether a proposed step is right or wrong, he will aid us in the decision; and he will forgive us our sins, if we ask his forgiveness. What a blessed assurance this is! Even very little children often feel that they have offended against God, and broken his holy laws; and, if they are taught to ask for pardon, how happy and peaceful they are after the prayer!

But what else may we ask of God? Are we to pray only for ourselves? No: Jesus prayed for his friends, and has taught us that we may pray for ours: we may ask for them the same blessings that we need ourselves. If we know in them some prominent fault, we may pray that God will enable them to overcome it: if we know that they are exposed to temptation, we may pray that they may have strength given them to resist it. And, above all, if we have friends, who have proved themselves really such by their disinterested kindness, but who are living without God in the world, then we may pray that God will turn their hearts to himself. It may be that these prayers will be long unanswered: it may be we shall never know that they are answered. Still, God will grant them. We may not see how or when: but he has promised; and St. John declares, “Faithful is he that hath promised.”



But are we never to ask for any earthly blessings? Yes: we may ask for earthly blessing, or release from earthly trial and suffering, if we ask it in the spirit of submission, and say, with the holy Saviour, "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt;" and, if God withholds these earthly blessings, his true and loving child knows that they were withheld in mercy to him, and that his Father had some higher good for him in view which he did not see.

We should not pray to God as to a being who is so far from us that our desires and petitions scarcely reach him; but as to the dearest earthly parent, whose greatest delight is to grant our wishes. It is the prayer of faith that wins an answer from on high. The unbelieving heart does not see that God sometimes grants a prayer in a different way from that which we expected; and it grows careless in its requests, and draws down no blessing from above. Let no child be of this number.

Let each one feel that God is very near him, very ready to help him, and more ready to grant than he to ask. Let each child pray often to God. Which one of you would go in the morning to your earthly father, and ask him at one time for every thing you desired through the whole day? Not one. Yet we often do so by our heavenly Father. But let us with the new year resolve that His aid shall be asked at all times, and that the prayer shall arise to Him in the midst of our work or our study, with the full assurance that it shall be accepted and granted by him.

EDITOR.

### THE SUNDAY STONE.

IN a coal mine, in England, there is a constant formation of limestone, caused by the trickling of water through the rocks. This water contains a great many particles of lime, which are deposited in the mine; and, as the water passes off, these become hard, and form the limestone. This stone would always be white, like white marble, were it not that men are working in the mine; and, as the black dust rises from the coal, it mixes with the soft lime; and in that way a black stone is formed.

Now, in the night, when there is no coal-dust rising, the stone is white; then again, the next day, when the miners are at work, another black layer is formed; and so on, alternately white and black, through the week, until Sunday comes. Then, if the miners keep holy the sabbath, a much larger layer of white stone will be formed than before. There will be the white stone of Saturday night, and the whole day and night of the sabbath; so that, *every seventh day*, the white layer will be about three times as thick as any of the others. But, if they work on the sabbath, they see it *marked against them* in the stone. Hence the miners call it "the Sunday stone;" and do you not think they must be very careful how they observe this holy day, when they would see their violation of God's command thus written down in stone? Perhaps many who now break the sabbath would try to spend it in a proper manner if there was near them a "Sunday stone," where they could *see* their unkept sabbaths with their *black marks*.

But God needs no such record on earth to know how

all our sabbaths are spent. His record is kept above; and all our other sins, as well as our unholy sabbaths, are written there, and we shall see them at the last day. Will you not, dear children, be very careful to keep your sabbaths pure and white, and not allow the dust of sin to tarnish the purity of that blessed day? It is our heavenly Father who says, "Remember the sabbath-day, and keep it holy." — *Child's Paper*.

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#### EARLY VOYAGES TO GREENLAND.

As early as 988, Errick Rande, an Icelandic chieftain, fitted out an expedition of twenty-five galleys at Suefell, and, having manned them with sufficient crews of colonists, set forth from Iceland to what appeared a more congenial climate. They sailed upon the ocean fifteen days, and they saw no land. The next day brought with it a storm, and many a gallant vessel sunk in the deep. Mountains of ice covered the water as far as the eye could reach, and but a few galleys escaped destruction. The morning of the seventeenth day was clear and cloudless; the sea was calm; and far away to the northward could be seen the glare of ice-fields reflecting on the sky. The remains of the shattered fleet gathered together to pursue their voyage; but the galley of Errick Rande was not there. The crew of a galley, which was driven farther down than the rest, reported that, as the morning broke, the large fields of ice that had covered the ocean were driven by the current past them, and that they beheld the galley of Errick Rande borne with resistless force, and with the speed of the wind, before a tremendous field of ice: her crew had lost all control over her; they were tossing their arms in wild agony. Scarcely a

moment elapsed before it was walled in by a hundred ice-hills; and the whole mass moved forward, and was soon beyond the horizon. That the galley of the narrators escaped was wonderful: it remained, however, uncontradicted; and the vessel of Errick Rande was never more seen. Half a century after that, a Danish colony was established upon the western coast of Greenland. The crew of the vessels which carried the colonists thither, in their excursions into the interior, crossed a range of hills that stretched to the northward: they had approached nearer to the pole than any preceding adventurers. Upon looking down from the summit of the hills, they beheld a vast and interminable field of ice, undulating in various places, and formed into a thousand grotesque shapes. They saw, not far from the shore, a figure in an ice-vessel, with glittering icicles instead of masts rising from it. Curiosity prompted them to approach, when they beheld a dismal sight. Figures of men in every attitude of woe were upon the deck; but they were icy things: one figure alone stood erect, and with folded arms, leaning against the mast. A hatchet was procured, and the ice split away, and the features of a chieftain disclosed, pallid and deathly, and free from decay. This was doubtless the vessel, and that figure the form, of Errick Rande. Benumbed with cold, and in the agony of despair, his crew had fallen around him. The spray of the ocean, and the fogs, had frozen as it lighted upon them, and covered each figure with an icy robe, which the short-lived glance of a Greenland sun had not time to remove. The Danes gazed upon the spectacle with trembling: they knew not but the scene might be their fate. They knelt down upon the deck, and muttered a prayer in their native tongue for the souls of the frozen crew; then hurriedly left the place, for the night was approaching. — *Selected.*







R. WESTALL R.A.

J. N. P. 1840

THE MARKET GIRL.

## THE BLIND GIRL OF CHAMOUNI.

(See Engraving.)

IN the village of Chamouni, at the foot of the monarch of the Swiss mountains, there stood, somewhat apart from the rest, a little neat cottage. Here dwelt Jean Didier, with his three children, — Marie, Jean, and Marguerite.

Marie, the eldest of the three, was a strong, well-grown girl of fourteen. Exercise and the mountain air had given her a complexion as fresh as the rose, and a step as elastic as that of the chamois on the glaciers which stretched above their village. Jean was a hardy little mountaineer of almost thirteen years. He delighted in the active sports of his village companions; but, more than all, he delighted, when a party were about to ascend Mont Blanc, to accompany it to the first stopping-place. Fain would he have gone farther, to the Grands Mulets, if his father had permitted; but this had been strictly forbidden.

Jean Didier, the father, was himself one of the most famous of the Alpine guides. He knew the surest routes, and his prudence and foresight enabled him to guard against many dangers. He had stood at the summit of Mont Blanc full ten times, and had been snatched from the jaws of destruction when his companions had perished around him. Often and often, by the winter fireside, did he relate these hair-breadth escapes to his children, — always, with the piety which marks the Swiss mountaineer, adding, "My children, others call me fortunate and brave; but I see too clearly the hand of

Providence in these things to claim any merit for myself. I can only say, God has preserved me."

The greatest delight of the young Marguerite was in these stories of her father. The poor little child was blind; she had been born so; and though Jean had himself taken her to Geneva, and even to Milan, no doctor could cure her: she must always remain blind. She had a dog, her own peculiar property, who would obey no one else, and who led her from place to place by a string which fastened to his collar. It was one of her few pleasures to be allowed to bring vegetables from the market-place of the village, or to carry thither eggs when they could be spared from the use of the family. Our engraving shows her going upon one of these expeditions.

The good Marie, the wife of Jean the elder and the mother of his children, had been dead for six years. The rustic cross marked where she slept in the village churchyard; and her children went every Sunday morning to place a garland upon her grave. One other inmate was sheltered under Jean's comfortable roof: this was his old mother, infirm, and scarcely able to move from her chair, but whose life had been full of good deeds, and whose old age was full of peace, and of wise counsels to her grandchildren.

Marguerite, from her peculiar deprivation, had been much in the society of her grandmother. Marie, the painstaking, cleanly little housewife, was always occupied, either in preparing the simple repasts of the family, in cleaning the cottage, or in washing and mending the clothes of herself or her father, brother, and sister. Marguerite had not been allowed to follow her sister,



lest some accident should befall her; so she was placed by the side of the old grandmother, who taught her to knit, and related to her stories of long ago. At nine years old, Marguerite was quite a little wonder in the village. She could sing more and sweeter songs than any of the peasant-girls, be their age what it might; and her needles rivalled her grandmother's in swiftness of motion.

"Joy! joy!" cried Jean, one day, bursting into the house: "my father will make the ascent to-morrow! There are some Englishmen in the village, and they asked the landlord of the great inn who were the best guides; and the landlord answered, Jean Didier and Jaques Collet. And then I stepped forward, and bowed, and said I was sure Jean Didier was one of the best guides, because he was my father. You should have heard them laugh. Then they asked me if I should not be a guide when I was a man. And I told them that I went now to the Pierre de l'Echelle; and that I longed to go to the Grands Mulets, but my father had forbidden it. They said they would ask my father to let me go to the Mulets to-morrow."

"If my father is going to-morrow, I must prepare his clothing: his gloves were very much torn on the last ascent. See, now! if I could but remember where I put that piece of dressed chamois-skin!

"I remember, sister," cried Marguerite. "Did you not yourself say you would place it beneath the Bible, in our large chest, and then no harm could possibly come to it?"

"Ah, yes! you are a good little darling. Now, then, after dinner we must attend to the gloves."

When Jean the elder came home, he was in fine spirits. He said the weather never promised to be finer; and then it was a good thing to go with Englishmen, for they were generous as princes. He liked Collet, too, for a companion. Of the two other guides who were considered as good as himself, Fleter was too rash, and Auber too cowardly. After dinner, Jean sent his boy to have the ring of metal at the bottom of his *alpenstock*, or walking-stick, fastened more securely; and, when Jean had gone, the father said, "These Englishmen have persuaded me to take Jean to the Grands Mulets. The weather is so fine that I have promised to do it, if we can make him comfortable. Say nothing to him, Marie; but, if you can give him an outfit from any of my old garments without too much trouble, he may go. I have an old *alpenstock*, which I shall adapt to his height."

Bustle and confusion reigned in the little Alpine cottage. Young Jean had a pair of gloves of chamois-skin; but the grandmother and the little Marguerite began immediately a pair of very thick woollen mittens to draw over them, and a long and warm scarf for his neck and ears. Marie sat up until far into the night to make ready her brother's equipment, and fancied his joy when he should learn that he was to be one of the party.

At four o'clock, every one in the house was stirring, for the expedition was to set out at six. "Dress yourself in these clothes," called the father to the son; "for you will go as far as the Grands Mulets." Jean capered, hallooed, snapped his fingers, and went into a thousand wild extravagances. After the breakfast was over, Marie said, —

"As this is Jean's first ascent, I think I must go to the village, and see them start."

"Let me go too," said Marguerite; and soon the happy party set off. The Englishmen shook hands cordially with the boy, and gave him a glass of wine, as they did to the guides. In a few moments, they were all in motion. The guides now went in advance, — six besides those already mentioned; then followed the Englishmen and Jean; and lastly came the porters, with the large hampers of eatables. "What a glorious day!" cried Marie: "I almost wish I was going myself." And she returned with little Marguerite to the cottage.

On the afternoon of the second day, the clouds began to settle on Mont Blanc, and, before night, the whole upper part of the mountain was shrouded in mist. Marie watched it anxiously. She would not speak of her fears to her grandmother or the timid Marguerite; but, as she needed something at the village, she resolved to go thither before nightfall, and inquire whether the guides thought the mist dangerous. They assured her, that a guide of her father's wisdom and prudence would undergo much worse weather than that to which the present state of the atmosphere would subject him; and Marie returned home with a light heart.

At noon, on the third day, the travellers returned. Marie had prepared the noonday meal, when her brother rushed into the cottage. "Where is my father?" asked Marie, with a quick presentiment of evil.

"He became separated from the rest in the mist of yesterday afternoon," answered Jean, "and will probably be here by night. I wished the guides to go back and search for him yesterday; but they said that was useless,

and that so experienced a climber as he would easily find his way when the mist cleared.

Marie sighed, only half comforted, and tried to listen to her brother's glowing account of his exploits and enjoyments. Afternoon wore on, and no father's step was heard. Evening came, and still he was not there. Marie was in despair; but she strove to quiet the fears of her grandmother and Marguerite. In the night, the little one was awakened by her sister's weeping. She heard her say, "Oh, if he should be lost!" and she slept no more during the night.

When at last, towards daybreak, Marie had sobbed herself into an uneasy slumber, Marguerite arose. She knew where Jean had placed the garments which he had worn on the ascent, and she hastily equipped herself in them. Then, feeling her way to one corner of the cottage, she drank a draught of milk; and, taking a large slice of bread in her hand, she gently unfastened the door. She took down an old coat of her father's, which hung just beside it, and made the dog smell of it. He barked, and darted forward, followed by his little blind mistress. The east was reddening as they left the village of Chamouni.

Marguerite was a strong and hardy child, and the walk to the Grands Mulets is not considered a difficult day's work; but she was obliged to stop many times in the course of the day to rest, and she was very hungry at nightfall, and, as yet, no signs of her father. She knew they had come to the Grands Mulets, by the eager barking of the dog; and soon she heard him push open the door of the wooden building.

And here let us inform our readers that the dangers



of the ascent of Mont Blanc commence at the Grands Mulets; so that our poor little Marguerite, though weary and hungry, had, as yet, been in no actual peril. She was roused from a sound slumber by the faithful dog; and, taking her stick in her hand, she again set out.

It was now midnight; but that made no difference to the blind girl. Through what unseen and unknown dangers she safely passed, only that Being knew who protected her. She trusted in the instinct of her dog, who avoided the dangerous places, and, with his nose to the ground, trotted on before his mistress. When they had walked a long time, and Marguerite had oftentimes stumbled and fallen, the dog uttered a short, joyous bark, and began to leap up on Marguerite's dress. She kneeled down, and, carefully feeling along the ice, soon became aware that a human figure was lying before her. She felt his features: it was her father. She placed her hand on his heart: it still beat feebly, and the dog began to lick his face.

She felt in her father's belt for the little vial of brandy which he always carried with him, and, uncorking it, poured the contents slowly into his mouth, having first raised his head, and placed it on her knee. What joy to hear him utter a faint sigh! She rubbed his hands and his feet; and at length a faint voice asked, "How came you here, Marguerite?"

"Thank God! you can speak, papa! I came to find you."

"But it is night, my child."

"Ah! well, I did not know that. Fidèle woke me."

"But you will perish with the cold."

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"But you will perish with the cold."

"Ah, no! I have Jean's dress. Here is some bread. Eat it, papa: I saved it till I should find you."

Jean ate the bread, and found himself a little strengthened by it; and, to his joy, the first faint streaks of dawn began to appear. He shuddered when he beheld that they were all on the edge of a most frightful crevasse. They were not more than a mile distant from the Grand Mulets. Jean had been stunned by a fall, but now felt himself able to proceed. They reached the Grands Mulets before sunrise; and there Jean found some fragments of provisions that had been left by their party in coming down. These were speedily eaten by the father and daughter, who did not forget Fidèle. Before they reached the Pierre de l'Echelle, on their homeward route, Jean discerned figures coming up the mountain, and soon perceived his son, with a party of guides, who had come out to search for him. As soon as their joy at meeting him, and surprise at finding Marguerite with him, was a little over, they begged him to relate what had befallen him.

"When I became separated from you by the mist," he said, "I thought I knew the direction in which the Grands Mulets lay, and I was sure it did not exceed two miles. I therefore went carefully, feeling my way before me with my alpenstock. At last, I reached an enormous crevasse. I followed its course for a long distance, but saw no way of crossing it; and suddenly the night set in. I took my blanket from my knapsack, and sheltered myself from the cold wind behind a rock. I feared to sleep, however, lest I should become benumbed, and never wake; and, when I felt drowsiness stealing over me, I rose, and beat my arms violently against my sides.



“When morning dawned, I was on a part of the mountain where I had never been before, and I could not see the Grands Mulets. I thought it wisest, therefore, to follow back the crevasse by which I had come the night before. I did so; but a new one had opened during the night, in a contrary direction, which I could not cross, and I was occupied for many hours in walking around it. At last, near nightfall, I saw the Grands Mulets, scarcely a mile distant, and was cheered with the thought of reaching them, when my foot slipped; and I knew no more until I felt something poured down my throat, and the rough tongue of Fidèle against my face. If I had lain much longer insensible, I should have perished with the cold. Truly, my friends, we cannot fail to acknowledge the mysterious ways of Providence, who has chosen a blind child to save me from death.” He paused, overcome by his emotions, and again and again clasped Marguerite to his heart.

She, in turn, related her simple tale. “I knew I should not be in any danger,” said she, “for Fidèle was there to guide me; and I knew God would lead me to my father.”

What a joyful meeting was there with Marie and the old grandmother! both of whom had divined where Marguerite had gone, and had sent men in all directions as far as the Pierre de l’Echelle, — the farthest point to which they supposed she would go. All Chamouni resounded with praises of the courage and filial love of the blind child. She was often sent for to the hotel to tell her story to the many travellers; and, as each one gave her a piece of money, she had the satisfaction of not feeling entirely useless. She could not see the admiring glances of

her hearers; and, as most of them had the good sense to refrain from open admiration, her childlike simplicity was not spoiled; and she long lived in Chamouni, and told the tale to many nieces and nephews round the winter fire.

EDITOR.

NOTE. — The Grands Mulets is a collection of rocks, about a day's journey from Chamouni, on the ascent of Mont Blanc. Near them is a wooden building, which serves as a resting-place for the night. The Pierre de l'Echelle is the last point of land, all above being ice and snow. A *crevasse* is an opening in the ice or glacier, sometimes hundreds of feet deep, and often too wide to be crossed. In this case, travellers are obliged to go a long distance out of their way to reach the other side.

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#### A SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF SWITZERLAND.

WHEN the grave had closed over the Emperor Rodolph, founder of the house of Austria, his less popular son, Albert, aspired, as hereditary sovereign of several Swiss cantons, to erect the various provinces into a principality for one of his children. The inhabitants, a Gothic race, offered so resolute a resistance, that the imperial potentate, in revenge, appointed them rulers characterized by their tyrannical spirit; and, among these, none was more unreasonably despotic than Geisler, the Governor of Ury.

In the market-place of Altorf, the hat of Geisler was placed aloft on a pole; and, in the exercise of unbridled power, he ordered every passer-by to bow down before it on pain of death. He soon, however, found that there were in the canton men bold enough to defy his utmost

wrath; and conspicuous among the recusants was a peasant, — the famous William Tell. For refusing to perform the ridiculous homage, that brave man was forthwith sentenced to be hanged; but he was subsequently promised pardon on the cruel condition of striking with an arrow, at a given distance, an apple placed on the head of his son. The trial was accepted; the boy was brought out; and Tell, who was a most expert archer, managed to cleave the apple without injuring the lad. At that moment, the Austrian governor, perceiving that his victim had a second arrow, inquired with eagerness for what it was intended; and Tell answered, with the frank sincerity of his country, "It was to have killed you if I had killed my child." Enraged at such a reply, the governor ordered the patriot to be fettered, and conveyed in a boat to the dungeon of his castle; but, a storm coming on, the boatmen declared that they should inevitably be lost, unless Tell, the most skilful navigator on the lake, was intrusted with the helm. Geisler then ordered him to be unbound; and the captive-peasant, steering for a point of land since known as the Rock of Tell, leaped ashore, and made for the mountains. Soon after this escape, he shot the obnoxious governor; and, under the impulse of his daring courage, the Swiss prepared to throw off the Austrian yoke.

Twelve patriotic men, indignant at the cruelties perpetrated, vowed to emancipate their soil; and, in 1308, they surprised the Austrian governors of the cantons of Schewitz, Ury, and Underwalden, conducted them to their frontiers, and made them swear an oath never to serve against Switzerland. The three cantons, having bravely won their freedom, were joined by the other ten;

and thus sprung into existence the Helvetic Republic. The Swiss fought with heroic patriotism for their national independence; and, in 1315, the battle of Morgarten, where sixteen hundred Swiss defeated twenty thousand Austrians while the latter were attempting to cross the mountains, fully established their liberties. They speedily effected a change in the condition of their formerly depressed country. The neglected soil was carefully cultivated, the barren heath converted into a fertile plain, and the craggy rocks decked with fruitful vines.

Victorious, against terrible odds, over the imperial forces, the Swiss had next to contend, limited as were their resources, face to face with the martial array of Charles the Rash, Duke of Burgundy. That haughty personification of feudal pride, baffled in his ambitious wish to be recognized as a king by the emperor, attempted to wrench Lorraine from Rene, its last sovereign; and the latter solicited the aid of the Helvetic Republic. Nor were the Swiss insignificant allies. During their struggle for freedom, they had learned much from experience. Having to encounter heavily armed cavalry, they gave their soldiers breastplates and helmets as defensive armor, with long spears, halberts, and heavy swords, as weapons of offence, and ranged them in battalions so deep and close that the men-at-arms could make no impression.

The Swiss now poured from their mountains, and met the duke's army at Neuss, where the fiery magnate sustained a bloody defeat; and though abandoned by the King of France, who had appeared as their ally, they were again successful in the fields of Granson and Morat. The decisive engagement took place, in 1477,



before Nanci, where the shield of Burgundy was broken, her chivalry routed, and her duke slain.

The Swiss, having thus proved their warlike prowess, became famous as mercenaries to Louis XI. and his successors, and signalized their valor in the Italian wars. But Swiss peasants, allured to the banks of the Po and the Rhone, lost much of their primitive simplicity, while foreign intrigues were creating discord in the pastoral hills and valleys of their native country.

While affairs were in this untoward condition, Ulric Zwingle was born, in 1484, of an ancient race of Alpine herdsmen in high esteem among the mountaineers of Tockenbourg; and, evincing marks of superior intelligence, he was destined to the priestly office. After narrowly escaping the precincts of a convent, Zwingle became, in his twenty-second year, pastor of Glaris, and in 1515, having previously protested against his countrymen selling their swords for foreign pay, fought, sword in hand, for Rome, in the battle of Marignano.

The Reformation was just dawning in Switzerland, when, in 1518, Zwingle was elected as preacher at Zurich, where he speedily distinguished himself by the enunciation of religious doctrines which had all the charm of novelty to people who had long been kept in darkness. In 1520, the civil power in that canton interfered to fulfil the work of the Reformation, and the monks were enjoined to preach only what they found in the Old and New Testaments. But, while the truth was gaining ground in Zurich, the warlike canton of Lucerne rushed to the rescue of the imperilled church of Rome, and a diet held at Baken urged the confederated provinces to extirpate the new religion. The Swiss, there-

upon, seemed to rise as one man against the gospel. At Lucerne, Zwingli was burned in effigy; at Friburg, his writings were consigned to the flames; and, in other districts, the populace clamored for his being summarily dealt with. Nevertheless, the Reformation gained ground; and Farel, a Frenchman, driven from his native soil, decided the western cantons in favor of the new faith. The Franciscans, intrusted with the sale of pardons and indulgences in Switzerland, and guilty of the utmost rapacity, were attacked by Zwingli at Zurich; but, in 1531, that intrepid reformer, placing himself, with characteristic courage, at the head of a Protestant army, fell before the victorious Papists, who quartered and burned his lifeless corpse. Subsequently, John Calvin took up his residence at Geneva; and, under the inspiration of that reformer's haughty gloom and mighty intellect, the city on Lake Lemman became the asylum for the persecuted, and the cradle of revolt against half the powers of Europe. The result of the struggle was that about one-half of Switzerland embraced the doctrines of the Reformation, while the other adhered to the church of Rome. — *Selected.*

(To be concluded.)

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"GOD LOVETH A CHEERFUL GIVER."

"ALICE," said Mrs. Conway to her daughter, "will you run over to the store, and get me a skein of silk? Here is the pattern. I should like to finish Charley's dress this afternoon."

Alice instantly laid aside her book, and went to get

her bonnet, murmuring as she did so, "I do hate to be called off always!" A young lady, sewing by the window, looked up as Alice spoke, and saw a slight shade of pain or sorrow cross Mrs. Conway's face; but nothing was said until Alice returned.

"Bring the silk here, Alice, and I will wind it; then Aunt Mary need not leave her work."

"But you will leave yours, Louisa," said Alice, pleasantly, as she came to hold the skein.

"Oh! mine is of no consequence," answered Louisa, smiling; and when the silk was wound, instead of resuming her sewing, she came to look over Alice, and offer her assistance in the preparation of the difficult lesson. When the younger children came in, shortly after, Louisa took charge of them too, and so effectually amused them, that neither Alice's lesson nor Mrs. Conway's work was interrupted.

The next morning, as Alice and her sister were playing in the sitting-room, their mother entered. "Charley has just waked," she said. "One of you can run up and dress him, and the other must help me about breakfast. Jane has a sick headache, and is not able to work."

"I'll dress Charley," said Rose; and she was off in an instant.

"Can I help you, Aunt Mary?" asked Louisa, coming forward.

"No, thank you. Alice will set the table, and do all I wish. Come, my dear."

Alice went. She did, and did well, all that was asked, but accompanied her labors with so many murmurings, so many complaints of "I can't find this,"

"I'm sure I can't do that," and "I don't like to do such things," that her mother felt her own work made heavier, instead of lighter, by her daughter's assistance; and her Cousin Louisa observed her with surprise and sorrow. Rose came down, merry and happy, with little Charley. Papa returned from his morning walk, and they sat down to breakfast. Alice seemed as pleasant as the rest, until her father, turning to her, bade her bring a pitcher of water.

"Oh, dear! that pump goes so hard!" she said, fretfully, as she rose from her seat.

Alice Conway was a good child, on the whole; she was neither ill-tempered nor idle nor selfish; she was obedient, kind, and studious; and, as Louisa Vernon noticed her conduct from day to day, she felt more and more grieved that so many good qualities should be obscured by the habit of complaining, which Alice had allowed to gain possession of her. Louisa loved her young cousins very much, and was desirous to be of use to them; and she determined, if an opportunity offered, to speak to Alice regarding this fault. She had not long to wait.

One afternoon, as she was sitting in her chamber, writing, Alice came to the door. "Are you busy, Louisa? May I stay with you a while?"

"Stay and welcome, Alice. I am not very busy, — only writing to Milly."

"Milly is my age, — isn't she? I was thirteen last month."

"And Camilla will be thirteen in December, I believe. I think she is hardly so tall or strong as you are, Alice; but she is a great help to mother and me."



"How? What does she do?"

Louisa smiled at the eagerness of the question, and gave an account of her sister's duties and employments.

"I could do all that," said Alice, thoughtfully; "I am sure I could. Is Milly a *very* good girl, Cousin Louisa?"

"Pretty good: she has improved greatly within a year. On her twelfth birthday, she made a serious resolve to correct all her faults; and she has persevered very faithfully. She says one thing has helped her very much. On the first day of every month, she has chosen, or some one has chosen for her, a motto for the month, having reference to some fault to be corrected, or some virtue to be acquired. Sometimes the mottoes are taken from the Bible, sometimes from other books; sometimes a remark in the Sunday's discourse, or something her teacher may have said, furnishes the precept for the month; but, wherever it is found, Camilla tries to keep it in mind, and obey it."

Alice was interested. "Cousin Louisa," she said, with some hesitation, "I suppose I have a great many faults; but I think I should like to correct them. Will you choose a motto for me for this month?"

"Certainly, Alice, if you wish it." Louisa took the Bible from the table, and turned over its leaves for a minute or two. "Here is your motto, Alice," she said. "'God loveth a cheerful giver.'"

Alice slowly repeated the words. "I don't think I quite understand it, Louisa," she said. "I never have much money to give away, but I hope I always give it cheerfully."

"I dare say you do, Alice: indeed, I have seen you deny yourself some gratification, that you might aid the

needy. But I was not thinking of money. Children like you have many things to give that are far better than money, — their time, their services, their bright smiles, their pleasant words: they can, and often do, give a great deal of happiness to their parents and friends. But I have known instances of children who would not give the assistance and obedience which their parents required, which they had a *right* to demand. Have not you seen such cases, Alice?"

"Yes; but I don't think I am one of them, — am I? I mean always to obey my father and mother."

Louisa drew her young cousin closer to her. "Alice dear, I don't wish to pain you; but tell me, is your obedience *cheerful*? Are the services you render to your mother so performed as to show her that you take pleasure in lessening her cares? or are her requests complied with reluctantly and murmuringly? When she asks some little sacrifice of your time, or of your own wishes and pleasures, do you willingly, joyfully, do what she desires; showing, by your happy face and pleasant tone, gratitude for her unvarying, unwearied love? or does she see a discontented look, and hear complaints and fretful repinings? Only ask yourself, dear Alice, have I witnessed in you, since I have been here, a cheerful compliance with your parents' desires?"

The tears had slowly gathered in Alice's eyes while her cousin was speaking, and a crimson flush mounted to her temples; but she did not speak. Louisa continued: —

"I have seen in your mother's face, many times, pain and sorrow, when your obedience, instant as it is, has been accompanied by murmurs and repinings. I have noticed that it saddened her to see her eldest child appear

unwilling to give her the slight assistance she asks. I have seen her anxiety lest this carelessly indulged habit of fretting should become so fixed as to render you permanently unhappy, — lest the spirit of discontent and repining should take entire possession of your heart. Alice, you love your mother; you would not willingly grieve her: but did you ever think how your apparent reluctance to aid her must pain her loving heart? I say *apparent*, because I do not believe it is a real unwillingness: I think your manner is more in fault than your feelings. But did you ever think of this?"

No, Alice had not thought of it at all: but she saw her fault now; and, entreating her cousin to help her, she promised to try to correct it.

"I know you will try, darling," said Louisa, tenderly; "and, when you are tempted to fret because you are asked to leave an interesting book or an amusing game, or to perform some unpleasant duty, you will remember the motto we have chosen, and bring a cheerful heart and a cheerful countenance to the performance of the task, whatever it may be. Will you not?"

Are there any Alice Conways among our young readers, — any, either girls or boys, who comply ungraciously and unwillingly with their parents' requests? Let them remember that all they can do to assist their father or mother is but a slight return for the kind cares lavished on them ever since their birth; and let them remember, too, that, in small duties as well as in great, in little acts of kindness to brothers or sisters, little attentions to parents or friends, the spirit they bring to the work gives it all its worth. "*God loveth a cheerful giver.*"

A. A.

## RAIN ON THE ROOF.

WHEN the humid shadows gather  
 Over all the starry spheres,  
 And a melancholy darkness  
 Gently weeps in rainy tears,  
 'Tis a joy to press the pillow  
 Of a cottage-chamber bed,  
 And to listen to the patter  
 Of the soft rain overhead.

Every tingle on the shingle  
 Has an echo in the heart;  
 And a thousand lively fancies  
 Into busy being start,  
 And a thousand recollections  
 Weave their bright hues into woof,  
 As I listen to the patter  
 Of the soft rain on the roof.

There, in fancy, comes my mother,  
 As she used to years by-gone,  
 To survey the infant sleepers  
 Ere she left them till the dawn.  
 I can see her bending o'er me,  
 As I listen to the strain  
 Which is played upon the shingles  
 By the patter of the rain.

Then my little seraph-sister,  
 With her wings and waving hair,  
 And her bright-eyed, cherub-brother, —  
 A serene, angelic pair, —



Glide around my wakeful pillow,  
With their praise of mild reproof,  
As I listen to the murmur  
Of the soft rain on the roof.

There is nought in Art's bravuras  
That can work with such a spell  
In the spirit's pure, deep fountain,  
Whence the holy passions swell,  
As that melody of Nature, —  
That subdued and softening strain  
Which is played upon the shingles  
By the patter of the rain.

*Selected.*

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“BLESSED IS HE THAT CONSIDERETH THE POOR: THE LORD  
SHALL HELP HIM IN TIME OF TROUBLE.”

CONSIDERATION, thoughtfulness for others, is a virtue upon which the Bible says a great deal. It is a very difficult virtue to attain, because it springs from an unselfish state of the heart. A selfish person is never considerate. He does not think whether those about him are comfortable and happy, if he is only so himself.

The Bible does not mean here, only, “Blessed is he who gives to the poor;” but he who has kind thoughts for them, — he who accompanies his gift with a pleasant smile, or an encouraging word, or a bit of wholesome advice, uttered in a friendly spirit. Some persons are like a character in one of Dickens's famous stories, who says, “What a comfortable thing it is to pull the blankets

about your ears in a cold winter's night, and think how many people there are who have none!" They realize their own comforts, and contrast them with the wants of others, but never seem to feel that they must step out of their way to relieve them.

Who are the poor? They who are in need. There are many poor, then, who do not need food, clothing, warmth, or shelter. There are many who are lonely. God has taken away their friends into his nearer presence, or they are in distant lands. And here children may be considerate. Often a child's smile, a child's attention, a child's thoughtfulness, will beguile many a lonely hour, and will find a way to a heart which the kindness of older persons has failed to touch.

The sick are poor: and how many little offices of affection can a child perform for a sick friend! How carefully can he close the doors! how gently can he tread! He can fan the fevered brow, or smooth the twisted pillow, or stroke the aching head, as well as an older person; and he is blessed in so doing.

"God shall help him in time of trouble." Yes, God will help him in a twofold way. He will himself speak to his heart; he will breathe into his ear all the heavenly promises of his word; he will ease his pain in sickness, and in sorrow he will give him consolation. But, through those he has considered, God will help him too. Those friends whom he has relieved and comforted will be near him with human sympathy; their love will smooth the couch of pain; their kindly whispered words will bring a balm to his grief.

Little things make the sum of life; and little things can be done by little hands and little hearts. God

intends that our training for heaven should begin almost from our birth; and he has work for the small as well as for the great. Every little good deed as surely helps the soul forward in its heavenly path as the noblest a saint can perform. Learn, then, while you are young, to be considerate. Selfish habits, like all others, grow with the growth, and strengthen with the strength; but if you begin now a life of kind thoughtfulness for others, — a life of love, — many a rough place will be made smooth, and many an hour pass pleasantly which selfish thoughts would have filled with repinings and regrets; and, more than all, you will have the consciousness that the blessing of God is upon you.

EDITOR.

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#### AN ADVENTURE IN A TUNNEL.

A PERSON in the employment of the telegraph-company in England had been engaged in the inspection and repair of the telegraph-wires and their fastenings, which are subject to many accidents, and require constant looking after to insure their integrity and efficiency. Even when carried through tunnels, in gutta-percha casings, embedded in leaden tubes, they are liable to accidents from passing wagons, or, in winter, from lumps of ice falling down the sides of the shafts, and damaging the tubes. It appears that one day the door of a coal-wagon had got loose in the long tunnel of one of the railways, and, dashing back against the sides of the tunnel, had torn the tubes, and even cut across the wires in many places. The telegraph was therefore broken: it could

not be worked ; and several workmen were sent into the tunnel to execute the necessary repairs. The person who related this adventure acted in the capacity of inspector ; and it was necessary for him to visit the workmen, ascertain the nature of the damage that had been done, and give directions on the spot as to the repairs, the necessity for completing which was of the greatest urgency. This is his story : —

I knew very well that the tunnel was of great length, — rather more than two miles long, — and that the workmen, who had set out in the morning from the station nearest to the tunnel, had entered it by its south end ; so I determined to follow them, and overtake them, which I would doubtless be able to do somewhere in the tunnel, where they would be at work. I was accompanied by a little dog, which trotted behind at my feet. After walking about a mile, I reached the tunnel entrance, over which frowned the effigy of a grim lion's head, cut in stone.

There were, as usual, two lines of rails, — the up-line and the down-line ; and I determined to walk along the former, that I might see before the approaching lights on any advancing train, which I would take care to avoid by stepping on to the opposite line of rails, at the same time that I should thus avoid being run over by any train coming up behind from the opposite direction, and which I might not see in time to avoid. I had, however, taken the precaution to ascertain that no train was expected to pass along the *up*-line, over which I was proceeding, for about two hours ; but I was aware that that could not be depended upon, and therefore I resolved to keep a good lookout ahead. Along the opposite *down*-



line, I knew that a passenger-train was shortly to pass; indeed, it was even now due: but, by keeping the opposite line of rails, I felt I was safe so far as that was concerned.

I had never been in a tunnel of such length as this before, and confess I felt somewhat dismayed when the light which accompanied me so far into the tunnel entrance began to grow fainter and fainter. After walking for a short distance, I proceeded on in almost total darkness. Behind me, there was the distant light streaming in at the tunnel mouth; before me, almost impenetrable darkness. But, by walking on in a straight line, I knew that I could not miss my way; and the rails between which I walked, and which I occasionally touched with my feet, served to keep me in the road. In a short time, I was able to discern a seeming spot of light, which gradually swelled into a broader gleam, though still at a great distance before me; and I knew it to be the opening of the nearest shaft: it was a mere glimmer amid the thick and almost palpable darkness which enveloped me. As I walked on, I heard my little dog panting at my heels, and the sound of my tread re-echoed from the vaulted roof of the tunnel. Save these sounds, perfect silence reigned. When I stood still to listen, I heard distinctly the loud beating of my heart.

A startling thought suddenly occurred to me. What if a goods-train should suddenly shoot through the tunnel, along the line on which I was proceeding, while the passenger-train, now due, came on in the opposite direction? I had not thought of this before. And yet I was aware that the number of casual trains on a well-frequented railway is very considerable at particular seasons.

Should I turn back, reach the mouth of the tunnel again, and wait until the passenger-train had passed, when I could then follow along the *down-line* of rails, knowing that no other train was likely to follow it for at least a full quarter of an hour?

But the shaft, down which the light now faintly streamed, was nearer to me than the mouth of the tunnel; and I resolved, therefore, to make for that point, where there was, I knew, ample room outside of both lines of rail to enable me to stand in safety until the down-train had passed. So I strode on. But a low, hollow murmur, as if of remote thunder, and then a distant scream, which seemed to reverberate along the tunnel, fell upon my ears; doubtless the passenger-train, which I had been expecting, entering the tunnel mouth. But, looking ahead at the same time, I discerned through the gleam of daylight, at the bottom of the shaft toward which I was approaching, what seemed a spark of fire. It moved: could it be one of the laborers of whom I was in search? It increased! For an instant, I lost it. Again! This time it looked brighter. A moaning, tinkling noise crept along the floor of the vault. I stood still with fear, for the noise of the train behind me was rapidly increasing; and, turning for an instant in that direction, I observed that it was full in sight. I could no longer disguise from myself that I stood full in the way of another train, advancing from the opposite direction. The light before me was the engine-lamp: it was now brilliant as a glowing star; and the roar of the wheels of the train was now fully heard amidst the gloom. It came on with a velocity which seemed to me terrific.

A thousand thoughts coursed through my brain on the instant. I was in the way of the monster, and, the next moment, might be crushed into bleeding fragments. The engine was almost upon me! I saw the gleaming face of the driver, and the glow of the furnace flashing its lurid light far along the lower edge of the dense volumes of steam blown from the engine-chimney. In an instant, I prostrated myself on my face, and lay there, without the power of breathing, as I felt the engine and train thundering over me. The low-hung ash-box swept across my back: I felt the heat of the furnace as it flashed over me, and a glowing cinder was dropped near my hand. But I durst not move. I felt as if the train was crushing over me. The earth vibrated and shook, and the roar of the wagon-wheels smote into my ears with a thunder which made me fear their drums would crack. I clutched the earth, and would have cowered and shrunk into it if I could. There was not a fibre of my body that did not feel the horrors of the moment, and the dreadfulness of the situation.

But it passed. With a swoop and a roar, the break-van, the last in the train, flew over me. The noise of the train was still in my ears, and the awful terror of the situation lay still heavy on me. When I raised my head, and looked behind, the red light at the tail of the train was already far in the distance. As for meeting the passenger-train, it had also passed; but I had not heeded it, though it had doubtless added to the terrific noise which for some time stunned me.

I rose up, and walked on, calling upon my dog. But no answer, — not so much as a whine. I remembered its sudden howl. It must have been crushed under the

wheels of some part of the train. It was no use searching for my little companion ; so I proceeded, anxious to escape from the perils of my situation. I shortly reached the shaft which I had before observed. There was ample room at either side of the rails to enable me to rest there in safety. But the place was cold and damp, and streams of water trickled down the sides of the shaft. I resolved, therefore, to go on upon the *down*-line ; but, the tunnel being now almost filled with the smoke and steam of the two engines which had just passed, I deemed it prudent to wait for a short time, until the road had become more cleared, in case of any other train encountering me in my further progress. The smoke slowly eddied up the shaft, and the steam gradually condensed, until I considered the road sufficiently clear to enable me to proceed in comparative safety. I once more, therefore, plunged into the darkness.

I walked on for nearly half an hour, groping my way : my head had become confused, and my limbs trembled under me. I passed two other shafts ; but the light which they admitted was so slight, that they scarcely seemed to do more than make the "darkness visible." I now supposed that I must have walked nearly the whole length of the tunnel ; and yet it appeared afterward that I was only about half-way through it. It looked like a long day since I had entered. But, by and by, a faint glimmer of lights danced before my eyes ; and, as I advanced, I saw it was the torches of the workmen, and soon I heard their voices. Never were sight and sound more welcome. In a few minutes more, I had joined the party. But I felt quite unmanned for the moment ; and I believe that, sitting down on one of the workmen's



tool-boxes, I put my hands over my eyes, and — I really could not help it — burst into tears.

I never ventured into a tunnel again without an involuntary thrill of terror coming over me. — *Youth's Cabinet.*

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#### CHRISTMAS EVE AT THE ORPHAN ASYLUM.

OUR little city readers know that a large building standing back from Washington Street, with a pretty courtyard in front, is the Female Orphan Asylum. There, a great number of little girls, who have lost one or both parents, are taken care of, fed, clothed, and taught, not only to read, write, and cipher, but to sew, to knit, and to take care of the house, until they are able to support themselves. There are at present, in this excellent institution, ninety children, from three to fourteen years of age. Not one of these had ever seen a Christmas-tree, and very few had ever heard of one.

Some of the ladies who have the charge of the institution determined that they would give these children the pleasure of seeing one. There is a large playroom in the upper story of the house, where the children play in stormy weather. In this room the tree was placed, and hung with some little gift for each child, and with a bag of sugar-plums for each. It was then lighted with colored candles. The children came marching in, to the sound of a piano, and made three large circles around the tree. It was a pleasure to see the delight and surprise expressed in their countenances. Their teacher

played a lively tune; and they danced around the tree, singing as they went. Then they stood still, and sang another song; and then the distribution of the gifts began.

The smaller children had theirs first. Some of them did not know what to do when their names were called, and stood, looking very much surprised, until they were pushed forward by the older children toward the lady who was distributing the gifts. Then it was beautiful to see them showing to each other what they had obtained, or hugging up the book or toy, and dancing for joy. One little girl, about twelve years of age, had a pretty copy of the "Pilgrim's Progress," with which she was overjoyed. They all sat down at length, under the tree, and examined their gifts. Not one dissatisfied voice was heard; no one said, "Yours is prettier than mine;" but every child was entirely pleased and happy.

But these children had another pleasure too, and even a better one than the presents they had received. They gave away a present too. They had knit their singing-teacher two nice warm pair of socks and pair of woollen gloves. Some kind friend had sent in a pretty little image of a sheep and some lambs. This, too, they thought must be given to him; and I have no doubt he values these gifts more than any he received.

There were doubtless a great many Christmas-trees and parties in Boston that night, — trees where the gifts were most costly, and parties where the little guests were dressed in gay clothing; but we know there was not one more beautiful than this. We know there was not one where the spirit of Him whose faith was thus joyously

commemorated was more truly in the midst, and where the Christ-child, if the old German fable were true, would so readily have folded his glittering wings, and taken up his abode.

EDITOR.

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## STORIES ON THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

### NO. II.

"Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or the likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth; thou shalt not bow down to them nor worship them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me, and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments."

THE sabbath evening had come round again, bringing with it as sweet a feeling of *rest*, and as lovely a sunset, as the last; and I was in my accustomed seat, watching the changeful sky, and as ready as Annie to listen to our mother's pleasant voice, as we had listened a week before. Papa had not returned from church; the children were with nurse; we had the library quite to ourselves; and Annie lost no time in proffering her petition.

"I know the second commandment quite by heart, mother," said the eager little voice; "but I *can't see* what it means. Why, *we*, mother, you and father, — and I know *you* wouldn't do any thing wrong, — have pictures and busts, and seem to think so much of them; and Kate draws every day; and all my books have engravings in them, and *they* are 'likenesses of things in heaven and earth;' and the statuettes are 'graven images.' "

Mother smiled. "Yes, certainly, dear: I should be very sorry to do without such pleasant and refined things as pictures, and be still more sorry to 'do wrong.' But you have mistaken the meaning, Annie. Our wise and kind Father never intended to deprive us of the enjoyment of so pure and elevating a thing as art, but that we should not bow down and worship things *created* instead of the *Creator*, — that we should not desert the living God, and hew out for ourselves idols from wood and stone. You have read how displeased God was with the Israelites when they set up a golden calf in the wilderness, and worshipped it; and you remember what Mr. Corcoran, the missionary who lectured to your sabbath school last winter, told you of the deplorable condition of the millions of heathen in different parts of the world, who have never heard of the true God, and the good and gentle Jesus, whom little Christian children love, but who bend the knee to idols which are the work of their own hands. This is what our Father meant in uttering this command that we should not *worship* these images, not that we should not create them to adorn our homes, and elevate our taste by the presence of beauty and genius which he himself inspires."

Annie sat very still for a few moments; then she said, earnestly, —

"Mother, it seems *very strange* that any one should worship any other god than the one you have always taught me to love. Did you ever *see* any one who worshipped any other, — I don't mean *loved* any thing else better than God, as the girl you told me about last Sunday, but who really *prayed* to any other god?"

Mother paused and sighed deeply before she replied.



"Your question, Annie," said she, "has awakened a memory that has long lain silent in my heart. Yes, I once knew such a one, — an idolater, but a most pure and unconscious one. She was a young girl of my own age (and I was fourteen then), whom I knew at school, and whom I loved next best to the dear ones at home. She was not a native of this country. Her mother died when she was a little baby; and her father brought her to America from Italy a year before I knew her. I remember very well the first day she came to school, — how painfully shy and timid she seemed; and yet how we girls thought her so strangely beautiful, with her great dark eyes and braids of heavy black hair, and her half-foreign dress; that we stared at her pertinaciously, and almost rudely, and made her the sole theme of our recess gossip. The teacher chanced to give her a seat at my desk, and we soon became firm friends and constant companions. My sisters complained, playfully, that I cared for no one now but this Florentine girl, — this Cecilia Carnsi, as she was called. All the school loved her, for that matter; for she was gentle and loving herself, and her talent was as remarkable as her beauty. Such a glorious voice she had! It was our dearest pleasure, as we gathered together under the trees at intermission, to listen to her singing the sweet melodies of her own sunny Italy, as she poured forth the most exquisite music with perfect ease and grace, and with a modest unconsciousness that lent additional charm. She had a real genius for painting too; and her drawings invariably carried off the premium at our examinations. Once, as we walked home together after school, as I was telling her how much I admired a little sketch she had

made that afternoon, she smiled at my enthusiasm, and said, in her musical, broken English, that she did not know how much I loved pictures before, — that hers were poor things; but, if I would go to her father's studio, she would show me some that *were* worthy of my admiration. I assented eagerly; and we hastened down the village street, till we reached her home; and she led me up flight after flight of stairs, quite to the top of the house, into a strange, shadowy skylight-room, which was her father's atelier. The walls were covered with unframed pictures; pencils and palettes were scattered round; a statue of a woman gleamed white from a curtained recess; and at an easel in the midst sat Signor Carnsi, painting. She presented me to him. He was a tall, dark man, with a stern face, that grew very bright when he looked on her. The father and daughter lived together here, and were inexpressibly dear to each other. He saluted me briefly. Cecilia spoke a few words to him in their own language, and, after a while, came up to me, as I stood watching curiously the rapid progress of his pencil, as he added a touch here and there to the unfinished landscape on the easel; and, leading me to a corner of the room, she drew away a curtain, revealing a little inner room, whose walls were hung with beautiful pictures. 'Here, here!' said she; 'look at this, — this, our pride, our love!' I followed her glance, and stopped before a frame, in the centre of which stood what seemed a living, breathing woman, so lifelike was the coloring, so natural the form and attitude. An exquisite child sat on the floor, smoothing, with dimpled hands, the snowy plumage of a dove which nestled to his bosom, and heavenly eyes uplifted to his mother's

tender, holy face. I stood silent with excess of emotion, until Cecilia spoke, almost tearfully.

“ ‘My father intended it for the Madonna and the child Jesus,’ said she: ‘but he painted it from my mother and myself, as copies; and, after *she* died, he always called it *her* likeness. And I, — ah, how I love it! I love my mother and the blessed Virgin both tenfold more from thinking of them always together through this picture. Ah, holy Mary, blessed mother!’ she exclaimed, her face all glowing, and her beautiful eyes suffused with tears, and falling prostrate before the picture. ‘Sweet queen of heaven, bless thy child, and make her love for thee bring her to thee in paradise at last!’ I was shocked, — this was so solemn, yet so wrong; so earnest, yet so sinful. ‘O Cecilia! don’t, I beg of you! *Please get up!*’ I exclaimed, endeavoring to raise her from her knees; but she waved me decidedly away, and poured forth a long, passionate prayer, in which she lavished the most exalted, the most endearing, epithets upon the *mother* — the frail, *human* mother — of Jesus, but made no mention of the Son himself. After a while, she rose; and I said it was growing dark, — I must hasten home, — and bade her good-by. I wanted to be alone to think over it all. After that, there was always a painful feeling blending in the love I felt for Cecilia, which, however, only deepened its intensity. We were always together. She sang for me; she made me sketches, and talked to me for hours of her native Florence on the sunny banks of the Arno. I always longed to speak to her on the one great subject in which I *knew* she had made the grand mistake of her life; and once I did. We had a long, an earnest, talk. I im-

plored her never again to pray to Mary, pure and lovely virgin though she was, ascended saint though she is; but she heard me with such bitter pain! I was evidently wounding keenly her holiest, most treasured feelings. She pleaded so passionately, so *commandingly*, that I would never again try to unsettle her childhood's faith, — her equal love for the Son and mother, her holy memory of her *own* mother, — that I ceased, and we only wept together. Poor Cecilia! she is asleep now in her native land. She has been many years dead, and many years, I trust, in heaven.

“ But, Annie, papa is coming. Shall I stop now ? ”

SISTER KATE.

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### POLAR REGIONS.

FEBRUARY, the shortest month, is usually the coldest in the year, — so cold, that we love to keep near the warm fire, and listen to pleasant stories. Perhaps it might be interesting to you to hear a little about cold countries, — countries where the winter lasts six or eight months. Dr. Kane, the famous Arctic voyager, who has lately returned from his second Polar expedition, has given us some very strange and beautiful accounts of the different marvels he witnessed there. The long Arctic winter, in which the sun does not appear for months, is lighted with the most beautiful auroras. We have very fine displays of this phenomenon with us; but, in those Northern countries, the light is often strong enough to read by, and is colored like the rainbow.

Men, in the strong cold, become bleached to the color



of a freshly peeled potato, and present to each other an almost ghastly appearance. Dr. Kane says that it requires a long time to become accustomed to the effect of the cold. A man, for instance, will take off his mitten, and place his hand on the metal of his gun. In an instant, his hand becomes frozen to it; and, if he attempts to pull it away, a part of his skin is left on the gun. So with drinking. If a person touches his lips to the drinking vessel, they become glued to it, so that they are detached with a great deal of difficulty.

The first day on which the sun rises, it remains above the horizon only one minute, and immediately sets again; and, when the days grow longer, the sun does not pursue a path in the heavens, overhead, but seems to go round the horizon.

Only a few Esquimaux inhabit the northern regions of this continent. They live in houses of logs, with a kind of long moss stuffed into the cracks to keep out the cold. A bench runs around three sides of the room, which serves for bed, table, chairs, shelf, and for almost every purpose. The fire is in the centre of the apartment; and a tub, with sealskins curing in it, is always in one corner, and is very offensive in its odor to those who are not accustomed to it.

It sometimes happens that an Esquimaux goes out in his boat, or *kayack*; and, as he steers among the floating ice-floes, suddenly the wind changes, the fields of ice begin to move in another direction, and drive him far away from his home and family, to which, perhaps, he can never return. Again: these ice-fields sometimes close in around his frail boat, and crush him in an instant.

We advise all our young readers, who can obtain the book, to read Dr. Kane's account for themselves. It gave us, when we read it, shortly after its first issue from the press, a more vivid idea of the coldness, the peril, and at the same time of the beauty, of the Polar regions, than any thing we had ever before seen. Any intelligent boy or girl of ten years and upward will find a great deal both to interest and instruct in this well-told narrative; though there are, of course, parts of the book which are beyond a child's comprehension. Not the least interesting portion is that which relates to the action of the ice, but which the shortness of our article will not permit us to speak of. Read it, we beg of you, and especially those who are inclined to grumble at cold weather.

EDITOR.

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### THE CAMEL.

THE camel forms the principal wealth of the Arab: without it he could never attempt to penetrate the vast deserts where it lives, as its remarkable power of drinking enough water at one draught to serve it for several days enables it to march from station to station without requiring to drink by the way. The peculiar structure of its stomach gives it this most useful power. In its stomach are a great number of deep cells, into which the water passes, and is then prevented from escaping by a muscle which closes the mouth of the cells. When the camel feels thirsty, it has the power of casting some of the water contained in these cells into its mouth. The habits of this animal are very interesting. A re-

cent traveller, the Rev. J. H. Pollen, says of them, "My principal experience in camels has been during my travels through the Arabian desert. I followed, after some interval of time, the route of the Hajji, the Mecca pilgrimage.

"The temper of the camel is, in general, not very amiable. It is unwilling, jealous, and revengeful to the last degree. Of this latter quality curious tales are told: one, which was fully believed by the Arab that narrated it to me, was as follows: A certain camel-driver had bitterly insulted (*i. e.*, thrashed in some ignominious way) the animal under his charge. The camel showed a disposition to resent; but the driver, knowing from the expression of its eye what was passing within, kept on the alert for several days. One night, he had retired for safety inside his tent, leaving his striped abbaya, or cloak, spread over the wooden saddle of the camel outside the tent.

"During the night, he heard the camel approach the object; and after satisfying himself by smell or otherwise that it was his master's cloak, and believing that the said master was asleep beneath it, he lay down, and rolled backwards and forwards over the cloak, evidently much gratified by the cracking and smashing of the saddle under his weight, and fully persuaded that the bones of his master were broken to pieces. After a time, he rose, contemplated with great contentment the disordered mass, still covered by the cloak, and retired.

"Next morning, at the usual hour for loading, the master, who had from the interior of his tent heard this agreeable process going on, presented himself to the camel. The disappointed animal was in such a rage,

said my informant, on seeing his master safe before him, that *he broke his heart, and died on the spot!*

"I had once to cross a very high range of rocks, and we had very great difficulty in getting our camels to face the steeper part of the ascent, though any horse would have made very light of it. All the riders had to dismount; and the laden animals made the bare, rocky solitudes ring to the continual and most savage growls with which they vented their displeasure. It is well, on these occasions, to keep out of reach of their long necks, which they stretch out, and bring their teeth within dangerous proximity to the arm or side of any one but their master.

"While being laden, they testify their dislike to any packet which looks unsatisfactory in point of size or weight, as it is carried past them; although, when it is once on their backs, they continue to bear it with the patient expression of countenance, which, I fear, passes for more than it is worth. All camels are loaded kneeling, and can go from twenty-four to sixty hours without rest, or more than a few mouthfuls of food, which they can crop off a thorny bush as they pass, or a handful of barley given them by their master. Parts of the desert are strewn with small, dry, drab-colored plants, thorny and otherwise, which the camels continue to crop as they walk, jerking the rider not a little.

"They are very sparing of drinking. I have taken camels for eleven or twelve days without a drop of water. All of them did not drink even when we came to water; nor did any drink a large quantity, or seem disturbed by the want of it, although the sun was very powerful, and we travelled twelve or thirteen hours daily.



“At first, they are difficult to ride. The rider mounts while the animal is kneeling, and sits, like a lady, with the right leg round the fore-pommel of the saddle. In rising, the camel suddenly straightens the hind-legs before moving either of the fore-legs; so that, if the rider is unprepared, he will be jerked over its ears. It moves the legs of each side alternately, occasioning a long, undulating motion, which sways the rider to and fro from the loins. The motion, however, is soon learned; and, when fatigued, the rider can change sides, or shift his posture in various ways.

“Sometimes a traveller places his whole family, wife and children, in one pannier fastened to the saddle, puts himself in another pannier fastened on the opposite side, and then falls in with a caravan, and accompanies it.

“Dromedaries, the finer and better-bred camels, have sparer frames and more endurance, and are principally led by the Bedouins of the desert. They also object either to going up or down a hill.

“They are fond of kneeling, at night, just behind the ring of Arabs who squat round the fire; and they stretch their heads over their masters’ shoulders, to snuff up the heat and smoke, which seem to content them vastly.” — *Forrester’s Magazine*.

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## THE HIGHLANDS.

DURING our absence the last summer, one of the most agreeable excursions that we made was amid the Highlands of Scotland. To one familiar with the mountain

and lake scenery of America, there is not much of novelty in the mountains and lakes of the Highlands, except that the former appear more bald and bleak, and the latter more clear and tranquil. As you pass over their smooth water, you seem to look into its deepest depth, and discern its pebbly bottom; and you cannot but admire the beautiful images formed on its mirrored surface by the shadows of the surrounding hills. You will also be attracted by the irregular form and bold outline of the lake shores: here is a deep-shaded inlet, and there is a bold headland jutting out into the water.

While we waited one bright July afternoon, at the eastern extremity of Loch Katrine, for the steamer that was to take us up the lake, we strolled along the shore, and soon struck into a bridle-path which winds its way along the general direction of the northern shore, sometimes coming down to the very verge of the water, and then striking off into some glen densely shaded with the white birch and fir, or over some craggy steep, where the toilsome ascent is rewarded with an enchanting view of the lake beneath our feet, and of the solemn hills that perpetually stand as sentinels over it. During our stroll of an hour or two, we were every few moments greeted by the rapturous exclamation of some one of our party, calling our attention to a new-discovered beauty of prospect. We surveyed each little recess and promontory with a childish curiosity.

While some gathered treasures for their cabinet, of minerals or herbarium, and some shouted to the top of their voice that they might hear its oft-repeated echoes among the hills, others, more poetically inclined, repeated stanzas from the "Lady of the Lake," and endeavored,

in what they actually saw, to trace the truthfulness of Sir Walter Scott's scenic delineations. To such, the interest of the occasion was not at all diminished by the appearance, around a jutting crag, of a young lady on horseback, riding at a rapid pace over the uneven and flinty road. A voice exclaimed, "See the Lady of the Lake!" She did not notice us, but rode with an easy grace on an indifferent-looking but easy-paced steed. Her face was flushed from the excitement of the ride; she was plainly but tastefully attired; and her whole bearing was such that it was no unpleasant idea to associate her with the "Lady of the Lake." Were we not in a fairy-land? and did not the fairy-lady preside over the scene that had been made immortal by her presence? From this reverie we were hardly awake, so as to determine whether we were in a land of dreams or of realities, when the lady reined up her steed; and, standing a while to gaze on the laughing lake, she retraced her path, and, returning, again passed near us. To our salutation she returned a graceful acknowledgment, and disappeared from our view. If "*The Lady of the Lake*" rowed her light canoe more skilfully than our lady of the lake rode her black horse, she is justly entitled to her fame.

We had wandered far, but were not weary, when, in the distance up the lake, we saw the approach of the steamer that was to take us up on its return. We hastened back to the place of embarking, and were soon on board and on our way. The sun was still high in the west; and we would have ample time to complete the tour of the lake before nightfall.

The sail up the lake presents a succession of the most

beautiful views that can be imagined. Every hill has its name, and every high rock its story. The eagle circles about the top of Benvenue, while the wild goats climb where there is scarcely room for the soles of their feet. Here and there is a sheltered nook, where the mountain shepherd has built his stone cottage; but, with these exceptions, there are no traces of human abodes. The scene is closed by a west view of the lake, which is ten miles long; and the prospect is bounded by the towering Alps of Arrochar.

Arrived at the west end of the lake, we found that a moorland region, traversed by a rugged path five miles in length, intervened between us and Loch Lomond, on whose shores we wished to spend the night. Shaggy Highland ponies were in attendance, and pony-carts to carry us over. We were soon on our way, — some on carts, some on saddles, and some on foot, their baggage being sent forward. We passed a smoky hut in the valley between Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond, in which is exhibited a Spanish musket, six feet and a half long, once the property of Rob Roy, whose original residence was in this lone vale. We also saw the hut where it is said that Ellen McGregor, Rob Roy's wife, was born. Near by this hut were men and women, in full Highland costume, at work in a field of hay. After our ride over the moor, which, with the exception of some of the lower valleys, was covered with heather, we arrived at Inversnaid Mill on Loch Lomond.

A few rods from the hotel, a little rivulet comes tumbling down over precipitous rocks, and forms a milky cataract, which is the scene of Wordsworth's beautiful poem, the "Highland Girl."



One afternoon, while tarrying at this place, we crossed over the rivulet, and strolled up the mountain-side. At the distance of about a mile, we approached a Highland hut, which stood alone and solitary on the bleak eminence that commanded a broad view of Loch Lomond, and of the towering peak of Ben Lomond. Here were no fences to be seen, and nothing to denote the presence of civilization but the low stone walls of the hut, with its thatched roof and two little windows of four panes of seven-by-nine glass, and a little potato-patch and cow-house near by.

As we approached, we saw a robust and intelligent-looking girl, apparently about twenty years old, standing in the door, and watching intently our movements.

Having a curiosity ourselves to see the interior of the lowly dwelling, we entered into conversation with her. She treated us courteously, and replied to all our inquiries with a dignified self-possession that many a mistress of a proud drawing-room might envy. What though her feet were bare, and her garments coarse and home-spun; they were clean, and appropriate to her mode of life. The glow of health was on her cheek; and her whole manner betokened an active, intelligent mind, and a cheerful and buoyant heart.

She pointed out the beauties of the surrounding scenery with an appreciative taste; told us the history of her father's family; and, while she was entertaining us, her father, an old man of more than seventy years, approached from his day's toil with a scythe on his shoulder, and, with a courteous tip of his hat, joined our circle.

He said his name was McFarland: this, too, was the

name of Wordsworth's "Highland Girl;" and, for aught we knew, she was of the same family. He was born in that hut: his father and grandfather and great-grandfather were born and died there. It had been in the family one hundred and twenty-five years, and during that time had not been repaired, except to be thatched anew from time to time; and the furniture had not been changed. He expected himself to die there ere long; and then his son would take it. It belonged to the estate of the Duke of Montrose, as do all the lands for miles about there. They paid an annual rent of five pounds for the cottage and potato-patch, and pasturage and hay for the cow.

We were kindly invited to go into the cottage and drink a glass of milk. We gladly accepted the invitation; for we were curious to see the interior. There were two rooms, separated by a partial partition: a fire of turf was burning in a rude fireplace, sending out its smoke in every part of the room. Instead of a chimney, there was an opening in the thatch, through which part of the smoke escaped. The rafters, and every object in both rooms, were literally japanned with crystallized smoke, and shone like glass in the dim light. Instead of floor, there was the hard earth, smoothed by the wear of many generations, but still damp and gloomy. The furniture was simple and well worn. The dingy crockery and pewter platters adorned a "dresser" in the corner.

By the fireside, with her knitting in hand, sat the old lady, who for fifty years had been the companion of her husband in that lowly hut, and who was full of cheerfulness and good-humor. She read to us from her Gaelic Bible and Psalm Book, and told stories in her broad Scotch till the smoky roof resounded with our laughter.

Away over the loch, ten miles distant, they attend church on the sabbath. To us it would seem that their home-comforts must be few. Their dwelling is a fair sample of many Highland cottages which we afterwards entered. Luxuries the Highlanders have none, and even comforts are few; yet they are contented with their lot, and are a cheerful, intelligent, and worthy people, affectionate in their families, loyal to their queen, and true to their church. — *Merry's Museum*.

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## A COMMON FAULT.

THERE is a fault, common among school-children, which is generally known by the name of "muttering." It often spoils an otherwise good scholar. Now, we are unwilling to believe that a child would persist in this habit if he saw clearly that it was wrong. It has become, at last, fixed upon him; and though his teacher, as often as he repeats the offence, takes measures to correct him, yet it does him no permanent good. Now, if there are any "mutterers" among our little readers, we hope they will read carefully what we have to say to them.

We are quite sure that none of our readers would deliberately say to a teacher, "Who cares for you?" and yet it is the spirit of such a speech that they show when they look angry, and murmur. In nine cases out of ten, they are dissatisfied with themselves. They have lost their rank in the class through inattention or negligence; they have learned a lesson imperfectly, or they have delayed their time for going to school; and then, when the necessary consequences of their own neglect fall upon them, they are angry.

Now, why does the teacher govern by rewards and punishments? Because it is necessary for the good of his pupils. He must take measures to secure punctuality, order, and good recitations. The rules are not for his benefit. Often it pains him very much to be obliged to enforce them; and then, when his pupil looks upon punishment as if it were a gratification of the teacher's ill-will to him, and murmurs to himself what he dare not say openly, do you not think that teacher must feel grieved? He feels that his punishment has not attained its end. It has made the child angry instead of being sorry.

But suppose, for a moment, that the teacher is mistaken, — that he has supposed you to be in the wrong when you are not; will muttering mend the matter? Will it not be best to wait till he is at leisure, and then to state to him the case as it was, and ask to be excused from the penalty?

Anger, kept and nursed within the bosom, is like a hidden fire. It smoulders a while, and then bursts out all the more fiercely. So, if you cherish this habit of silent anger, your heart is kept constantly in a wicked and sinful state; and you may be led, before you are aware, to utter some word, or commit some act, the consequences of which you will bitterly regret.

Break the habit up at once. Do not allow yourself to do it again. Break it up for your teacher's sake, — whom you ought not willingly to grieve, — but especially for your own, as ill-will is a terrible guest in one's bosom. Break it up, and you will never wish to return to it again. If you learn to acquiesce cheerfully in your own punishment, you are in a fair way not to need punishment at all.

EDITOR.



## M A R C H.

WE think even our boy-friends, who enjoy skating, sliding, and coasting so much, will say that they have had, during the past winter, as much as they wished, and will be very glad to welcome the spring again. And yet March is hardly spring. It often brings us snow and sleet, and always rude and boisterous winds. But then the sky is of a clear, deep blue; and here and there, in the sheltered patches, a few blades of grass spring up; and the days are quite long. The high wind, on a bright day, brings with it a great deal of vigor and of freshness. We have not outgrown our childish delight in facing a high wind, and in letting it disarrange our whole dress while we danced along. It is the thought of spring which makes these winds and this clear sky so pleasant. You have all enjoyed our winter of unusual cold; you have had snow to your hearts' content; and you are now ready for spring. The snow, as most of you know, serves the earth as a warm blanket, and prevents the frost from reaching down to the seeds, and the roots of the trees, which are in the ground. This blanket has been so thick this year, that we may hope for a harvest of unusual plenty. We almost envy those of our little readers who live in the country the pleasure of finding the first tiny wind-flower or houstonia or the May-flower; but we forget that this pleasure will not come for another month, and even longer. But certainly they may now see the "green meadows and brown furrowed fields re-appearing." March is a good month to study in. The bright

winds make our minds quick and active; and thoughts of out-door frolics do not come in to disturb the attention. Let us all look forward with happy hearts to the return of spring; not forgetting Him by whose promise it is "that seed-time and harvest, summer and winter," do not fail.

Ay, let them say that thou art wild,  
That from thy hand the tempest flies;  
But ever, from a very child,  
I've loved thy clear and deep-blue skies.

I love thy keen and searching air,  
And thy rude snow-gusts, chill and bleak:  
I only think of thee as fair,  
And in thy cold winds playmates seek.

Thou nourishest the first green blade  
Kindly, within some sheltered nook,  
And oft from that small spire hast made  
A better tale than written book.

Thou hast a smile and cheerful face  
For those who look on thee aright;  
And, in thy rude and witching grace,  
More lovely thou than months more bright.

Then let them say that thou art wild,  
And that thy winds are harsh and cold:  
For me thy sun has ever smiled,  
And still I love thee as of old.

EDITOR.

## MONKEYS.

MONKEYS possess a very large share of sagacity, and have the power of acting in concert with each other to an extent that renders them very dangerous as bodies, although comparatively insignificant as individuals. They make regularly organized descents upon orchards and other cultivated grounds, and contrive to do an incredible amount of mischief in a very short time. It is said that they will silently strip the trees of their fruit, and convey their ill-gotten spoils into their own domains by passing it from hand to hand along the line of monkeys, which have arranged themselves at regular distances from the forest to the orchard. This, however, is scarcely authenticated enough to be admitted without further proof.

They seem devoted to mischief, and apparently undertake a mischievous task purely from a love of mischief itself, without the hope of gaining any thing, and frequently even when they are perfectly certain of being punished for it. My readers will doubtless remember the exploits of that monkey whose numerous tricks are related by Basil Hall in his "Fragments." The cunning animal would wait at the hatchway, with a handspike in his hands, until he heard some one mounting the steps, when he would let the handspike drop clattering down the ladder, and immediately take to his heels. The aggrieved party below, on finding his shins considerably scarified by the falling handspike, naturally enough vowed vengeance against Jacko, who would sit

in the rigging, alternately screaming with delight at his successful bit of mischief, and chattering with fear at the punishment which he knew would inevitably follow.

These tricks he would constantly play, until even the forbearance of the sailors would be exhausted; and Jacko was submitted to court-martial, tried, and condemned to suffer certain lashes. This he resented greatly, and, on more than one occasion, bit several of the sailors rather severely. The captain accordingly issued his mandate that the monkey should be thrown overboard; but the sailors, unwilling to lose their favorite, consulted with the assistant-surgeon, who, by depriving the monkey of his sharp teeth, rendered him quite harmless. Indeed, it would have gone to the sailors' hearts to lose him, as he was instructed to play most of his tricks on the marines, between which body of men and the sailors there is always a feud. The unfortunate animal at last lost his life by his love of mischief; for, on seeing the doctor very busily making calomel pills, he naturally thought he must value the substance at which he was working so hard. Accordingly, directly the doctor's back was turned, he pounced on the entire mass of pills, and, cramming them into his pouch, scudded off to the mast-head, where he was captured just as he had swallowed the last portion of the stolen property. He had abstracted enough calomel pills to dose the whole ship's company, and of course his constitution was not proof against the poison. In spite of every remedy, he died in a short time after he had swallowed the fatal pills.

It may appear singular that so small an animal could stow away so much in his cheeks; but the capability of



a monkey's pouches is almost as inscrutable as the appetite of a dragon-fly or a schoolboy. I have more than once endeavored to fill the pouches of a monkey to overflowing, but have never yet succeeded in so doing. A friend of mine, however, by selecting one of the smallest monkeys in the cage at the Zoölogical Gardens, and purchasing a large bag full of enormous nuts, did succeed in giving the little animal such a number of nuts that its pouches could contain no more. At last, after endeavoring in vain to insert another nut into the over-filled receptacles, it turned out the entire contents into its hands. Immediately it was surrounded by the other monkeys, who had been indignantly watching the appropriation of so many nuts by so insignificant a member of their society; and numerous were the hands that endeavored to snatch some of the unfortunate little monkey's property. The persecuted creature made its way to a shelf, deposited its burden, and covered it with its two hands. This ruse certainly guarded the nuts from the depredations of the surrounding monkeys, but effectually prevented the conveyance of any of them to the mouth of their legitimate owner, as, the moment that one of the hands were lifted off, half a dozen paws were instantly thrust forth, and the unfortunate little monkey — suffering as many human creatures do from a superabundance of wealth, for which all its relations were persecuting it — was forced to replace its hand, and content itself with showing its teeth, and chattering vigorously at its assailants. Suddenly a bright thought struck it. It pushed all the nuts up into a corner, watched an opportunity when its persecutors were not on their guard, suddenly turned round, and sat on them. Then, looking with an

air of triumphant defiance at the baffled fortune-hunters, it drew the nuts, one-by one, from beneath its person, and cracked them with great composure and dignity.

A baboon has been known to cram into its cheek-pouches a lady's purse, gloves, and handkerchief, of course with no other object in the world than mischief, as a monkey is an excellent judge of what is good to eat, and is not at all likely to be deceived into the idea that a purse, gloves, and handkerchief are eatable, however delicately scented the latter may be.

When monkeys are in captivity, they always endeavor to be noticed by visitors, partly for vanity's sake, and partly because they hope for certain donations of nuts, apples, and other dainties. Their jealousy is easily excited, and knows no bounds, if they imagine that their rival is getting more than his fair share of the good things. I was once a witness to a most absurd scene of jealousy.

A few years ago, one of Wombwell's well-known collections visited Oxford, and, as usual, exhibited a large allowance of monkeys. These little animals exercised all their ingenuity in attracting the notice of the visitors, in order to obtain some of the nuts, cakes, &c., which they saw the elephant receiving. One particularly lively monkey had attained to considerable eminence in his art, and used to monopolize no small portion of the various delicacies. Suddenly he failed to procure his usual supplies, and saw, with great indignation, that most of the visitors, particularly the ladies, had turned their attentions to the next cage. This, of course, excited his jealousy and curiosity, and he exercised all his endeavors to discover the cause of his desertion. At length, by

dint of great perseverance, he contrived to poke out a knot in the board which divided their partitions, and, on looking through, discovered that the inhabitant of the adjoining tenement had lately been blessed with a baby. That unfortunate baby-monkey instantly became the object of his unremitting persecution. He watched it through his knot-hole; he put his hand round the corner, and tried to pinch the poor little animal; he picked the keeper's pocket of the food that ought to have gone to the rival; and, in fact, spent his time in devising new annoyances. The mother, all this time, was perfectly acquainted with the evil designs of her neighbor, and carefully kept her baby away from the dangerous corner where the monkey's hand was continually intruding itself. In a short time, the little one was suffered to go about by itself, and its untiring enemy redoubled his exertions.

At last, his time of revenge arrived. One day, he was observed to pay more attention than usual to his peep-hole; and, after long and patient watching, he was seen to commence that peculiar vibrating movement which generally prefaces a monkey's mischief. Suddenly his eye was withdrawn from the knot-hole, his hand thrust through quick as lightning, and withdrawn, bringing with it the tail of the unfortunate little monkey on the other side of the partition. He fixed his feet firmly on each side of the knot-hole, and tugged away at his rival's tail, alternately screaming with delight, and chattering with fear at the punishment which he well knew would follow. The poor baby-monkey, on being assaulted in such an unexpected manner, set up a most heart-rending outcry; on hearing which, its mother flew to its

assistance, and, seeing her offspring apparently fastened to the wall, seized it by its arms, and pulled with all her might in order to release it. The aggressor chattered, the mother remonstrated, and the baby screamed, until the outcry drew the attention of a keeper, at whose approach the aggressor loosed his hold of his victim's tail, and crouched into the farthest corner of his cage, where he displayed exceeding ingenuity in avoiding the cuts of the keeper's whip.

It was fair-time at Oxford, and Wombwell's was, of course, a great attraction, and the monkeys, as usual, were much appreciated by the visitors. Among the spectators was a boy of about twelve or thirteen, who had deemed it necessary to pay due honor to the fair by appearing in a new cap. He, among others, had been attracted by the ludicrous antics of a cage full of monkeys; and, in his delight at their wit and activity, he approached too near the wires. Instantly the ready hand of a monkey seized his much-prized cap, dragged it through the bars, and held it in triumph for the inspection of the other inhabitants of the cage. The keeper immediately came to the rescue; but the monkey, who appeared to be perfectly acquainted with the length of the keeper's whip and arm, retreated to the further corner of the cage, twisted the crown of the cap up like a rope, bit a great circular piece out, and flung it at the former owner. This process was continued until he had disposed of the entire cap, with the exception of the leather shade. This made him very angry; and he danced about the cage in great indignation, biting and tearing at it without the slightest effect. At last, he seemed to consider it a hopeless business, and consoled



himself with using it as a missile against the spectators who were watching his proceedings.

It is very amusing to give a monkey something which he does not quite understand. The air of supreme wisdom and indifference with which he at first views it soon yields to the spirit of curiosity, so deeply seated in monkeys as well as in men; and he examines it with cautious fear, but soon either declines meddling with it altogether, or else despises it as a weak invention of the enemy. There are always some monkeys kept in the Botanical Gardens at Oxford, and these creatures afford a never-failing fund of amusement to those who walk in the gardens. Every one goes to look at the monkeys: some tease them by poking them with sticks, pelting them with small stones, or, what seems to irritate them more than any thing else, by grinning at them, — an art which some of the undergraduates possess in great perfection.

The monkeys are particularly fond of the leaves that are blown within their reach, and appreciate them almost as much as they do orange-peel.

A few days before these lines were written, a great humble-bee, that had maimed itself, was pushed into the monkey's cage. Of course, it set up a tremendous buzzing, which immediately drew the attention of the monkeys. They were evidently completely upset by the entrance of such an unwonted intruder. Banquo's ghost himself could not have caused more dismay than did the great humble-bee among the monkeys. They approached it with great care, always dashing up the sides of the cage at every fresh ebullition of the humble-bee, and looking down at it with intense horror. At last, one of them, after considering the matter, picked up a piece of paper,

that, among other objects, had been inserted into their cage, and, with a dexterity that a grocer might have envied, twisted it up into a sugar-loaf form. He then approached the humble-bee, which was lying on its back, spinning round and round, and making an extraordinary hubbub, swept it into the paper receptacle, twisted it up with astonishing rapidity, and patted and rolled it about until the hums of the enclosed bee were most effectually stopped by being mashed into a pulp. When this end had been attained, the monkey took up the paper containing the trituated bee, and flung it through the railings with all its strength.

The same monkeys were particularly perplexed by a snail that had made its way into their cage. They seldom ventured to put their fingers near it; but when it began to crawl, and waved its head and horns in the air, the temptation was irresistible, and they accordingly just pushed it with the tips of their fingers. On feeling the cold slimy surface of the snail, and seeing it retreat within its shell, they looked, with the most ludicrous dismay, first at the ends of their fingers, and then at the retreating snail. — *Selected.*

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"EVERY CLOUD HAS A SILVER LINING."

SOME of our little readers are doubtless familiar with this proverb and its application; but perhaps they do not all apply it to themselves. Among little people, as well as among their elders, there exist a large class who see, not the silver lining, but the dark and ugly cloud. This

class of persons are fitly named *fault-finders*. In fact, it seems the business of their lives to see only what is disagreeable and unpleasant; and, even when some friend who does see the “silver lining” points it out to them, they refuse to look at it.

Among these are a large number of grumblers at the weather, — those who find it too hot, too cold, too wet, or too dry; never considering that all these extremes are needful to furnish man with food, and to preserve him in health.

We were never more forcibly struck with the absurdity and wickedness of this species of fault-finding than about a year and a half ago. Some of you will perhaps remember, that, during the summer before last, in the months of July and August, there was a great drought. No rain fell, as week after week passed by. The corn was shrivelled and brown, and every field seemed scorched as if by fire. Farmers fretted, and sighed over their grain; and everywhere people shook their heads, and prophesied a famine. But the cloud had a silver lining, and a very bright one too. When the farmers began to dig their potatoes, they found none of the blight upon them which had spoiled for many years the larger part of the crop. They gathered them into their barns in great abundance, and they remained sound, and of excellent quality. Then it was seen that the drought had been exactly what was needed for the potatoes. The wet weather of previous summers had caused the blight, and the dry weather had put an end to it. Potatoes have always formed a great part of the sustenance of the poorer classes; and, in this way, the all-wise Being had provided for the needy, and rebuked those who were not willing to trust him.

Children feel much disappointed when they have been anticipating any enjoyment of which they are necessarily deprived. Very few of them have learned to wear the same pleasant smile, when the shower compels them to lay aside the hats or bonnets which they have taken for the proposed ramble, as they would have done when setting out upon it. The dark cloud covers every thing, — even their own faces. They do not see how the thirsty earth drinks in the rain, nor observe what a pleasant sound the falling water-drops make. Nay, often foolish girls and boys try to spread the dark cloud, by being cross and uncomfortable at home, annoying their elders with their fretfulness and discontent, and teasing their younger brothers and sisters till the little ones are as cross as themselves.

How much better would it be to see the silver lining, to remember that there are pleasant things to be done at home, that there is a new book to read, or that such a rainy afternoon is the right time to finish that scrap-book of pictures for the baby, or to mend that torn kite, or to arrange the books on the book-shelves, or to make dolly that new dress which some careful mamma or elder sister cut out so long ago!

You may think, children, that it is a very little thing to neglect to see this silver lining; but your happiness during your lives will very greatly depend upon it. Clouds *will* come when you are older, — heavy clouds, such as overspread the sky of every one who lives; and, if you have not seen the silver lining to the little fleecy ones of childhood, will you be likely to find it in these? Will a child who frets half an hour, because he has bumped his head or cut his finger, be preparing himself



for the endurance of a long fit of sickness by and by? Will a little girl, who cries because she cannot go to walk with a schoolmate, see the silver lining to the dark cloud that *must* come by and by, when God takes away from earth some one she dearly loves?

Let a friend, who can speak from experience, assure you, that, the earlier this lesson is learned, the easier it will be. If you learn early to look on the bright side, you will always do so; in sickness, your body will not be half so conscious of suffering as the mind of the gentle tones and loving attentions of those around you; and in all the events of life, whether they come directly from the hand of the Father, and his finger seems to point to the silver lining, or whether they seem to have been brought about by human means, this power will be a support and comfort when every thing around you fails.

EDITOR.

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"WHO'S AFRAID?"

LORD HOWE, when a captain, was once hastily awakened, in the middle of the night, by the lieutenant of the watch, who informed him, with great agitation, that the ship was on fire near the magazine. "If that be the case," said he, leisurely putting on his clothes, "we shall soon know it." The lieutenant flew back to the scene of danger, and again returned, exclaiming, "You need not be afraid: the fire is extinguished." "Afraid!" replied Howe: "what do you mean by that, sir? I never was afraid in my life." And, looking at the lieutenant full in the face, he added, "Pray, how does a man feel when he is afraid? I need not ask how he looks." — *Selected.*

## MORNING, NOON, AND EVENING.

"FROST on the windows ever so thick! great seaweed patterns, and coral patterns, on every pane!" cried Emma, as she peeped up from her comfortable bed. "But I don't care, Mr. Jack Frost; for it is New Year's Day, and I rather think I shall have some presents, — one, two, three, certainly, perhaps four. George did not give me one last year, but I guess he will this. Who cares for cold weather?"

Emma did care a good deal usually; but now she sprang out of bed, thought it very good fun to break the ice in her water-pitcher, laughed heartily because the chattering of her teeth made her say such queer, stuttering words to her sister, and was holding her numbed fingers to the fire before breakfast was on the table. Then came the usual joke. "There is your breakfast, Em," said her brother George, gravely: "it is all the breakfast you are to have. I hope you have no dyspepsy."

Full of glee, Emily caught up the little parcel he laid on her plate, and screamed with delight as she displayed a new silver thimble. "How *did* you know what I wanted? I trod on mine last week, and father shaped it out, to be sure; but it does pinch me so! Oh! I thank you a hundred times over, you dear Georgy!"

"Once will do, especially if you will please not to call me Georgy."

"Oh! I forgot; I did not mean to. But what is this? O mother! half a dozen nice linen pocket-handkerchiefs for me to hem, all marked with my name!

Just what I need, mother dear ! Mine are beginning to tatter."

"Got a dictionary to lend me, Emily ? I want to find that new verb."

Emily did not hear him ; for now her father advanced upon her on one side with a new geography and atlas, while her sister slipped into her pocket a pair of woollen wristlets she had just knit for her. And Emily could not help exclaiming all breakfast-time, "How could you all know exactly what I wanted most ? Oh, how happy I am !"

And now she was getting ready for school. The comfortable blue-and-white wristlets were drawn on ; she was hugging up the new atlas, dilating on the deficiencies of the old worn-out one she had been using. "You know, mother, it was quite an old edition, too, — full of mistakes, the United States are so different now from what they used to be when my brother Timothy went to school. Why, Timothy must be thirty years old, — isn't he ? I can't remember his age ; for he has been in the East Indies ever since I was a little girl. You know he had that old atlas ; and then George and Maria" —

Here she was interrupted by the appearance of another little parcel, which her mother produced from a huge work-basket. It was labelled, "Aunt Harriet wishes her dear Emily a *contented* New Year."

"Why, mother ! another present for me ? Why, that is five ! I never had but four in my life before. A needlebook, a morocco needlebook, I declare ! Was there ever such a beauty ? Only look, Maria ! how complete ! needles, cunning little scissors, tape-needle, emery-bag, and a place for a thimble ! If my new one would only

fit! It does! I declare it does! Dear, dear, *dear* Aunt Harriet! how kind! She must have made it on purpose, — didn't she?"

"Yes, my child: she thought you would value it so much more because she made it; and she borrowed the thimble, to make a place that would fit it, and took a great deal of pains. You see how beautifully it is made."

"Indeed it is. I never saw any thing like it. Well, mother, I never had five presents before; and I am so happy! May I carry my needlebook and thimble to show the girls at school? Thank you! You must not wonder if I jump through the snow-banks, I am so happy. Why didn't Aunt Harriet wish me a *happy* New Year? Everybody does. Good-by!" And away she went, looking joyously back to her mother and sister, as they watched her scampering through the cold, frosty morning.

Was it another little girl of eleven who came home that day at noon? No, it was the same; but in a mood so different, she could hardly be called the same. She came slowly into the house, was a long while hanging her garments in the entry-closet, and presented a face at last which might well have furnished an artist with a portrait of Discontent.

"What's the matter now?" exclaimed Mr. Burroughs. "Have you trod on your new thimble, or lost your new atlas in a snow-bank?"

"I almost wish I had," muttered Emily.

"Emily!" said her mother. "Is that the way to speak of your father's gift?"

"Well, mother, I do wish he had given me any thing



but a school-book, the girls did laugh so at my calling a common school-book a New Year's gift. They said that was real mean; for he was bound to supply me with grammars and geographies, and such things; and they wondered he did not give me a bunch of slate-pencils. And such presents as the other girls had, mother! Jane Slater had ever so many; and Lucy Clarke had a *gold* thimble, and a pair of bracelets, — a black one and a gold one; and Susan Forbes had a set of furs, and as many as a dozen books, I should think; and Lucy Jones had an elegant workbox, full of every thing, and a portfolio, with a lock and key, and ever so much note-paper; and — O mother! I can't remember half the things they told about; and they brought a great many to school, and were showing them about, and were so proud and so happy!"

"And were not you as happy this morning?"

"Yes, mother. I didn't know what sort of presents the other girls would have; but I had the fewest of any. I don't think there was a girl in school who had less than ten or a dozen; and *such* presents too! You have no idea how much some of them cost. And Caroline Clarke said she had thirty-two: only think of that! To be sure, she is a minister's daughter, and I suppose the parishioners gave her some. She told us what they all were, and some of them were just useful things like mine. I wonder she was not ashamed to tell of them; but she said, right out before all the girls, that she liked them best. But there was Laura Graves, — the richest girl in school, mother: her father gave her such a splendid ring! and her mother gave her a mosaic pin, — Florentine mosaic, they said it was. And she had a gold pencil, and such

elegant worked pocket-handkerchiefs, — O mother ! I told of mine when I first went into school ; and I know the girls were laughing at me, — I know they were ! ”

And here Emily's vexation found vent in a flood of tears.

“ I would rather see you cry than hear you talk in such a strain,” said her father, gravely. And they sat down to a dinner made cheerless by the silent tears and sullenness of the youngest daughter.

Just after dinner, Mrs. Burroughs called Emily into the kitchen. She found a little girl, who had brought a large basket of shavings to sell, standing shivering by the fire. Her hands were blue, and her bare feet peeped through her ragged shoes and stockings ; and a thin, old shawl was her only outer garment, half covering a faded calico gown.

“ Emily,” said Mrs. Burroughs, “ would you like to give this poor child a pair of your old shoes ? I asked her just now how many New-Year presents she had had ; and she looked very much surprised, and said, ‘ *None at all.* ’ ”

Emily looked at the wretched little figure, who seemed hardly to understand what they meant, and went silently to her chamber for the only pair she had to give away. They were very shabby, but much better than those taken off, whose soles and bodies, as George remarked, were about to part. The evil spirit still possessed Emily ; and, as she stooped to tie the shoe over which the benumbed little fingers fumbled in vain, she said, “ Why don't your mother mend your stockings ? ”

“ She hasn't got no needles nor thread,” said the child.

"Would she mend them if she had?" asked Emily.

"She used to mend them, ma'am; but she broke two of her needles, and she lost Miss Pratt's big darning down a crack in the floor; and now Miss Pratt won't lend her another, and she's only got two little needles in a bit of flannel: they ain't big enough for nothing. And she can't buy any yarn, neither."

"Why, it would not take much to buy a needle and a skein of yarn," persisted Emily: "the cents mother gives you for your shavings to-day would buy it all."

The child looked ready to cry. "We want it to buy milk for the baby; and then there's coal, and something for the rest of us to eat; and the rent, ma'am, worst of all while father's sick abed."

Emily looked at her mother: the discontented countenance began to soften.

"It is all true, Emily," said Mrs. Burroughs. "Your father and I know the family. The man used to saw wood for us before George was old enough to do it; and, since the poor fellow has been sick, we have been to see him; and yesterday we paid three dollars for his rent, which we might have spent on a New Year's gift to our Emily, if we had supposed she would prefer it. We could not afford to do both."

Emily's eyes began to fill with a different sort of tears; and, as she stood musing, her hand involuntarily touched the new morocco needlebook in her pocket. "Ah, mother!" exclaimed she, "my old needlebook is full of needles! May I? may I?"

Mrs. Burroughs understood, and answered with a nod; and Emily flew up stairs again, returning this time with cheerful haste, and holding out to the little girl what had

been a very gay crimson needlebook, made of flannel covered with ribbon, and well stocked with needles of all sizes. "You shall have *one* present," said she, as the child took it with a look of perfect admiration and delight.

"I think I have got two," said she, holding out one foot; "and I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you, miss."

Emily's heart warmed still more as she saw how welcome were her own cast-off articles; and she added, "I'll go to work this very evening, and mend up a pair of my old stockings for you, if you'll come and get them to-morrow."

"Thank you, ma'am: I'll come, certain."

From the parlor window, Emily saw the shavings-seller running briskly off with a happy face, looking at her red needlebook with a curious satisfaction; and then Emily listened — surprised, humbled, and made wiser — while her parents explained to her that a small salary and hard times compelled them to rigid economy, and that they had hesitated about sending her to an expensive school, among rich girls, but had decided that they must economize in other things, and give her such an education as would qualify her for a teacher; and they had anticipated, from her discontented temper, that she would have such trials as this day had brought, but had hoped so to deal with her that the trials would bring only wholesome discipline, and develop her better nature.

That night, Emily was again rejoicing over her five gifts, as she sewed for the poor child who had only an old pair of shoes and needlebook; and she thought of the many and splendid presents of her schoolmates with



a satisfaction which showed that the singular wish of her Aunt Harriet's morning salutation, if not at *noon*, had been answered at night. New Year's Day closed upon her in a spirit of *content*.

L. J. H.

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#### A SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF SWITZERLAND.

(Concluded from p. 62.)

By the treaty of Westphalia, in 1648, the republic of Switzerland was declared to be a sovereign State, exempt from the jurisdiction of the empire; but, as time rolled on, new perils arose. After a peace that had endured for ages, war was declared by the French republic, in 1798, against the confederated cantons; and the latter levied an army of twenty-six thousand men. A French general forthwith entered the territory of Berne, displaced the ruling families, possessed himself of the treasures of the State, and proposed a new constitution, which was designed to change the government from a federal to a united republic. The larger cantons, trusting to gain an ascendancy under the new system, were inclined to acquiesce; but the smaller States, attached to their time-tried institutions, assembled in arms, appointed Paravicini as their leader, and, drawing the French general into an ambuscade, by a signal defeat arrested his career. This victory enabled the Swiss to conclude a treaty, whereby the small States agreed to accept the new constitution, provided their internal administration continued as before. But the canton of Underwalden refused to agree to the terms; and thither

was marched a large body of French troops, accompanied by artillery.

The hardy peasantry were not to be daunted. On the 8th of September, 1798, began a battle which lasted till the following evening. The Swiss, ardent for liberty and warm with patriotism, fought with desperate valor. Brandishing clubs and spears, they encountered the muskets and bayonets of the invaders, and answered the thunders of artillery with huge fragments of rock. Vain, however, was the stern resistance of the gallant mountaineers; for, the town of Standtz being taken, the houses in its charming valley were given to the flames, and the inhabitants massacred without respect to age or sex.

After this terrible disaster, all Switzerland subscribed to the new constitution; Lucerne was selected as the seat of government; and a close alliance was formed between the Helvetic Republic and the French Directory. But the French oppressed the Swiss, and the Swiss sighed for their ancient laws and institutions. Rushing to arms, in 1802, the inhabitants of the cantons, with the impetuosity of their ancestors, wrested Zurich, Friburg, and Berne from their foreign masters, and nominated Aloys Reding as their chief. At this crisis, Bonaparte, proclaiming himself their mediator, ordered that all hostilities should cease. The Helvetic Diet remonstrated: but the appearance of an army of thirty thousand men, under Ney, silenced their complaints; and the publication of a mediatorial decree suppressed the national independence of Switzerland.

But a few years wrought a marvellous change in the face of Europe: the mighty emperor fell, and Switzer-

land obtained deliverance. After the peace of Paris, in 1814, her ancient form of government was restored; and, by rendering the allied and subject districts integral parts of the republic, the number of cantons was increased from thirteen to twenty-two. In 1830, their respective governments, alarmed at the signals of tumult, propitiated popular feeling by reforming abuses, and thus added strength to the guaranties of freedom. — *Selected.*

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“THEREFORE ALL THINGS WHATSOEVER YE WOULD THAT MEN SHOULD DO TO YOU, DO YE EVEN SO TO THEM; FOR THIS IS THE LAW AND THE PROPHETS.”

Do not turn over the leaf, children, when you see the familiar golden rule at the head of this article. We do not now intend to draw your attention to it in its highest sense, but only in one of its manifestations. In that excellent new book, “Out of Debt, out of Danger,” by “Cousin Alice,” the little heroine wishes for some rule, like a rule in Latin grammar, which she might learn once, and then be always lady-like. A friend, a few years older than herself, tells her that there is such a rule, — a golden one.

A great many boys and girls would be very much amazed to find this a true rule of politeness; but, nevertheless, it is the best that ever has been or ever can be given. True politeness springs from a desire to see those around you comfortable and happy. If we do to others as we would have them do to us, we shall endeavor to make them so. This rule of politeness entirely forbids “company manners.” It would make children polite at home as well as abroad. We have

known a great many children who would behave well at a party, who would wait till the plate of cake was passed to them, and would take the least tempting piece, who, at home, would quarrel with a brother or sister for the brownest slice of toast. We have known children, who, in company, would readily consent to play a game, which, if proposed in recess at school, they would refuse to join.

These children had not been taught that politeness is only another form of love. They imagined it was something they put on with their best dress, or their best jacket and pantaloons. They did not know that true politeness is almost a virtue, and can best be cultivated by an unselfish regard to the welfare of others.

Do you not see, children, that strict attention to the golden rule would make your voices low and pleasant, that you might not disturb others; would make you yield cheerfully the cushioned arm-chair, the seat by the fire or by the open window; would make you refrain from doing any thing which would hurt another?

If you still doubt, try it for one day. Bear about with you the golden rule into all your studies and sports. Let it be your companion when you sit down and when you rise up. You will find, that, with this monitor, you cannot be indifferent to the happiness of others; you will be obliged to consult it before your own; and you will find that the truest Christian will have the truest politeness: not that artificial varnish and polish which sometimes pass for such, and which many possess who do not take the Bible for the guide of their life; not the counterfeit, but the pure gold of the golden rule, which will shine the brighter the more it is used.

EDITOR.



## AN HOUR IN THE REPTILE-ROOM.

I NEVER could find it in my heart to love snakes of any kind. I take them, the whole race of them, to belong to the unlovable portion of the animal kingdom, if there is such a portion; and certain it is that serpents are pretty generally hated. Still, I confess to a liking for looking at the different members of the family, when I am quite sure that I can do so with safety; and I confess, moreover, that, during the day I spent at the Zoölogical Gardens in London, nothing interested me more, on the whole, than the magnificent saloon appropriated mainly to reptiles. There is probably a larger collection of serpents in this room than can be found anywhere else in the world; and the conveniences for keeping them, and exhibiting them to advantage, are, I suppose, unparalleled. Immense glass cages are appropriated to each species, sufficiently spacious, in every case, to allow the inmates to enact their respective parts, some of which are tragic enough.

There is an almost endless variety of form and color in these serpents. Some of these exotic pythons and boas are monsters. One of them, they told me, weighed one hundred and fifty pounds. In their cages, a tree of considerable dimensions is placed; and on this tree they frequently repose, the tail coiled round one of the boughs. Others were sleeping soundly on a mat at the bottom of their glass house. Most of the different animals in the entire gardens are fed at a stated time; and those persons who are disposed to witness the manner in which the

various species capture their prey, and eat, can have an opportunity of doing so. When the hour arrived for feeding the boas, an immense crowd assembled, all eager to behold what, in itself, is an exceedingly unpleasant sight. The boa that was fed this time was not of very great dimensions, and the animal assigned him for his dinner was comparatively small. It was a hare. Poor fellow ! if ever I pitied a dumb creature in my life, — and I believe I have known something of that feeling, — it was that innocent hare. As soon as he was placed in the cage, he seemed to comprehend at a glance the extreme danger of his position, and to have considered himself a lost hare. He shrunk timidly away into a corner of the cage, and shook as if he had the ague, at the same time crying piteously. What were the exact thoughts which passed in that hare's mind during the very few moments left him for contemplation, I suppose we have not the means of knowing; but I am sure he seemed begging for mercy of his powerful enemy. I could almost hear him whine out something like this language: "Pray, don't kill me, Mr. Boa, or Mr. Python, or whatever great monarch I have the honor to address; for I am a poor innocent rabbit. I never offended you. I never had an unkind feeling toward you in my life." And then, perceiving the huge monster by no means moved to pity, but was rather moving to quite a different purpose, methinks I heard him say, "Nay, great prince; I am too mean an animal to presume to enter your august throat. I am but a little scapegrace of a hare. In yonder pool there is a seal, a very fat seal, who would please you much better."

The serpent coiled his tail closer around one of the

highest boughs of the tree, and gradually raised his head, displaying a pair of eyes that seemed to look right through the little shivering hare.

"That seal" — the hare is supposed to go on with his plea — "is worthy of your majesty's favor. He — oh! pray, noble sir, spare" —

But there was no pity in the breast of that monster; nor did he seem to have been moved in the least by the arguments of the hare, if such as I have surmised were used on the occasion. Quick almost as a flash of lightning, the boa had leaped down from the tree; and, in another instant, the poor hare was folded in the embrace of death. The serpent gradually drew tighter the coils in which he held his victim, still retaining his hold of the bough of the tree, until he appeared to be satisfied that life was extinct, when he made preparations for — you know the rest. One thing, however, which is charged to the account of his race, he neglected to do. He did not prepare his victim for the feat he performed in connection with him by any such process as we have so often heard of. I was glad to find that death took place so soon after the victim was seized. I don't believe the poor hare lived a minute after the serpent pounced upon him.

There were several large rattlesnakes in this room, and I know not how many venomous serpents. Some of them were clad in a beautiful dress, and their eyes were perfectly fascinating. Here I saw several species of the *Cerastes*, one of the most deadly serpents in the world. One species of this genus, called the Egyptian asp, is supposed to be the same that Queen Cleopatra used to destroy her life; that is, if the story of her death is true, which many of the wise ones doubt. This serpent, when free,

in its native country, generally lies just below the surface of the sand, through which the hornlike appendages above the eye may then be seen peering above the surface. Not the slightest motion indicates the existence of life below them, until, perhaps, some little unsuspecting inhabitant of the desert happens to come along that way. Then, in an instant, the head of the serpent is raised above his ambush, the jaws are opened wide, and the fangs erected from the sheath in which they are ordinarily embedded. Swift as an arrow is the stroke of the serpent. The subtile poison mingles with the victim's blood, and in about one hundred seconds it is dead.

A gentleman, who once visited this reptile-room at night, says that the inmates played a great many pranks which cannot be seen in the daytime. He represents the spectacle at that season as full of terrible interest. "About ten o'clock one evening," says he, "in company with two naturalists of eminence, we entered that apartment. A small lantern was our only light, and the faint illumination of this imparted a ghastly character to the scene before us. The clear plate glass which faces the cages was invisible; and it was difficult to believe that the monsters were in confinement, and the spectators secure. Those who have only seen the boas and pythons, the rattlesnakes and cobras, lazily hanging in festoons from the forks of the trees in the dens, or sluggishly coiled up, can form no conception of the appearance and actions of the same creatures at night. The huge boas and pythons were chasing each other in every direction, whisking about the dens with the rapidity of lightning, sometimes clinging in huge coils round the branches, anon intertwining each other in massive folds; then, separat-



ing, they would rush over and under the branches, hissing, and lashing their tails, in hideous sport. Ever and anon, thirsty with their exertions, they would approach the pans of water, and drink eagerly, lapping it with their forked tongues. As our eyes became accustomed to the darkness, we perceived objects better; and on the uppermost branch of the tree, in the den of the biggest serpent, we perceived a pigeon quietly roosting, apparently indifferent alike to the turmoil which was going on around, and to the vicinity of the monster whose meal it was soon to form. In the den of one of the smallest serpents was a little mouse, whose panting sides and fast-beating heart showed that it at least disliked its company. During the time we were looking at these creatures, all sorts of noises were heard. A strange scratching at the glass would be audible: it was the carnivorous lizard, endeavoring to inform us that it was a fast-day with him, entirely contrary to his inclination. A sharp hiss would startle us from another quarter; and we stepped back involuntarily as the lantern revealed the inflated hood and threatening action of an angry cobra. Then a rattlesnake would take umbrage, and, sounding an alarm, would make a stroke against the glass, intended for our person. The fixed gaze from the brilliant eyes of the huge pythons was more fascinating than pleasant, and the scene, taking it altogether, more exciting than agreeable. Each of the spectators involuntarily stooped to make sure that his trousers were well strapped down; and, as if our nerves were jesting, a strange sensation would every now and then be felt, resembling the twining of a small snake about the legs." — *Woodworth*.

"BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART; FOR  
THEY SHALL SEE GOD."

A GROUP of children were running about, wild with glee at the various pleasures of a picnic in the summer woods. Some were eagerly hunting for flowers, some bent upon following the sparkling brook to its source, others were playing hide-and-seek among the trees, while others still enjoyed most a scamper across the sunny fields.

There was one among them, a little girl of happy but thoughtful look, who for a while pursued the same sports as the rest, and with the same hearty enjoyment. But she was always kind and gentle, helping the weak, waiting for the slow, and always acting unselfishly. But, at last, she seemed to grow tired of the loud laughter and gayety of her companions; and when, at length, a new game was started, she slipped aside, and ran down a shady path alone.

Here she was soon joined by her mother (for the children were accompanied by their parents). She found her daughter standing alone, on a kind of cliff, where the wood ended. The prospect from here was quite extensive: fields, rocks, and stream, all lay bright and beautiful in the sunshine; the birds were singing overhead; and the air was full of little insects, dancing in the light.

"What are you thinking about, Mary?" said her mother.

The little girl looked round quickly. "O mother, how beautiful it all is! how good God is to give us such a lovely world!"

"And do you love to think of him, when you see all this pleasant prospect?"

"Oh yes, indeed, mother! I should not enjoy it half as much without thinking of him. Does not this bright sunshine seem like his smile? And these little birds, — how happy they are! Do you remember my hymn, mother, —

"It was my heavenly Father's love  
Brought every being forth"?

Then see, just see, all these flowers! it seems as if he had put them here for us to find." And Mary stooped down to gather them.

But, while they were gathering the flowers and talking about them, the sun suddenly became clouded; the birds, one after another, ceased their songs; the insects disappeared; and a low muttering of thunder was heard in the distance. The party hastily collected, and sought shelter in a shed, which protected them from the rain, which now began to fall. The lightning flashed very bright, and the thunder rolled with its heavy crash overhead. Many of the children, and some of the older people, were much alarmed; but Mary stood silently gazing out at the storm, watching the lightning, and holding her breath with awe to listen to the thunder. "How grand, how beautiful, it is!" said she, at last, pressing her mother's hand.

"Grand! beautiful! Why, Mary, are you not frightened?" exclaimed two or three of the children.

"No," said Mary, "not at all: it seems as if God were so very near."

"But supposing the lightning should strike you?"

"Why, then," said Mary, in a very low tone, "it would seem as if God took me."

Her mother made no remark; but she thought, "Blessed indeed are the pure in heart;" for they can see God in the sunshine and the storm. And her mother was right: Mary was most truly one of the "pure in heart." She had not learned to dread the thought of that omnipresent eye which looks into the heart; for, in her heart, she kept no thought which she wished to conceal from Him. She had not, by light or irreverent use of his name, accustomed herself to any but the highest and holiest ideas of God. He was, to her, indeed a heavenly Father. She loved to think that he was ever near her; she felt that he sympathized in all her pleasures and pains. She told him, with a true childlike trust, all her wants, confessed her faults, and asked his forgiveness. Her spirit was truly one of those of whom our Saviour said, "They do always behold the face of my Father who is in heaven."

Mary's life was for many years a very happy one. Her parents loved her very dearly, and they were rich enough to be able to gratify all her reasonable wishes. She had health and strength, the best opportunities for education and for enjoyment. As she grew up, her mother often felt much anxiety lest these things should fill all her thoughts, and lead her, "in the multitude of gifts, to forget the Giver;" for, unnatural as it is, it is still true, that, the more God gives us to enjoy, the less we often think about him or thank him. But it was not so with Mary: she kept her purity of heart through all the temptations to vanity and selfishness which she met with; therefore she was not led to think of her advan-



tages and pleasures as her *right*: she took them all as gifts of love from her Father in heaven, thanked him for every new means of happiness, and saw his love in the love of her parents and friends.

She could still, as when a child, see God in the sunshine; but will she be able to see him in the storm?

The trial was near at hand. One day, when returning from a walk, Mary was met by a frightened horse, which rushed wildly out of a cross-street; and, before she could escape, she was knocked down and trampled upon. She was carried home senseless; and, for a long time, they thought she was dead: but at last she opened her eyes, and smiled faintly on the anxious faces round her bed. But her injuries were very severe, and the physician felt convinced that she could never be wholly well again. Her first words about the accident were, "Mother, it would not have happened unless God had pleased: so it must be for my good; and I hope I shall never complain." And she never did, either by word or look, even when suffering the most. She could see God's hand in it all, and never for a moment doubted his love. She was so gentle, so thoughtful for others, so grateful for every act of kindness, that it was a pleasure to wait upon her, or even to be in her room. Her mother was her devoted and loving nurse. But God's hand was again laid on this family. Her mother was removed by death, after a brief sickness, while her life seemed almost essential to her poor sick daughter.

Poor Mary! this was the hardest trial of all; for her mother had always been her dearest earthly friend. How happy was it for her now, that she had never been separated, by sin or indifference, from her heavenly Parent!

Sorrow only brought her nearer to him; and, though she shed very bitter tears at her loss, there was not one feeling of distrust or repining. The storm which broke over her head did not terrify her, nor hide God from her sight.

But Mary was not long to be separated from her mother. She was rapidly approaching that season which so many look forward to with fear and trembling. Her health was never restored after her accident; and, at length, she seemed gradually sinking away. She knew it herself, but felt no fear. She talked freely of death: she felt that God was very near her; that he would never leave her nor forsake her, even when she should "walk through the valley of the shadow of death." Sin had not so clouded her sight that the way looked dark and gloomy; but the light of the happy home beyond seemed to shine upon the whole of the path.

As she was dying, she turned her eyes upon her father, who stood by her side, hushing his own grief that he might listen to every word she breathed, and said, "Father, I shall soon see God."

"He has always seemed present with you, Mary, while you have been with us," was her Father's reply.

"Now," she returned, "we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face."

A few minutes more, and her spirit took its flight to the more immediate presence of that holy God whose image had always been reflected back from her pure soul as light from an untarnished mirror. "Blessed are the pure in heart; for they," and they alone, "shall see God."

M. M.

## E A S T E R.

THE festival of Easter, one of the most joyous days of the whole Christian church, occurs this year during this month. It celebrates the resurrection of Jesus from the dead, and is observed on the continent of Europe with much pomp and splendor. We wish we might see its observance increase from year to year, as that of Christmas has done. We give our young readers an Easter hymn, written as a school-exercise many years ago, which they may like to commit to memory to recite on that day to their father or Sunday-school teacher: —

Let anthems of praise usher in the glad morning!

The Lord hath arisen! — shout, nations, to-day!

The star at his birth, in the east faintly dawning,

Now shines with a lustre which ne'er will decay.

The Lord hath arisen! Though guards watched around him,

Though mighty the stone at the sepulchre laid,

He burst through the fetters of death that had bound him,

The wounds of the cross to his followers displayed.

The Lord hath arisen! — and, o'er men benighted,

The mild rays of truth from the gospel are shed;

The pathway along the dark valley is lighted

By faith, that, like Christ, we shall rise from the dead.

The Lord hath arisen! The soul is immortal,

And this world of sorrow is not our abode:

The cold, darksome grave wide hath opened its portal,

And Jesus, the Saviour, ascended to God.

Then sound the high chorus, your loud voices raise;

Throughout all creation let no one be dumb;

Sing, sing to our God hallelujahs of praise;

For Jesus, our Strength, our Deliverer, has come!

EDITOR.

A LETTER FROM ONE OF OUR YOUNG  
FRIENDS AT ROME.

WE left Paris, on the 5th of January, in the cars for Lyons, and, from there, went down the Rhone to Marseilles. After remaining there three days, we took the steamer to Nice. When we arrived at Nice, the morning of the 12th January, the weather was so mild that our cloaks were oppressively warm. Nice is a beautiful place, situated on the sea-shore, at the foot of a mountain. Here, for the first time, we saw the orange growing: the trees were laden with their delicious fruit. We drove from Nice to Geneva. I never enjoyed a drive so much; indeed, it is said to be the finest in Europe. The hard, smooth road lies sometimes on the shore of the dark-blue sea; then inland, through groves of orange, lemon, and olive trees; then winding on the edge of a mountain, with rocky ledges overhanging us, or, in some places, passing through tunnels cut in the solid rock; then suddenly turning to descend, when, below us, we could see a large populated village, situated on the shore, surrounded by mountains, looking so cosy and pleasant in its retreat that one almost envies its inhabitants. Above it, on a rocky eminence, you will see another village; but, oh! when we entered its narrow, dirty streets, we found distance truly lent enchantment. In some of these towns we would stop to dine, or spend the night, as we were four days on the way. We were almost sorry to hear the cracking of our postilion's whip, announcing our entrance to Geneva. They are famous for their handling of the whip: I have actually heard one of them crack a tune.



I was very much disappointed in Geneva. Its location is perfect; but the interior of the town, with the exception of its three palaced streets, is filthy. These are narrow; but the palaces (most of which we entered) are magnificent. One has a saloon, the cost of which, without the furniture, was one million francs: the sides are covered with mirrors, separated by gilded pilasters; the ceiling, with the finest frescoed painting. We remained in Geneva three days, and took the steamer one lovely moonlight evening for Civita Vecchia. Here we took a posting carriage for Rome. The dress of the postilions, and the John-Gilpin rate at which they drive, are comical enough. The country about Rome is level and uninteresting: occasionally a flock of sheep or cattle, with their keeper covered with the skin of a goat, give proof of some life. At the last post-house, twelve miles distant, we had our first glimpse of the great dome of St. Peter's, and we entered the gate of the Eternal City after sundown; but the moon was shining brightly, and, as we passed the portico of St. Peter's, we could see the fountains playing in its light. These are the most graceful and pleasing fountains of the hundreds in the city. It was a long drive to our hotel; and our eyes and heads were on the alert to catch a glimpse of the Coliseum, Pantheon, or some other prominent ruin. But no: instead of these, we were passing through Paris-like streets, on each side lined with fine modern buildings. I felt disappointed; but the next day, when we drove to the Coliseum, I gazed in wonder at its vast dimensions, standing monarch of the vast ruins by which it is surrounded, — ruins of what was once so great. I was glad our residence was not among them. We were again at

the Coliseum at moonlight, when, if possible, it looked grander still. A large cross stands in its centre. On our first visit, we met a body of hooded friars, with their crosses, and chanting their monotonous tunes, coming from under its arches, and forming a strange contrast to the scenes formerly enacted on its arena. From the Coliseum, we drove to St. Peter's, — as Hare says, "from ancient to modern Rome;" and I wish I had words to express my astonishment. You can form no idea of its vastness and grandeur. Persons at the end looked like children; and statuary, which appeared like infant angels, were, when we came near them, colossal men. The high altar, over ninety feet in height, scarcely interrupted the view of the length. This deception is owing to the fine proportions. In one chapel were priests, chanting vespers; in another, workmen raising a monument, beside many persons walking about with their guide-books; and yet neither interrupted the other. It is very rich in colored marbles, endless quantities of statuary, immense pictures copied in mosaics, &c., &c. It all has the appearance more of an exchange than of a house of worship. We went into the ball; but the heat was so great, we were glad to get out again as soon as possible.

One Wednesday we went to St. Peter's to see the pope bless candles. On each side of the high altar were seats erected for the ladies: none were admitted, except in black, and veiled. Soldiers lined each side of the great aisle to guard the passage for the procession, which soon entered, — priests, bishops, cardinals, noble guard, — all in variety of dress and uniform, presenting a grand appearance. Then came his holiness, — a kind, good-look-

ing old man, clothed in crimson, and seated on a gilded chair, and, by means of velvet-colored poles, borne on the shoulders of twelve men in crimson. A canopy, carried by four in purple, covered his head; and two men, with immense fans, walked behind him. The poor, foolish old man gave his blessing, in passing, to a kneeling congregation; and then he was placed on a throne erected for him back of the high altar, each person, according to rank, coming forward to receive his candle, first kissing his ring, and then the cross on his slipper. He was then trotted out, the procession following with lighted candles. It made my heart sick to witness such homage, and to hear afterward that one of our own bishops was in that procession. We visited the Vatican, where the pope now resides; but I have not time to tell you of even the principal of its galleries of painting, statuary, and libraries. The pictures are not more than fifty in number, yet consist of the finest in the world. The Transfiguration, by Raphael, is said to be the finest among pictures. Below the galleries is the mosaic department, belonging to the government. As for the churches here, they are numberless, all rich in marble columns, mosaic pictures, pavement, and statuary, which are all explained by a long-skirted sacristan with a little black cap. I must tell you what we saw in a church the other day. The sacristan, or rather the monk, took us into a side-chapel, where, between two figures, stood a box covered, by which he set lighted candles, and then opened it. It contained a wooden baby, called Bambino. It was wound with white satin; its feet in gold wire-work; a diamond cross on each foot; a crown of gold, studded with precious stones, on its head; and its person covered with

precious jewels. It was made by a monk, of olive-wood from the Mount of Olives, and was painted, they say, by St. Luke, while the monk slept; and this horrid-looking thing is to represent the infant Saviour, and is sacred for its miraculous power of healing. While we were looking at it, a monk came to say a carriage was waiting to convey it to the room of a sick person. It does not make its visits gratuitously; and in this way the monks are supported.

The great season of the Carnival has passed. In former days, when the nobility enjoyed it masked, I can realize its great attraction; but this year it was miserable. It lasted six afternoons, commencing at three, and ending at five. It is now confined to the Corso, a street a mile in length, each cross-street guarded by a mounted soldier. Every window and balcony was decorated in the gayest manner. The carriages pass up one side, and down the other, many of the inmates in fancy dress, and masked. As they pass, they are saluted from the balconies with sugar-plums or bouquets; which compliment they return. Some of the dresses are pretty, and some comical enough. The throwing continues till five o'clock; then a gun is fired, and the carriages disappear. In a moment, a company of cavalry clear the street; then nine horses come racing by, riderless, but urged on by little tin wings beating their sides. They are stopped by barricades at the end of the Corso, a gun fires, and all is over. After the race, candles appeared in different balconies and through the street, making quite an illumination. The object then was to keep your own light, and put out your neighbor's: all means were resorted to, — long poles, handkerchiefs, boquetres, &c. At seven, it was over for a year.



To-day, we have been in one of the entrances of the Catacombs. These are passages cut out of the solid rock, and extending ten miles, — the circuit of the old city. By means of torches, we could see piles of bones, which formerly belonged in the niches. Numbers of finely-wrought sarcophagi, and other valuables, have been found here. — *Selected.*

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## CARELESS ANNIE.

MRS. MACKAY was sitting, one warm September day, by an open window. She looked pale and fatigued; but she went on busily with her sewing, while a large basket of clothing, needing repairs, stood by her side. At this moment, the front door opened hastily, and closed with a loud noise. Quick footsteps ascended the stairs; and a little girl rushed into her mother's room, quite out of breath, and threw herself into a large easy-chair.

"O mother! how hot it is! I declare I could not study a bit to-day; so it's no wonder I missed in my lesson. I believe Latin wasn't meant for hot weather."

Mrs. Mackay paused a moment in her work, and looked at the child. Her hair was hanging over her face; her muslin spencer was fastened by the wrong buttons, so that it fitted awry; her bonnet lay on the floor, half crushed by two or three books which she had thrown upon it; and the climax of disorder was exhibited in her dress, which was torn across a whole breadth, and most deplorably frayed. Mrs. Mackay was not unaccustomed to similar spectacles; but she was tired to-day,

and it produced on her a more than usually dispiriting effect. She suppressed the hasty word which rose to her tongue, however, and said, "I do not like to see your bonnet and books on the floor, Annie."

"Yes, I know it is not the place for them; but I'm so tired!"

"Pick them up now, and put them away, and then you can rest afterwards."

Annie stooped to take them, and cried, "Oh, see how I have torn my dress! I thought I heard something tear as I came out of the schoolroom-door; but I was chasing that provoking Jennie Wilson, to make her give me something of mine."

Annie deposited her bonnet in a chair, and held out the torn dress. She looked half sorry and ashamed; and yet there was a certain recklessness in her countenance, which seemed to contradict any feelings of the kind.

"Do you see this basket, Annie?" asked her mother.

"Your work-basket? Yes, ma'am."

"Here are two dresses, one apron, and three pair of pantalets, to be mended for you, all of which you tore last week; to say nothing of a pair of stockings, which are so utterly destroyed, that I doubt if they can be mended. The mending for Susie, your two brothers, your father, and myself, is not one-half as much as yours."

"Well, mother, I'm sorry. Can't you teach me to mend them?"

"I should have taught you long ago; but you are so destructive, that it would take more nimble fingers than yours to repair your mischief. However, you must help

me now. Go and take off your dress, and put on your pink one, and bring this to me, and I will show you what you must do."

"O mother! that old pink thing, that is so faded and outgrown? I hope I shall not have to wear it to school again this afternoon. All the girls laughed the last time I wore it."

"Three new school-dresses are as many as any girl ought to have in one summer; and, if you spoil those, you must wear the old ones."

Annie looked very cross as she went out of the room; nor was her good humor increased by her sister Susan, who, coming up the stairs, and seeing the rent, said, "O Annie!" in a reproachful tone. Annie muttered something about people's letting other folks alone, and that she knew things that were quite as bad for people to do as tearing dresses.

In five minutes more, Susan Mackay, with her bonnet removed and her hair neatly brushed, came into her mother's room. "How warm and tired you look, mother!" she said. "Let me sew with you. I practised early this morning before you were up, and I have nothing to do now." Susan went to the basket, and picked out all the stockings. Her own and her mother's were speedily despatched, and she then took those of her brothers.

Annie came down presently, still looking very sulky, and with the torn dress hanging over her arm. Mrs. Mackay examined it. "I must take out the whole breadth," she said. "Annie, pick it out very carefully, in order not to tear any of the rest."

A ring at the bell was now heard, and a visitor for

Susan was announced. She was absent about half an hour, and returned with a great deal of news.

"It was Alice Loring, mother. She came to tell me of a plan our superintendent has for our Sunday school. She went yesterday, in spite of the violent shower which kept us at home. There is a society about to be formed by the children of the Sunday schools, in order to support a ragged school for those children who are too poor to attend the public schools. Alice says that the children who were present yesterday all voted to belong to it. They are to bring a contribution once a month; and in this way the money is to be collected to pay the teachers and the other expenses.

"It seems to me a most benevolent and useful plan, Susie. I am perfectly willing that you should join."

"And may I too, mother?" asked Annie.

"How can you join it, Annie? You have no money of your own; for you always spend it as soon as it is given you."

"But will not you give me some?"

"I would do so very gladly if I could afford it; but you waste so much, that I cannot."

"I, mother? I'm sure I don't waste any."

"Whenever I buy a dress for you, Annie, I am obliged, in consequence of your destructiveness, to buy at least a yard more than I otherwise should. You have more stockings and shoes, more bonnets and aprons, than would be necessary for you if you were careful of them. Think how much better it would be to give a poor naked child a dress than to tear one, as you have done this."

Annie was silent. This argument was unanswerable; and she felt, as she had never done before, that her care-



lessness was really a sin. When her mother had blamed her, she had called her cross. When she had been told how much it increased her mother's labors, she had paid no attention to it; but this was a new idea. It struck her forcibly; and she wondered if it would not be possible for her to take care of the various articles of her dress.

The summons to dinner interrupted her reverie. She caught her mother's dress. "Then can't I belong to the society?" she inquired, in a very imploring tone.

"I cannot give you any money, Annie, while you are so careless. If you have any given you by any one else, which you choose to carry as a contribution, I shall not prevent it."

Annie looked very unhappy. She was not sulky now, but she was really sorry. Where should she get any money? Uncle John, the only person who ever gave her any, was far away in South America. For the first time in her life, she regretted the fault, and not, as heretofore, the consequences.

But after dinner, over which Annie lingered, she had but five minutes to dress and reach school; so the spencer was not fastened, and the bonnet not tied. As she raced along the street, through the mid-day glare, her bonnet fell off her head, and rolled off the edge of the sidewalk into a pool, which the rain of the day before had left in the gutter. She hastily seized it, and ran with it in her hand to the schoolroom-door. Unlucky mischance! there stood the minister, Annie's minister, talking with Miss Waldron! Annie tried to slip by him unperceived, but she did not succeed. "Why, my little Annie!" he said: "it would have been better if you

had set out from home earlier, and then you would not have been obliged to run through all the heat."

Annie was too mortified to make any reply. She went hastily to her desk, and, hiding her face upon it, burst into tears; not without hearing Miss Waldron say something which she was certain had reference to her, and which ended with that word of portentous sound, and still more portentous meaning, — "incorrigible."

Annie's lesson was badly recited; and she was obliged to learn it over again, and recite after school. While she was detained, she heard shouts of laughter in the dressing-room; and when she was dismissed, and opened the door which led to it, she saw her unfortunate bonnet passing from one head to another: while one scholar thumped the crown, another pulled it on in front; and, bad as it was before, it was rapidly becoming worse.

"Let alone my bonnet!" she called.

"No wonder you are careful of it, it is such a beauty!" retorted the child who was just then figuring in it.

"Beauty or not, it is mine, and I want it."

"It's my turn! Give it to me!" said another. Annie dashed into the crowd, and seized the bonnet, which one of her schoolmates held fast. A struggle ensued, in which the straw was badly torn in several places; and much worse might have been its fate, had not Miss Waldron, hearing the angry voices, come to the door, and sent the children directly home.

"Miss Waldron," said Annie, half crying with vexation, "if you are not ashamed to walk beside my bonnet, I wish you would let me go with you. I know the girls will wait outside, and they will make the old thing look worse than it does now."

"You may walk with me, Annie; but perhaps you will not like what I shall say to you. I see your habit of carelessness growing stronger and stronger every day. I do not know where it will end, unless you begin a reform immediately. Your torn and soiled bonnet makes a very bad appearance; but your character, which is becoming more and more soiled every day, looks worse to me than the bonnet. I suppose your mother corrects you frequently for it, — does she not?"

"Oh, yes! they all talk from morning till night, — father, mother, Alfred, Sue, and even Joseph, who is so much younger than I am. I am so accustomed to it now, that I don't mind it."

"But, Annie, don't you mind the inconvenience and trouble it causes your family? Do you not care when you see your mother tired with the extra sewing which must necessarily be the result of your carelessness?" Annie blushed, but did not reply. She recollected how pale her mother had looked when she went home from school. "And torn garments, Annie, are a slight evil to the injury you are doing yourself. It already affects your mind. Your lessons are but half learned; and you are falling behind girls of your own age, when your capacity is equal to that of any one of them now under my care. Annie, your soul will suffer too: I do not yet see the effect upon that; but it surely will show itself. Good-by, Annie!" They had now reached Annie's house. "Give my regards to your mother, and say, that, if I can assist her any in correcting this increasing fault, I shall gladly do it."

Susie opened the door for Annie. "Now, Annie," said she, "give me your bonnet, and let me see if I can-

not do something to improve it. I do not like to let mother see it as it looks now. Poor mother! the heat has almost overcome her. She seems really sick. But how did this get torn so?" she asked, as Annie took it off.

"Those rude girls were all trying it on and pulling it, and, when I tried to get it away, they held fast; and it would have been torn more, if Miss Waldron had not sent them home."

Susan looked dismayed; but she carried the bonnet to her own room, and washed it with a solution of bleaching-powder: then she sewed up the rips. Annie had watched the operation with a great deal of interest. "But this ribbon will never do, Sue. You can't wash the ribbon, as you did the bonnet."

"I know it. It is shocking." And Susan surveyed it with a most desponding countenance. "I really think the old ribbon I wore all last summer is better than this." And she brought it from a drawer. "Yes, indeed it is."

"But mother will know it then."

"You did not think I meant to hide it from her?" said Susan, indignantly. "I only did not want her to see it in such a state, when she was feeling ill, and had so much to do."

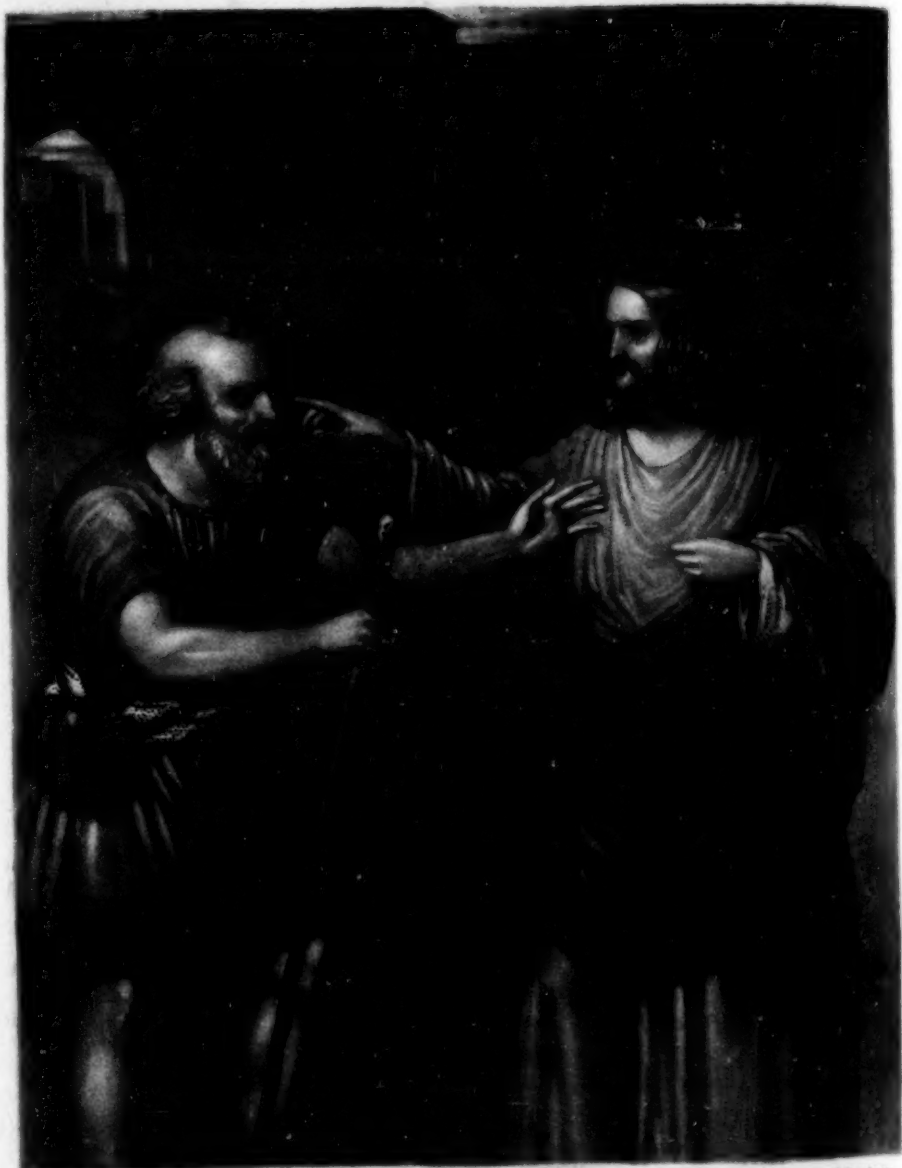
Before Susan's bed-time, the bonnet was finished. "See Annie's bonnet, mother," she said, going into the sitting-room. "Does it not look nice? It fell into a puddle this afternoon; and I have been washing it, and putting on my last summer's ribbon."

"Yes, dear, it does look very nicely. Now I hope it will last her a month longer. I had been thinking to-day that I must buy a new trimming for it." ED.

(To be continued.)







Botcher

J. S. S. S.

CHRIST AND BARTIMÆUS.

## CHRIST AND BARTIMEUS.

You are all, no doubt, familiar with the history of this blind man, whose eyes were opened by the Saviour. Jesus and his disciples were passing through the town of Jericho; and as they went out, blind Bartimeus, hearing the crowd pass by, asked who it was. He had heard of Jesus of Nazareth; for in those ancient times the lame and the blind were placed at the city-gates, that they might ask alms of the passengers. There also the people congregated to talk over the events of the day; and, from some one, Bartimeus had heard of the miracles of Jesus of Nazareth. He cried to that merciful One to have mercy upon him. The bystanders, unwilling that a blind man should claim the attention of the Prophet, — for blindness was, by the Jews, considered a punishment for some sin, — rebuked him, and bade him hold his peace; but he cried so much the more, "Thou Son of David, have mercy on me!" And Jesus called Bartimeus to him; and, when he found that he had faith to believe that he could open his eyes, he bade him receive the reward of his faith, and the blind went seeing.

It is the eyes of the spirit that the Saviour opens now. If any one will truly believe in him, Christ will unseal his inward vision, and life will become as much more beautiful to him as it did to Bartimeus of old. Let us pray for a like faith, and we shall reap a like reward.

EDITOR.

## ANECDOTES OF THE FOX.

THE fox is, of all animals, the most cunning. In the nobler quality of sagacity, he is perhaps inferior to his relative the dog, or to the elephant; but both of these must yield the palm to him in that peculiar trait which we call cunning. This is not always a bad quality; for it is frequently employed to defeat evil intentions, and oftener still for mere amusement: but it is seldom that cunning may be ranked with the virtues. We say of a man who resorts to all manner of tricks to secure his objects, that he is wily, or that he is "as cunning as a fox."

The fox is found in nearly every part of the globe, and wears coats of different colors in different localities. Sometimes he appears in a suit of glossy black; again he is found in a red coat, a yellow jacket, or a gray mantle; while, in far northern regions, he dons a robe of white, as if he were the most innocent creature in the world.

He is not easily tamed; and hence there are not half so many entertaining stories told about him as there are about more domestic animals. He loves his freedom too well, and is too fond of committing depredations among the poultry, to be content to be petted in the house. Nor would he be a very agreeable companion; although it must be allowed that he is not an ill-looking fellow, with his soft gray or reddish coat, his bright eye, and his bushy tail.

He is very rapacious, constantly seeking what he may



devour, and seldom disdaining any thing, in the shape of fish, flesh, or fowl, which he can lay his paws on. He is fond of rabbits, — epicure that he is! — and displays his cunning in the manner in which he takes them prisoners. Instead of entering the hole which leads to their burrowing-place, he saves himself the trouble of digging his way along, by scenting the track of the rabbit above the ground till he reaches the spot where it hides, when he digs down, and falls upon his victim suddenly.

The fox is very fond of grapes; and in the fables of *Æsop* there is a familiar story of one who came one day to a vine hanging full of delicious-looking fruit. The fox made great exertions to reach them; but, finding it impossible, he consoled himself by saying that they were miserable, sour things, and not worth having. It has become, from this fable, quite a proverb, when a thing is beyond our reach, to say, "The grapes are sour."

There is another story, of equal truth, told of this animal. One day a fox, who was distinguished among his fellows by the size of his "brush" (a name given by hunters to his bushy tail), was so unfortunate as to fall into a trap, from which he contrived to escape, with a sad loss, however, — the loss of his tail. The cunning rascal, while he was deploring his misfortune, conceived of a plan to make it turn out to his credit. He was an influential fox; and he resolved to try what eloquence could do among his fellows. So, after some days of concealment, he made his appearance among his tribe, and reported that he had been abroad, where, he said, the fashion was to wear no tails; and he earnestly counselled his brethren to adopt the fashion, as he had already done! But the cunning of one was not a match for

the cunning of many, who loudly protested that they did not approve the fashion, and did not believe that their brother would do so if he had not first lost his tail in a trap.

A naturalist relates that a fox lost one of his fore-feet in a trap, and made his escape. Some two years afterward, he was unearthed by some dogs; but instead of running, as is usual with the hunted fox, he waited until each dog came up to him, and then jumped suddenly over him. When he was taken, after repeating this ruse several times, it was discovered that he had but three feet, and could not run well.

The same writer tells an anecdote of another fox, who wanted very much to secure a hare for his breakfast. He says that he saw him stealing along the edge of a plantation, and looking very cautiously over the low wall at some hares which were feeding there. He was too cunning to give them chase, for he knew that they would escape him in flight; so he resolved to try stratagem. He stretched himself out at full length close to a gap in the wall, which one or more of the hares might pass on leaving the field. His anxiety for a meal prompted him now and then to rise up, and peep over the fence; but most of the time he laid motionless, not even stirring when two or three hares left the field at another gap not many feet removed. At length two approached his place of ambush; and the fox crouched lower, and his ears quivered. As they passed the gap, he sprang up like a flash of lightning, and, seizing one of them, killed it immediately. He was making off boldly with his breakfast, when a rifle-ball suddenly put a stop to his course.

In a fox-chase which took place in Ireland, Reynard was hard pushed, and made for a high wall, over which he sprang, and crouched beneath it; and while the hounds, which took the leap after him, dashed forward in full cry, he quietly leaped back again, and made his escape.

In another Irish chase, the fox was so hotly pursued that he sprang to the roof of a cabin, and, mounting the stone chimney, looked calmly down upon the hounds. One of these, however, made after him so resolutely, that Reynard had to plunge down the chimney to escape his clutches. He descended into the lap of an old woman, who thought the visitant came from quite an ill-famed quarter, and, shrieking with affright, rushed into one corner of the hut, while the fox retreated to another. When the hunters came up and entered the cabin, they found the fox grinning at the woman, and they took him alive.—*Selected.*

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## STORIES ON THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

### NO. III.

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."

"MOTHER," said Annie, the next Sunday, when the usual group was gathered in the library, "the third commandment isn't meant for *us*, is it? only for bad boys and men; for *we* don't swear."

Mother smiled a moment, and then said, gravely, "Yes, Annie, all the commandments are meant for all

of us; and the Lord's name can be profaned in many other ways than by using oaths. I am afraid we all take it in vain sometimes, Annie."

"Why, mother!" began Annie in surprise; and mother went on: "We take that holy name *in vain* whenever we use it unnecessarily or thoughtlessly. You, Annie, speak it every morning and night when you kneel; but do you always *pray*, or only 'say your prayers'? Do you always feel that you are really in the presence of God, and speaking to him? and do you address him as earnestly and as reverently as if you could *see* him in his glory, or as you would if you remembered that *he* was looking at and listening to you? Don't you often pray to him with your lips when your heart is far from him, your thoughts wandering on your books or your play? Well, Annie, you break the third commandment whenever you thus take solemn sounds upon a thoughtless tongue."

"I never thought of it so, mother," said Annie, in a low voice.

"But you will hereafter, dear, I hope. When you kneel to pray, think exactly what you want, and ask God for it, no matter how small it be. *No* prayer is beneath his gracious notice, if it be offered in faith and sincerity. But it is most ungrateful to his kindness to mutter over a few hasty petitions, scarcely knowing what you say, or whether he hears you or not, and calling his glorious name in a careless, irreverent way. When you wish your papa to grant you any favor, no one knows better than you, little Annie, how to win him to listen. What coaxing smiles, what loving words, you use! what perfect trust you have in his wish to make you



happy! And, when you have offended him in any way, how restless and uneasy you are till you have won his forgiveness! Or, when he brings you a new book or a picture, how pleasantly you thank him, and love him more and more! — don't you, Annie?"

Annie looked up brightly: "Yes, indeed, mamma! Papa is the dearest, best, — except *you*, mamma," she added eagerly. "Indeed, I do not know which I love best."

"Well, dear, that is the way God likes us to approach him, 'as children to a Father able and willing to help us;' and, if we always address him in this earnest, sincere, loving way, we shall be in no danger of breaking the third commandment, by using his name irreverently. I know it is hard, Annie, *very* hard, always to control wandering thoughts, and to think of our Father so far away in the same manner as of an earthly parent whom we can *see* face to face. But you know there is no glory in winning an easy victory; and he will help us, and teach us to look up to him with the eye of faith. We will try, after this, not to use his name thoughtlessly in prayer again, — won't we, Annie?"

"Yes, mother," said the little girl, seriously.

"But there are other ways in which we break the third commandment. Most little girls and boys have a great many exclamations and phrases which are not only inelegant, but *sinful*. I have heard you sometimes say, 'Good gracious!' or, 'Law ha' mercy!' or, 'My goodness!' Now, 'Law' is only a contraction of *Lord*, as you know; and who is *gracious goodness* if it is not God; for who else is *good*? Not one. And 'O heavens!' some say, which is his throne; or, 'My soul!'

which ought one day to live with him. Don't you see, Annie?"

"I never thought *these* were wicked before, mother: I'm afraid I never shall break myself of saying those."

"You can struggle against the habit at least; and we are commanded to let our conversation be 'Yea, yea,' and 'Nay, nay.' I do not despair of you, Annie; only try."

Annie drew a long sigh; at which mother smiled pleasantly, and said, "You begin to think now that this commandment was intended for you also, do you, although you do not swear? But, my dear, all children have not been brought up as carefully, even in that respect, as you; and I have known girls — delicate, proud girls, too — who did not scruple actually to swear, to curse, dreadful as it seems."

"O mother!" said Annie, in amazement: "do tell me about them! You haven't given me any story yet, you know."

"And it is nearly tea-time," said mamma, glancing at her watch; "and I really have no story to tell, little girl. I remember an old schoolmate of mine, Eleanor Thornton, a brilliant, handsome girl, who indulged in this sad habit. She was a daughter of 'Squire Thornton,' as he was called, one of the wealthiest men in the county, who was devoted to horses and hounds, and gave dinners to his sporting friends, where a great deal of wine was drunk, and a great many oaths used. Eleanor was accustomed to hear her father swear, and so had fallen into a very strong way of speaking herself. She would confirm every declaration with, 'I swear it is so,' and the slightest surprise or fright would draw from her an exclamation of, 'My God!' We girls used to be

very much shocked at first; and some of us, to the last, used to plead with Eleanor, and to say we would drop her society if she did not leave off the wicked and disgusting habit. But she was such a gay, high-spirited girl, that she remained popular, in spite of her fault; and the danger began to be, not that she would be deserted, but that we should be beguiled into the same sin, by constant intercourse with our brilliant and warm-hearted leader, whom we could not help both admiring and loving.

"It was very suddenly ended, however. At recess, one day, as we were all gathered about the schoolhouse, taking our lunch, a couple of itinerant musicians, a man with a hand-organ and monkey, and a woman with a tambourine, came up, and began to play. They looked very picturesque in their strange, foreign costume, and with their swarthy faces; so we drew near, and called for our favorite tunes, to which we listened in great delight. After they had finished, they of course came forward, and held out their hands for money. Of this we had not thought; and none of us chanced to have any. We offered them, however, some of our tarts and cakes: but they became very much enraged; and, finding we really were not going to give them money, they began to curse and swear in much better English than their appearance betokened they could use. Eleanor, at this, grew crimson with anger, and, though we begged her to desist, denounced their insolence in the most scornful language, and commanded them to be gone. This only increased their rage; and their abusive terms were redoubled, until Eleanor lost all control over herself, and swore at them in terrible wrath. The teacher, hearing

the strange disturbance, came out to the door, and overheard some of Eleanor's words. He was shocked beyond all measure, and extremely indignant : he dismissed the musicians instantly, and assembled the school. I shall never forget the awful way in which he spoke to her, nor how distressed we all felt. It cured Eleanor completely : she sobbed bitterly while he was speaking, and finally rushed up to him in her usual impulsive way, implored his pardon, and promised amendment ; and, when we were at last dismissed, she said, in her comical way, half laughing, half crying, ' Do, girls, take me to the brook and duck me, as they used to scolds in old times, if ever you hear me swear again ! ' But we never *did*, Annie."

SISTER KATE.

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### HAMPTON-COURT PALACE.

THERE could scarcely have been a more lovely day than the 31st of July, 1852, — the day I selected for a flying visit to the far-famed palace of Hampton Court. It is only about an hour's ride, by railway, from London ; and as I took one of the open cars, with nothing over my head but the canopy of heaven, I enjoyed my ride so much, that I was almost sorry when the conductor announced our arrival at Hampton Court.

This palace is delightfully situated, on the northern bank of the Thames. It was built, as you are probably aware, by that famous statesman, Cardinal Wolsey. He was at one time high in the favor of his sovereign, Henry VIII. He was for some years prime-minister



under this monarch. Unless history speaks falsely, the cardinal was a very ambitious man; and he determined to build a palace for himself which should outshine in grandeur and magnificence that of any other uncrowned man in Christendom. He succeeded so well, that his sovereign became jealous of his wealth and display. The king took occasion to question the cardinal, after the building of the palace was completed, as to his intentions in constructing such an edifice. Wolsey was a cunning courtier. Seeing that the king envied him the possession of such a palace, and fearing that he would lose his place unless he used some caution, he informed his sovereign that Hampton Court was intended for the residence of Henry VIII.

Wolsey lived here in more than regal splendor. Here he received ambassadors from foreign powers. At the height of his power, he was Lord High Chancellor of England, Archbishop of York, and Cardinal of Cecily. His suite embraced eight hundred persons. His head cook wore velvet or satin while on duty. He had nearly a dozen chaplains and doctors, a herald-at-arms, a sergeant-at-arms, four minstrels, and other officers, as the country dealers in dry goods say in their advertisements, "too numerous to mention." I do not think it very much to be wondered at that King Henry, who was himself pretty fond of power, should be jealous of such a courtier.

They showed me the apartments which Henry VIII. occupied. I was much interested in the room where the beloved Edward VI. was born. Jane Seymour, Edward's mother, died here. Catharine Howard, who succeeded Jane Seymour in queenly honors, appeared

publicly here, in August, 1540. The king, having disposed of his five wives, resolved to take a sixth, and, selecting Lady Catharine Parr, demanded her in marriage. The nuptials were celebrated at this palace in July, 1543.

While Edward VI. resided at Hampton Court, a very serious dissension happened in the council, where it was proposed to deprive the Duke of Somerset, who was Protector, of the custody of his royal ward; and, in consequence of an alarm given that this was to be done by force, the inhabitants of the town of Hampton armed themselves for the protection of the young king.

Queen Mary, and Philip of Spain, passed their honeymoon at Hampton Court; and, in 1550, they kept their Christmas here in great solemnity. The court supped in the great hall, which was lighted with a thousand lamps.

Queen Elizabeth used occasionally to reside here; and you may be sure the palace was gay enough at such times. Here, too, James I. took up his residence soon after his arrival in England; and here began the celebrated conference between the Presbyterians and the Established Church, held before King James as moderator.

Hampton Court possesses a melancholy interest, from the fact of its having been the asylum of poor Charles I. when he was obliged to flee from London. He was, in fact, imprisoned here, by the army of Cromwell, but a short time before he suffered martyrdom.

Oliver Cromwell himself, the great revolutionist, gained possession of this palace in 1656, and resided here some years. Charles II. and James II. resided here

occasionally. So did William III., who made great improvements within the palace and the grounds. George II. and Queen Caroline were the last sovereigns who resided here.

I wish I could describe all the objects of interest in this immense palace. But such a description would occupy a longer time than either you or I could devote to it. There are pictures without number in a great many different galleries, and a great profusion of statuary. Many of the paintings are portraits of royal and other noble personages; though there are a multitude of pictures representing scenes in classic history, landscapes, gods and goddesses, and ever so many characters noted in mythology. Here are pictures by Vandyke, Paul Veronese, Titian, Rubens, Tintoretto, Andrea del Sarto, Lely, and other world-renowned artists. I saw a picture of Queen Elizabeth which we have reason to believe is authentic and reliable. The artist has not given us a very great amount of beauty. The "virgin queen's" hair is of a sandy color: she holds a vast fan of feathers in one hand, and the canvas is completely covered with the gaudy ornaments of her dress. She has a Roman nose, and a head so loaded with a crown of diamonds, that one cannot help wondering how the poor creature avoided breaking her neck. I should think that, at a moderate estimate, there must have been half a peck of precious stones in the crown represented in Zuccherò's portrait.

In this palace are the famous cartoons of Raphael. These drawings were designed by this great painter to serve as patterns for tapestry to decorate the Papal chapel, according to the orders of Pope Leo X. They

represent subjects taken from the Gospels, and the Acts of the Apostles. They were painted about the year 1520. The *cartoons* (so called because they were executed on sheets of paper) were bought for Charles I. by Rubens, the great Flemish painter. They are invaluable, and, so far as the works of art are concerned, may be regarded as the great attractions of Hampton-Court Palace. — *Youth's Cabinet*.

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#### A LETTER TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL CHILDREN.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS have become, over the length and breadth of our land, so much a matter of course, that we fear, dear children, that you do not regard them with the interest and affection which is due to them. Your day-school teacher is interested in you; and, if your school is small enough to afford him opportunities of studying individual character, this interest often becomes a stronger feeling, and he loves his scholars.

But your Sunday-school teacher is even more interested for you. He is to exert an influence on the very highest part of your nature, — on your soul. He has not taken up the calling, as most teachers of day schools have done, as a means of subsistence, but with a real desire to do something for the good of others, and to advance the kingdom of Christ upon earth. If it is interesting to see the mind expand, and to observe the improvement of its faculties, how much more is it to see the soul growing "in wisdom, and in favor with God and man"! —



Such growth is slow. Your Sunday-school teacher does not expect you to grow in righteousness as readily as you acquire a knowledge of arithmetic or geography. In most cases, too, he can only judge of this growth by little things, — by signs which an indifferent person would not notice at all, and which would make you wonder if you knew them.

One of the most obvious signs by which he judges is your attention. It is not enough that you recite well the lesson which has been assigned you, — though even that is a proof of your interest in the school; but if, when the lesson is over, and your teacher begins to talk with you about sacred things, you are inattentive, he feels that he has done you no good.

He talks to you of the goodness of the Father; he tells you that sin is ingratitude towards him; he tries to make you feel how deep, how terrible an evil sin is; he tries to awaken a consciousness of it in your own spirit; for it is only a consciousness of sin that can lead to a true repentance, and a sincere desire to turn from it, and live as God would have you live.

He speaks of Jesus, — of his holy life, and his terrible suffering and death. He would draw such a picture of him as will fasten itself on your young minds, and remain there for ever; he would make you feel that Jesus is a personal friend and a personal helper. He knows that the thought of him will drive away temptation; and he would have you know and realize it in your own experience.

These great truths he proclaims to you from a full heart. But if his earnest and glowing appeal is met by indifference; if he sees one boy admiring the buttons on

the jacket of his neighbor, and another exhibiting his new penknife; if one girl is carefully smoothing her hair or adjusting her dress, and another staring round the room, — how can he help concluding that he has talked in vain? Even then, though you may have been wholly in fault, he does not blame you wholly: he accuses himself; he imagines that he has not presented these truths in their most attractive form; and he prays that God may give him the power to awaken in your young hearts an interest in his eternal truths.

Is it kind, then, is it generous, in you not to give to him the small return of an attentive ear? You may not now care for what he is saying: but you cannot listen long unmoved; and soon his words will become to you an aid in the path of duty, and you will learn to regard him as one of your truest friends.

Inattention, too, denotes a want of due reverence for the consecrated spot and holy time. Most Sunday schools are held in the vestry of a church, or in the church itself, both of which have been solemnly dedicated to the service of God. They always occupy a portion of his holy day. Shall you profane the sabbath and the sanctuary by wandering thoughts, which do not endeavor to fix themselves, or by letting those thoughts rest upon dress, or upon the amusements of the past week, or those of the week to come?

If a child really desires to do right, he has only to think of this subject to see it in its proper light; and seeing a duty will be but another expression for beginning to perform it. Attention at Sunday school will make attention elsewhere easy and profitable, if not always agreeable; and, as he is taught the wisdom of

God's holy word, the seeds will fall into good soil, which shall spring up, and bring forth fruit unto eternal life.

EDITOR.

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"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL ; FOR THEY SHALL  
OBTAIN MERCY."

WE all are fellow-pilgrims on a rough and thorny road,  
Oft needing timely succor by friendly hands bestowed ;  
Then hearken to the promise that lighteneth our cares :  
"Blessed are the merciful ; for mercy shall be theirs."

Beneath the load of sorrow, we hear the poor man sigh ;  
And daily to the heaven goes up the orphan's cry :  
Oh, to their rescue hasten with Pity's ready feet !  
Be merciful, ye happy ! and mercy ye shall meet.

Upon the dangerous pathway, Sin's wounded victim lies :  
Ye righteous ! pass not by him with proud, averted eyes ;  
Go, raise and heal the fallen with loving words and kind ;  
Be to the sinner merciful, as mercy ye would find.

Upon God's daily bounty our waiting souls depend ;  
As we befriend his creatures, so he will us befriend :  
"Forgive, and be forgiven," his holy word declares ;  
And, "Blessed are the merciful ; for mercy shall be theirs."

When death our souls shall gather before the bar of  
Heaven,  
The measure we have meted shall back to us be given ;  
To those who helped the needy the joyful word shall be,  
"To these ye have showed mercy : ye showed it unto me."

M. M.

## THE ARABS.

PERHAPS some of those who remember Uncle Frank's account of the Turks may like to hear something more from him. One evening, as his young nephews and nieces were sitting by the fire, it was asked whether any other people were Mahometans besides the Turks. Several of the older children exclaimed, at once, "Oh, yes!" and one said, "I know the Persians are Mahometans;" and another said, "So are the Arabs."

"Do tell us about the Arabs, Uncle Frank," was the general response from the little company.

"Can you tell me," said he, "where the Arabs live?"

"In Arabia, to be sure," said one or two of the children.

"That is true," said Uncle Frank; "but Arabia is in Asia, and the Arabs are also scattered over a large part of Africa. Cannot some of you tell me what part?"

After some silence, Uncle Frank continued by saying that they were found throughout the great desert called Sahara, which reaches from Egypt, across the entire breadth of the continent, to the Atlantic Ocean. There are also many of them in Egypt, and in Palestine, and the adjoining countries. For the most part, they are continually wandering from one place to another, carrying with them all they possess. Their houses are tents, which are easily removed, and pitched for shelter wherever they stop. Their chief beasts of burden are their camels, from the milk of which they derive an important part of their living. As the region they inhabit is a



sandy desert, the cultivation of the soil is with them entirely out of the question. The fruit of the date-tree, which grows here and there where there are springs of water, is almost the only edible production of this immense tract of country. For most of the necessaries of life, therefore, they depend either upon traffic or plunder; and the latter is a very common mode of obtaining them. The Arabs have inhabited these countries for a very great length of time. Ishmael, the son of Abraham, is generally acknowledged to have been the father of a part of the Arabian tribes; and it is very remarkable to observe how little change there has been in the customs of these people from those which are described as existing among the patriarchs in the Sacred Scriptures. Those who read the history of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the word will find very similar things described in the accounts given by modern travellers of the Arabs of the desert. For example, the women may still be seen drawing water at the wells as they did for watering the flocks in ancient times; and the rites of hospitality are still observed with the same simplicity as when the patriarchs fetched a calf, and dressed it for their guests. Hospitality, indeed, is one of the chief virtues of the Arabs; and the stranger who trusts himself to the shelter and protection of the Arab's tent is sure (at least if he be of the same religion) to be made welcome.

In the hot climate, which the Arabs inhabit, water is an article of the greatest necessity, but very often scarce and of bad quality. Those who travel in these deserts are therefore obliged to carry considerable supplies of water with them, which is stored in bags of skins; and these are the very same kind of bottles which are spoken of so

frequently in the Bible. For the sake of protection against robbers, they travel in companies, called caravans, consisting of a considerable number of people and camels. In this manner they cross the desert with merchandise, carrying on a considerable traffic between the Moors on the north of the desert, and the Negroes on the south side of it. Sometimes they pass several days without meeting with any water, especially if they miss their way, in which they are guided by the stars as mariners are upon the ocean. It seldom or never rains on the desert. The law of the Mahometan religion requires certain washings before their prayers; but, where water is so scarce that it cannot be obtained for this purpose, the Arabs are permitted to wash with sand as a substitute.

The Arabs are not all of the wandering kind. Some of them live in towns and cities; while there are others who cultivate the soil to some extent. Mecca and Medina — Arabian cities — are chiefly remarkable for their historical connection with Mahomet, the founder of the Mahometan religion. The new impulse which the establishment of this religion gave to the Arabian people led them to the cultivation of learning; and, at the darkest time of what are called the dark ages in Europe, science and literature flourished among the Arabs. There are very many books written in the Arabic language; though but few of them have probably been printed, and fewer still translated into our language. They have a great variety of poetry, in addition to books on various scientific and historical subjects. Medicine, chemistry, and mathematics were among the sciences which they prosecuted most zealously. Fables and romances, it is well

known, are a favorite kind of composition with the Eastern nations; and the "Arabian Nights" is a specimen of the romance of this people, with which most readers are familiar. — *New-Church Magazine*.

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## CARELESS ANNIE.

(Continued from p. 144.)

AFTER Annie had gone to bed, she heard her mother come up stairs. She called her, and delivered the teacher's message. She told her, at the same time, what the minister had said to her, and that she had overheard her teacher say to him, as she went into school, "incorrigible."

"Incorrigible, Annie? That means a person who cannot be corrected. Is this true, Annie? Have I a daughter who has become so hardened in her besetting sin that she cannot be corrected? Her teacher gives her up: shall her mother give her up too?"

"Oh, no, no, mother! Do have patience a little while longer! do let me try! I do not think I ever before to-day thought that it was really wicked to be careless; but, when you told me how much I wasted, then I felt it was. And Miss Waldron talked to me too, mother; and I was so ashamed, I could not answer her at all."

"I should be very sorry to give you up, Annie; but I have tried all the means in my power. I can do no more than I have already done to make you see and correct your fault. It rests now with yourself. I can only

hope and pray that you may overcome it. Pray yourself, Annie; for no real good to the character was ever accomplished without prayer. Good-night, my child."

Annie shed a few tears, and did most earnestly pray for strength. The cheerful light of a new day streamed in upon her, and she awoke, — awoke to a remembrance of her misfortunes of yesterday, and of her good resolutions. Buttons and strings were all properly fastened this morning, and her hair was neatly brushed. It was quite early, too, — a full hour before breakfast; and the notes of Susan's practising came up distinctly to her ear. Annie was about to leave her room, when her eye fell on her little Bible, and she blushed to have almost forgotten her morning verses and prayer. Again she prayed that she might be enabled to overcome her sin, and then ran down stairs to the sitting-room.

Her mother's great work-basket stood on the table, and Annie's torn apron was conspicuous among its other contents. "Perhaps I can mend it," she thought to herself as she unfolded it. The rent seemed rather formidable as she surveyed it: but then she knew Susan would give her the necessary assistance; so, gathering together all the materials she needed, she went into the parlor. "I am going to mend my apron," she said; "but I do not quite know how it should be done. Can you show me?"

"Yes: I heard mother say that she should put a piece under, and then make a neat darn. Find a patch that will exactly match, Annie, and baste it under the tear on the wrong side."

Annie was so unaccustomed to any thing which requires as much care as matching, that the process was a



very long one; and several times Susan looked behind her, to assure herself that her reckless little sister had not left the apron for a race in the garden. At last Annie rose, and brought the work for Susan's inspection. The patch was not quite even; but Susan was judicious enough to praise Annie's first effort, even while she unbasted and refitted it. Then she showed Annie how she must darn.

"Oh, yes; I know, Sue! I've seen mother do it hundreds of times."

"But it must be done very neatly, and all the raw edges must be put out of sight."

"Oh, yes! I am going to see if I cannot do it as well as mother does."

Susan's practising was not interrupted again. Once she heard Annie sigh, "Oh, what a little piece I have done!" But she took no notice of her, and the little girl went steadily on till the breakfast-bell rang. Then Susan rose, and came to see how the work progressed. "It is very neatly done," she said.

"But it takes so long, Sue. I don't wonder mother is in despair at my torn clothes," said Annie, yawning. As Annie replaced the half-finished work in her mother's basket, her mother entered the room.

"My little girl has made a good beginning," she said. "Her hair is neat, and her dress. But why are you looking in my basket?"

"I have been trying to mend my apron, mother; and it is partly done. I wish you would let me finish it."

"That you may do, most certainly. But here comes your father. Bring your Bible, Annie."

Maggie Loring called for Annie on her way to school

that morning. "And do you hurry, Annie, and be as quick as thought; for I want to go the long way to school, for a particular reason."

Annie forgot her new resolutions. She threw on her spencer without buttoning it, and commenced an animated search for her bonnet. It was not on the dressing-table, where she usually threw it down; nor was it on the peg just outside her chamber-door. She looked into her closet: there it hung, so white and nice that Annie remembered at once yesterday's misfortunes. She resolutely stood still, and fastened her spencer properly. Then she put on her bonnet, and tied the strings carefully so that it might not be loosened by any puff of wind. She took up the satchel at length, and ran down to the entry.

"You've been long enough, Annie, I hope! Why did you wait to button your spencer?"

"Because mother desires me to do it before I leave the house; and the reason of my being so long was that I could not find my bonnet. Did you see how the girls treated it yesterday? Well, Sue took it, after I came home, and washed it, and put another ribbon on it, so that it does not look like the same thing."

Miss Waldron, Annie's teacher, had been very much annoyed by the bad writing of the pupils in Annie's class; and, on the first day of their return to school after the vacation, she gave each member a new writing-book, with precisely the same copy, and told them that their rank in their class would depend upon the neatness and carefulness of their writing. Annie liked to write, and she desired very much to be at the head of her class; so that she took unusual pains to form her letters well,

and to take but little ink in her pen, that no blots might fall on her book. On this particular morning, Annie's writing presented a very fine appearance; and, when the copy was finished, she left the book on the outside of her desk to dry.

The next lesson in order was a French translation; and Annie opened her desk, and, taking up her large dictionary, placed it on the lid. Of course, as the lid sloped backward, just then the dictionary slid to the back of the desk. It was a difficult matter to find "Paul et Virginie" amid the chaotic confusion which reigned within; but she spied it at last, and shut the desk. She found her place, and could not translate the first word of her lesson. She took up the dictionary, and beneath it lay her writing-book, — her nice writing-book.

Almost every line was blurred: for Annie's head had been used as a support for the raised cover; and, in her search for her French book, it had been now raised, and then lowered, changing the place of the dictionary with each movement, till the book had half obliterated the writing. She sighed deeply, and then walked up to Miss Waldron's desk with the writing-book, and placed it before her without saying a word. Miss Waldron glanced at the book, and then at Annie. The expression of her face was very different from that of yesterday, when she saw her battered bonnet; and, as she met her teacher's look of inquiry and displeasure, she answered, "It was all my own carelessness, Miss Waldron; and I am the more sorry for that very reason. I have been trying so hard to be careful to-day! and then I forgot that I had left my book to dry, and put my heavy French dictionary on the outside of my desk."

"Your careless habits, Annie," answered her teacher, "have been the growth of three or four years. You must not expect to cure them in one day. I think you are sufficiently sorry for your fault; and I shall not punish you. Be careful for the rest of the morning."

To do Annie justice, we must say that she did try hard to be correct in all her lessons; but so much had her inattention grown upon her, that the French word which signifies *apron* was translated *picture*, and *hair* was rendered *horses*. Annie went home quite in despair. She was too sorrowful to attempt climbing the big horse-chestnut tree in Jenny Wilson's yard to see if some of the nuts might not be ripe; and her slow, dragging step caused her mother to raise her eyes from her work in surprise.

"Now your dress looks as I like to see it, Annie, when you come home; but your face does not. What is the matter, my dear?"

"Oh, dear, mother! it's of no use for me to try to be careful. I never paid so much attention as I did to my lessons to-day; and only think what happened!" And she related the history of the blurred copy-book, and the mistakes in translation.

"I am very sorry, little daughter, that you are so discouraged. I do not think you have reason to be. You have at least been careful with regard to your dress to-day, and that is an improvement; and more than all, Annie, you have tried to do what was right, — tried harder than ever before, I am sure, from what you say. You see now some of the evils of your fault; and I am very hopeful for you."

"Mrs. Mackay's bright smile banished the cloud from



Annie's face. She took off her bonnet, and was about to throw it on the table; but the altered ribbon again reminded her of her duty, and she went up stairs to hang it on the nail from which she had taken it in the morning. Then she came back and sat down by her mother's side to finish her apron.

"Mother," she asked, after a long silence, "when shall you buy my winter dresses, and how many shall I need?"

"I think you will need two; and I shall buy them about the 1st of November."

"The 1st of November will not come for six weeks; and if I am very, very careful of my clothes, and do not tear or spoil them until that time, will you not venture to buy only as much as you need to make the dress, and give me the rest of the money for that ragged-school?"

"I will gladly do so, if your improvement is great enough to warrant it; but it must be very marked, or I shall not be able to grant your request."

"I will not promise that it shall, mother, because it has been so hard to be careful to-day; but I will *try*. I am sure I shall be more anxious to do right, if what is saved will help to teach some poor little children."

A month passed away, and our little heroine's character was slowly but gradually improving. We do not mean to say that during that time she had never raced half dressed through the street, never left her bonnet on the table or chairs of the sitting-room, or never failed in her lessons at school; but only that these misdemeanors had become less frequent.

"It is cold enough for your blanket-shawl, Annie," said her mother one morning. "See! I have bought

you a new one. Shall you consider it an insult to your growing good habits, if I ask you to take great care of it? I have bought you a prettier one than I should have done, if you had not been endeavoring to reform."

Annie examined the shawl with delight: it was blue, of different shades, with a little white and black to set it off. "Blue, mother! How glad I am! I was so tired of my ugly red-and-green one! and blue is my favorite color. I must give you a kiss; for I believe you are the best mother that ever lived. Yes, you little beauty of a shawl, I will be so careful of you! The girls shall not say, as they used last spring, 'Annie Mackay's shawl looks like a cat's bed-quilt!'"

Annie actually looked in the glass that morning, as she dressed for school. "How warm it is!" she said, as she folded it round her; "twice as warm as the old one."

Annie's schoolmates admired the shawl almost as much as she did; but Jenny Wilson added, "It's a great deal too handsome for such a careless thing as you are. I wouldn't have bought you such a pretty one, if I were your mother."

"Ain't you ashamed, Jenny?" cried Maggie Loring. "Annie is growing real careful. She always wears her bonnet straight now, and never tears her dresses."

Annie and her friend Maggie were walking quietly home from school, when they heard a great noise behind them; and presently a little trembling dog rushed towards them, with a tin-pail tied to his tail. At some distance followed a party of rude, noisy, and wicked boys. The little animal sank panting at Annie's feet, as if it could go no farther. "Poor little thing!" cried Annie, taking

it in her arms: "how it trembles! Quick, Maggie! take my knife out of my pocket, and cut the string that ties this hateful pail."

The boys came up in hot pursuit just in time to hear the noise of the pail as it fell on the ground, and Maggie's words, which were, "Run, Annie, run! or they'll get him again." Away ran Annie, with Maggie close behind. The boys ran too. Maggie outstripped Annie, and entered the gate of her own house. Annie reached it just as the foremost boy came up with her. Maggie pulled her in: her shawl caught upon the latch; and, as she endeavored to run up the little pathway to the door, the new shawl was terribly torn. Annie ran into the house; and, when Maggie closed the door, she sat down and burst into tears.

"Never mind the shawl, Annie. Your mother won't care when she knows that you were trying to save the dog. I believe you will have to dine with me; for the boys are waiting outside. I see them through the blinds. Only look, Annie! That one who came so near you is a very large boy; and he looks so wicked! Do come and see, won't you?"

But Annie still sobbed inconsolably; nor did the caresses of the grateful little animal, who licked her hand and nestled close to her, avail more than her friend's cheerful chatter.

EDITOR.

(To be continued.)

## A DREAM.

I DREAMED a dream, dear children, the other night, which was very beautiful to me then, and has been very significant in thought to me since. Perhaps I can make it beautiful and significant to you likewise, and give you one or two good thoughts from it. We will see.

I dreamed that, looking up into the sky just in the brightness of *noonday*, I saw the most brilliant constellation of stars, utterly unknown to astronomers, — never seen before; but, oh! so softly beautiful, with a lustre between gold and silver, and so light-giving in itself, that there seemed then no other brightness; an immense star, drawn out in lines of light, with a circle inscribed around it, and beside it another luminous circle, across which glowed a gigantic *pen of light*. These circles enclosed and were surrounded by small, bright stars; while, all around, the sky was of the serene and cloudless light and blue of noon. I wish I could picture it to you, beautiful as it looked in the reality of my dream. I could not tell when or how it faded; but I dreamed that, when twilight came, I was watching for more heavenly wonders, but could see only the wavy, mystical Aurora, with its many-flashing, varying hues of light and glory, so sublime and so mysterious.

Would you not have thought it a wonderful and beautiful dream? Would you not have fancied the fairy-folk had been whispering in your ears, and touching your optics with their elfin, silver wands, to make you see



bright and strange things, such as we read of in their sparkling, starry caves, and among their palaces of rosy diamonds and precious stones? I thought of elves and fairies; but I thought more of those bright, beloved, though unseen ones, who I believe love to watch around us, waking or sleeping, to guard us from evil; and who can, perhaps, sometimes give us faint and fleeting glimpses of the radiant joy and beauty of their not distant home of love, if our hearts are open to their holy influence. It seems as if they would love to give us, in our sleep, beautiful visions and pure thoughts, and thus teach us noble and glorious truths.

The dream gave me many thoughts. A pen of light in the heavens! Think you, dear children, it typified that with which the Recording Angel had that day noted down in the Book of Life, for me and for each of you, our good and evil thoughts and actions, — a record, for eternity, of our duties toward God, toward our parents, each other, and our own souls, whether well or ill performed? The circle, having neither beginning nor end, has always typified eternity. The circle and pen, *thus* brought together, seemed very significant of that account, which, whether we will or not, whether we remember it or not, is constantly being kept for us all, with the flight of each day and hour, noting many things of which we are, perhaps, quite forgetful or careless or unconscious. What think you the great pen had written for us that day, for you or for me? A record of deeds, of thoughtful kindness, generous self-forgetfulness, quick obedience, and gentle courtesy to all around us? A heart of love, and pure thoughts toward God, and toward all his children and creatures? I fear

for us all there were more or less of dark shadows mingled with the brightness of the lines of light from that wondrous pen; some forgetfulness of duty, some carelessness of others' feelings, some unkindness, discontent, or disobedience for one or another of us. We did not remember — did we? — that the pen of light still wrote on, while we were angry or selfish or fretful. And do we remember now that nothing but tears of penitence, and new and stronger efforts for goodness, can wash away those darker shadows, and leave the record bright as my dream-constellation?

What do you think is the account of to-day, of the present hour? A record clear as the silvery light of the pen itself, all glowing with holy aspirations and good deeds? If so, the brighter will be our dreams, the happier each day's waking thoughts.

As, at evening, our earth, with all its dear, familiar objects, — houses, trees, even mountains, — seem little and insignificant, compared with the countless worlds and boundless space encompassing it; so is our short life here, in comparison with that eternal existence upon which we have even now entered, and begun already to make joyously happy, by having great and noble objects, and desiring the *highest* good; or sadly miserable, by selfishness, baseness, and earthliness.

Let us watch and pray, that the bright angel may write for us, in words of light, our daily account: for we have the promise, that "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."

H. S. H.

## SPRING.

THE Spring is coming! I have heard the whisper  
Of the warm south-wind breathing forth her name;  
And she has sent her gentle herald forward,  
Her swift-advancing footsteps to proclaim.

The Spring is coming! For I saw the brown twigs  
Smile as the joyous message passed along;  
And the low-lying grass waved in its gladness,  
And joined the tree-tops in their grateful song.

The Spring is coming! She is bearing northward  
Her velvet mantle, spangled with bright flowers;  
The pale-blue violet and the maple-blossom  
Put forth their tender leaves 'mid April showers.

The Spring is coming! and the birds are winging  
Back to their summer-haunts with songs of glee,  
And from their tuneful throats are gayly pouring  
A gush of mellow music wild and free.

The Spring is coming! and, amid the welcome  
All nature warbles forth from every part,  
Why should there mingle still one thought of sadness  
With the rejoicings of my own glad heart?

The Spring is coming! But she bears not only  
Sweet buds and blossoms, beauty, grace, and bloom;  
She wakes the memory of days departed,  
And o'er her brightness casts a shade of gloom.

Yes, Spring is coming ! But she cannot bring us  
Those who were wont to hail her bright return ;  
And the warm breezes, with their gentle pinions,  
Rustle the grass on many a lowly urn.

Yes, she *is* coming ! Fairer than our spring-time,  
With lovelier buds than greet our earthly eyes,  
And with the loved and lost so long departed,  
Shall bloom at last the Spring of Paradise !

EDITOR.

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#### GEORGIA SNAKES.

AMONG the objects of interest in the " Empire State of the South," may be ranked its snakes. Some of them are very beautiful, and some very venomous. The coach-whip snake is a very pretty fellow. While in Georgia, I was always glad of an opportunity to cultivate his acquaintance. He looks almost exactly like the article from which he is named. I think the species are perfectly harmless. Adders are very common. Some stories are told about their biting propensities ; but they are not generally believed to be at all venomous. The striped snake, so common in the Northern and Eastern States, abounds in Georgia ; so does the black-snake, which sometimes attains an enormous size, and frightens the boys at a prodigious rate. The Hon. George R. Gilmer, formerly Governor of the State, made some interesting statements to me about this snake, which, of course, must be regarded as perfectly reliable. He gives



them as the result of his own observation. I will tell you one of these stories presently.

Among the venomous snakes of Georgia, the rattlesnake, I believe, holds the highest rank. In those parts of the country which are uncultivated, — and there are multitudes of acres in this condition, — rattlesnakes abound. I have seen the rattles of one which was twenty years old. He was an enormous fellow, as you may suppose.

But I must tell you the governor's story. It is a very common thing, he says, for the black-snake and the rattlesnake to have pitched battles, in which, strange as it may seem to you, the former is generally the victor. He tells me that he once saw a famous engagement of this kind. A large black-snake encountered a rattlesnake of respectable dimensions, and immediately attacked his formidable foe. For a while, the battle was pretty nearly equal, though the black-snake conquered at last. Of course he was aware, by his instinct, not only of the venomous nature of his adversary, but of his mode of attack. You know the rattlesnake can never bite, so as to do any mischief, without drawing himself up in a coil, and then striking a hard blow with the fang. Aware of this circumstance, the black-snake took good care not to let his adversary get a chance to effect the spring necessary to the bite. But he was not content with defensive operations. Taking advantage of a favorable opportunity, he fastened his teeth in the neck of the rattlesnake, and, with almost the rapidity of lightning, coiled himself, at full length, around the body of his dangerous antagonist. This last movement completely disabled the rattlesnake. The black-snake adroitly

crushed his victim in his coils, so cruelly, that my informant has no doubt he cried for quarter. The quarter he got, however, was of a very different character from that which he desired. He was pretty nearly drawn and quartered before he got out of the coil. When the black-snake thought he had terminated the last throb of life in his poor victim, he began gradually to relax his grasp; but, perceiving some signs of life, he instantly tightened the coil again, and held the rattlesnake in that position until he was dead.

Governor Gilmer informed me that the dogs in this part of the country learn to hunt the rattlesnake, and that they manage to kill him without getting bit. They, too, are aware of the dangerous character of the snake, and dexterously spring at the snake's throat, and bite him, and shake him till his breath leaves his body. The governor informed me that he had seen his own dog perform this feat.

The truth of the following rattlesnake-story, which has been published before, can be implicitly relied on: A Southern hunter used to amuse himself, whenever he met with a fine specimen of a rattlesnake, with endeavoring to capture it alive. This he was enabled to do, after a long practice, by means of a forked stick, with which he seized the snake immediately back of the head. He once, however, came very near paying dearly for this daring feat. As he was out hunting for deer, at some distance from the rest of his party, he perceived a monstrous rattlesnake, which he seized in his usual manner; and then, after placing his fingers firmly behind the snake's head, he amused himself by opening its mouth, and endeavoring to examine its fangs. In the mean time,

his victim, quite unnoticed by the daring hunter, who was entirely absorbed in his examination of the creature's head, had twisted its body, in numerous folds, around his arm. Little by little, he was conscious of a slight pressure, accompanied by an alarming numbness in the member. The hunter immediately attempted to disengage his arm: at the same time, he was conscious that his power to do so was every moment lessening; and he had the additional horror of knowing that his fingers were becoming powerless to retain his hold. At last, the head of the snake began to draw near the palm of his hand, and the hunter gave himself up for lost; when, fortunately, one of his companions heard the cries of distress, and arrived, armed, as is common among Southern hunters, with a bottle of ammonia. The cork was hastily pulled out, and the contents poured into the mouth of the monster. Then the frightful scene was changed in a moment. The animal, in an agony, uncoiled itself, and fell harmless to the ground, when it was easily killed.

There is no doubt at all of the power of the rattlesnake to charm its victim. I have heard so many well-authenticated anecdotes of their charming powers, that I cannot help believing in the reality of the art, strange as it may seem.

In Georgia, the greatest enemy the rattlesnake has is the hog. Great numbers of hogs are here allowed to roam over the fields; and they are encouraged to get their living by their wits. You will stare when I tell you that they learn to catch rattlesnakes, and eat them; in fact, hogs often thrive on the flesh of these snakes. It will strike you as wonderful that the hog does not lose

his life by his temerity. But you must know that the poison of the snake does not take effect in the fat of animals: it is only in that part of the body where there are blood-vessels that the venom can be diffused; and the hog, you know, is pretty well covered with fat. He knows a thing or two, as stupid as we are accustomed to regard him. Getting down on his knees, he crawls along carefully toward his victim; taking good care that, when the serpent strikes, its fangs will pierce only such parts as are invulnerable. The snake, after striking two or three times, exhausts its power of injecting poison for the time being; when the grunting old porker deliberately rises from his knees, and devours his prey at his leisure. Sometimes, however, I am told, piggy is so lean that the venom of the rattlesnake takes effect on his body, when he dies in a very short time. My friends in Georgia, who have abundant means of informing themselves, assured me, that, after a drove of hogs had for some months frequented a field infested with rattlesnakes, the latter almost entirely disappeared from the stage, while their conquerors would grow surprisingly fat on the spoils of their victories.

The king-snake, a long, spotted fellow, is noted for his habit of killing other snakes. He is capable, although he has no fangs and is entirely destitute of venom, of destroying rattlesnakes. He kills them mainly, if not altogether, by crushing them in his coils.

The moccason-snake is scarcely inferior to the rattlesnake in the poisonous character of its bite. This snake, too, sometimes attains a mammoth size. I was once walking with a gentleman over his plantation, when he espied one of these snakes, which, according to his esti-



mate, was some eight feet long. They are now and then pretty troublesome guests when they grow to so large a size. This moccason we discovered within a few feet of the spring where my friend's children came frequently to play. I have heard a great many stories of persons being bitten by the moccason. The negroes, who cultivate the soil, sometimes suffer much, when they are clearing up new lands, from the moccason-snakes which are concealed under the dry leaves among the bushes.—*Woodworth.*

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"OUT OF THE ABUNDANCE OF THE HEART THE MOUTH SPEAKETH." — MATT. xii. 34.

CARELESSNESS in speaking is a very common fault, both of children and their elders. How many of you would like to be judged by what you say? Yet most persons have no other way of judging of you. A few intimate friends, your parents and relatives, may have the opportunity of seeing your actions; but, for the general influence which you exert, your words are, in a great measure, responsible. How important it is, then, that these words should be pure and truthful!

Great carelessness exists with regard to kind words. A person often says a rough, unkind word, without attaching much importance to it, and perhaps without remembering it afterwards; but that unkind word may have touched a sensitive fibre in the heart of the person to whom it was addressed. If a dear friend, he will know that you did not intend to be unkind, and will forgive you, though the remembrance of those words

may cost him much suffering; if an indifferent person, that word may alienate from you a heart in which you might have found affection and sympathy.

Another quite as common result of want of attention in speaking, shows itself in a habit of exaggeration, or in neglecting to repeat a thing exactly as it was told or happened. This habit has often produced the most serious consequences. A remark, trivial and unimportant in itself, has been added to as it passed from one mouth to another, until reputation, credit, and all that we hold dear in this world with regard to personal character, have been injured.

It may seem a small thing for an impatient child to say to his companion, "You've kept me waiting a year!" when ten minutes have been spent in expectation. The child may say, too, that he is perfectly well understood by his playfellow to mean only a great length of time. This is true; but it is the beginning of the habit of exaggeration, — a fault which grows with such astonishing rapidity, that, if we hope to root it out successfully, we must commence when it first shows itself above the ground.

The heart has been very aptly compared to a jug. A jug, as you all know, has only a small opening at the top. We cannot look inside to see whether it be clean or dirty. We are obliged to pour water into it, and judge from its color, when we pour it out again, whether the jug is clean. So with the heart: outward circumstances and impressions, themselves pure like water, go into the heart; and by our remarks upon them, by what comes out of the heart, it must be decided whether that heart is pure or not.

We have called your attention to this subject, children, because we believe it to be one of great importance. In the Bible, we are constantly cautioned to set a watch over our lips. Check the germ of every thing that is unkind or untrue in your words, and your whole life will acknowledge the benefit of your early exertion.

EDITOR.

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C U B A.

AT the present time, there is a great and remarkable degree of interest throughout the whole country in regard to every thing connected with the Island of Cuba. Its geographical position, its political history and future prospects, and its intimate connection with our own country, fully account for this interest; though its own situation, as one of the most beautiful spots in creation, and as one of the earliest discoveries of Columbus, must ever invest it with a degree of interest far greater than aught else.

Three hundred and sixty-three years ago, the foot of the white man first pressed the shores of this ocean-queen; and though no friendly native was there to utter a hearty welcome in broken language, as did Samoset on the shores of Massachusetts, they found a people ready to adore them as beings of a superior order, and before whom they prostrated themselves in reverence. Alas that an enterprise, undertaken for the glory of God, should have been marked by wanton cruelty to his creatures! A blight fell upon this beautiful island when Columbus and his followers landed on its soil, and took possession of it in the name of the

monarchs of Spain, and, with their mouths full of spiritual professions, tortured and oppressed its inhabitants to extract from them the wealth which they so earnestly sought, and which they fondly deemed they had at last found in this fancied Japan, — which fulfilled the dream of the great Columbus, and assured him that he had nearly reached the shores of Farther India. Cuba broke upon him as a paradise. He wrote that one could live there for ever; and, with the simplicity of a child, he described the beauty and grandeur of its natural scenery in the most eloquent language. She is still lovely as then, though the inevitable laws which govern the progression of races have long since erased every trace of its aboriginal possessors.

No one knows the inconvenience of travelling in a foreign country, without knowing their language, unless he has tried it. You come in contact with boatmen, hackmen, and runners, of a like stamp with those in our cities, from whom you do not get the most favorable impression.

Cuba has, in fact, but little history. When the word is spoken, the mind reverts to it as an everlasting monument, marking the triumph of that greatness which conceived, and that patience which finally demonstrated, a path across the trackless ocean, and discovered a Western World; but, before this, all is a blank, and, like its majestic natural productions which have flourished and decayed since the world was, all traces of its previous human life is lost, without even Indian traditions to tell us who lived, what they did, or how they died. Since then, from the time that the conquerors massacred the native chieftains, who refused the mockery of the religious



baptism offered them, and since toil and want gradually exterminated the native population, a cry of oppression and distress has been wafted on every spicy breeze, and the religion of gold has thrown that of heaven far into the shade. Cuba is the Indian name of the island; and though four other names have been successively given it, to honor both the saints and sinners of the Old World, it is known only by the aboriginal appellation, which will ever perpetuate the memory of the simple race who poured their offerings into the white man's lap, and received him into their homes that he might lay them desolate.

The geographical position of Cuba renders it of great importance to this country, as it is capable of commanding the whole navigation of the surrounding seas. It has a length of about six hundred miles, with a width varying from one hundred and eighteen to twenty-two miles. A chain of mountains, extending throughout its length, divide the island into two parts; and numberless small streams from them water it on both sides. The soil is of such surprising fertility, that two, and sometimes three, crops may be raised from it with ease; and its richness requires so little labor, that it well deserves the humorous remark made in reference to another land, "that if you but tickle its surface with a plough, it laughs out a full and abundant harvest." The indolence of the people, and their disinclination to agricultural labor of any kind, are almost excusable when we remember this; and it reminds me of the tale in the "Arabian Nights," where the servants were forbidden even to think of how the table should be spread, so secure was the master of the house that some good genii would cover it bountifully. It has been said that no soil on the face of the

globe equals this in fertility; and my own limited observation inclines me to think that it is so.

One of the most beautiful sights that ever attracted my eye was a coffee plantation in full bloom. The coffee-plant is an evergreen-tree, from fifteen to twenty feet high, with a large and smooth bright-green leaf: the flowers are white and sweet-scented, and grow in bunches at the base of the leaf. It is usually planted in lots of about eight acres, laid out in wide walks, the borders of which are planted with orange, banana, mango, and other tropical trees, the partial shade of which is necessary to preserve the coffee-tree from injury. The luxuriant climbing plants of the tropics intertwine their branches, and offer every shade of beautiful flower; and, when the coffee-plant is also in blossom, they are so large and abundant, that it seems as if a cloud of snow had rested upon each tree; and the whole forms a scene of natural splendor fully equal to the most exalted idea of the garden of Eden. The sugar plantations, however, though the most beautiful of any, are by far the most profitable; some of the largest yielding an income of over two hundred thousand dollars per annum, while the smallest produce about one hundred thousand. Sugar, coffee, and tobacco, are the three great staples of the island: but sugar yields about twice as great a percentage of profit as either of the others; and, in fact, the culture of both coffee and tobacco has very much decreased.

The trees of Cuba are unsurpassed in beauty, — I always except the hemlock, — such as the palm, mahogany, cedar, *lignumvitæ*, and various kinds of ebony; and the avenues out of the city extend for miles, as they

stretch toward the plantations, lined on each side with the unequalled royal palm, interspersed with other trees. The palm overtops all others, many of them rising to a height of one hundred and twenty feet. The leaves are from eight to ten feet long, and the trunk is as round and smooth as if it had been turned in a lathe. Those avenues were much improved by the exertions of Governor-General Tacon, who, with all his faults, was an iron-willed man, and did much for the improvement of the island. There is one street, or avenue, the Paseo Isabella, that does credit to the taste of any man, and equals in beauty that of the far-famed one in Madrid. It is interspersed with fountains, statues, and interlined with those magnificent palms, dividing it into five separate drives, two narrower ones on either side of the main avenue. Showy gardens everywhere load the air with perfumes. Here the wealth and fashion of the island slowly pass and repass in their volantes every evening, the postilion of each in silver livery, with boots and spur. The walks are crowded with the admirers of those Cuban belles, exchanging the courtesies of the day; while the graceful movement of the costly fan keeps time with the music of the bands near by. Yet, to break the harmony of the scene, a spearsman on horseback, or a soldier with fixed bayonet on foot, is always in sight. There are only about thirteen hundred thousand acres under cultivation; and the yield from them would be much greater, could a little more energy be infused into the landed proprietors. The most reliable estimates I could form gave about three hundred and forty millions of capital invested; from which the net annual profit is about fifty millions, or about twenty per cent.

I ought, perhaps, to say a word on tobacco; for Havana has been long famous for its good cigars: but there is, however, very little of the very best kind raised, it only covering a few miles. Ten times as much of the poorer article is made, bearing the stamp of the good.

All offices of honor, emolument, or responsibility are in the hands of the Spaniards. The Creoles are excluded from the army, treasury, judiciary, and custom-houses; and every thought seems to be how to make the most out of them. In fact, though Nature has been most lavish, their Spanish mother finds a strict duenna necessary, lest the favorite child should assert her liberty under the protecting smile of Uncle Sam's wistful eyes.

Early in the present century, Don Francisco de Arango, the most illustrious name in Cuban history, first made strenuous exertions toward improving the position of the people; and he not only succeeded in ameliorating their condition very sensibly, but he procured what was worth more than all else in advancing a knowledge of liberty and civil rights, — the throwing open of the ports of the island to foreign trade, which was done in 1818; and, since that time, we may date what of prosperity and advancement they have really been blessed with.

From the time when the first conquerors of Cuba committed such wholesale slaughters, that the second place on the island was named Matanzas, or the city of massacres, until now, the same system has been pursued; and, though the present natives are descendants of the pure Spaniards, they are looked down upon almost as much as their own ancestors looked down upon the savages. Even the bright-eyed boy of five or six years



will curl his lip in scorn as he answers, "No, señor," when asked if he was born in Cuba. We can hardly realize the petty things to which the strong arm of tyranny descends. During the excursion of Lopez, as a party of troops were conveying a body of prisoners to Havana, one of the miserable captives fell by the way, and was left unheeded. A planter near by, moved by the ordinary instincts of humanity, had him carried to his home to die. This act of Christian kindness being strictly illegal, the planter was tormented, oppressed, and finally worried into the utterance of some unguarded expression; when he was arrested, his property allowed to go to waste, and he was in prison not long since.

Still, it must be admitted that some stringent laws were wanting; for, after the strict search of Governor Tacon had discovered and broken up several haunts of banditti, a leading lawyer was found to be the chief of one of them. He escaped by applying a certain blind to the eyes of justice, which is too often used with success even with us; and, after his departure, six skeletons were found quietly reposing in an out-of-the-way place in his house. Such instances were far from uncommon; and, while Governor Tacon well deserves praise for rendering the highways a place of safety, we may regret that law is not tempered with mildness; and perhaps, too, we may think that severity was the father of those evils which a still greater severity now seeks to eradicate. The whole evil has arisen from the desire to obtain every dollar that could be squeezed from the island; and the attitude of Spain is that of a leech, which continues to draw every drop of blood until it becomes exhausted and ruined itself. We can never be sufficiently thankful that we

live under a wise government, where there is no standing army necessary to overawe the people into submission. It seemed as if every fourth or fifth man I met was dressed in a military suit; and even then they hardly appeared to feel safe.

Every farmer must pay ten per cent on all crops except sugar, which is charged with two and a half per cent. The trade in ice and fish is a government monopoly. Fish is dearer there than beef. A native Creole must obtain an official permit before he can ask a few friends to a seat at his table. About eight dollars must be paid for a single sheet of stamped paper on which contracts are drawn. No goods of any kind can be sold without a license. Removal from one house to another is forbidden until permission is obtained and paid for. Every thing living or dead is taxed to the utmost farthing; and there is no apparent escape from the evil. The inhabitants are forbidden to send their children to the United States to school, so great is the fear that they will become tinged with our liberal views; and their own system of education, when compared with our universal and excellent schools, is wretched indeed. Not long since, out of about a hundred thousand free children, only about nine thousand attended any kind of a school; and only three thousand of them were educated at the public expense. The public teachers are often notoriously incompetent friars. I remember hearing of one man who made an ostentatious display of a geography which cost him twenty-five dollars, and which informed him that the Americans were the greatest stabbers in the world.

(To be concluded.)





A. P. P. P.

J. S. S.



## TEASING THE DOG.

"GIVE him the biscuit if he wants it, — do, Ellen! I do not like to hear him bark so. Here, Major! Poor fellow! she ought not to tease you." And Lily Howard put her arm round the neck of the dog, who was beginning to manifest his displeasure by a series of low growls.

"Oh, it is such fun to make him think he is going to have it, and then cheat him! Just see him!" she added, as the dog leaped up to catch the food, and half shook off Lily's hand, which continued to pat him.

"I don't think there is any fun in teasing him, Ellen; and I would not have promised that you should bring him his dinner, if I had known you would do so. Take care! he is really growing angry now."

Still Ellen continued to withdraw the tempting morsel when it was within his reach, until the dog apparently resolved that he would bear it no longer. He made a sudden spring from his house, and threw both the children to the ground. Lily had been kneeling, and the full force of Major's attack was directed towards Ellen, so that the former was not hurt; but Ellen's forehead struck a sharp stone as she fell, and began to bleed profusely. Her cries now alarmed the whole household; and father, mother, and servants were soon at the scene of disaster. Her father took her in his arms and carried her into the house, where a large sticking-plaster was placed over the wound.

"And now tell me how this accident happened," said Mr. Howard, when Ellen's sobs had ceased, and Lily had withdrawn her frightened face from behind her mother.

Ellen blushed. "O papa! it was my own fault. I was teasing Major about his dinner; and at last he leaped out

of his kennel to get it, and came with such force that he threw me down."

"If that is the case, Ellen, I am not sorry that you were both frightened and hurt. There is something of malice in trifling thus with a dumb animal, who cannot understand that it is sport to you. I hope the scar of your cut will last long enough to effect a cure in this respect, by continually reminding you of your fault."

"I am sure it will, papa. And, now, may I go and make friends with Major, and give him his dinner?"

"Yes; but be very careful to treat him gently."

When Ellen came near the dog, and held out a tempting piece of meat, he growled, and seemed about to fly at her. She drew back in alarm, but, after a moment, again advanced towards him, but with no better success. "What can be the matter?" she said to Lily. "I think he frightened himself, as well as me, when he threw me down."

"Let me try," replied Lily; and she, in her turn, offered the food. Major came to take it from her hand, and, while he was eating it, allowed her to pat his back. Ellen again tried to give him another piece when the first was devoured; but his growl was most decisively expressive of displeasure.

"Major will not let me feed him," said she, sadly, to her father, who passed by.

"I did not suppose he would," answered he, "although I was willing that you should make the experiment. You have deceived him, and he knows it, and is not willing to trust you again. See how he eats from Lily's hand!" Ellen was just ready to burst into tears again, but her father prevented it. "You must not cry, Ellen, or you will displace the plaster on your forehead, and the cut will bleed again. I do not wonder you feel sorry; for

the affection and confidence of an animal are worth something, and it will be a long time before you can regain it."

It was a long time indeed. The scar on Ellen's forehead had healed over, the childish dresses of the sisters were exchanged for those of womanhood, and still Major kept his opinion of Ellen. He would sometimes suffer her to pat him; but towards Lily the strength of his attachment was manifested. When he died, worn out with years, both sisters wept. "I envy you your tears, Lily," said Ellen, "for they are tears of pure regret; but mine have the bitterness in them which comes from that thoughtless act of my childhood."

Little readers, are any among you in the habit of teasing the dumb creation around you? Learn from this little sketch that the disposition is odious, even when displayed toward a dog; and, still more, if any are accustomed to tease their more feeble-spirited companions, let them remember that nothing should be sport to them which is a source of trouble to another.

EDITOR.

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## MAY-DAY RECOLLECTIONS OF ENGLAND.

BY REV. WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

[The following article was taken in part from a paper called "May-day Blossoms," published in Dorchester, last year, at a fair held in aid of the Children's Mission. To many of our readers it will not be new; but we felt that it was worth a second reading, and that those who had never seen it would derive from it much instruction and pleasure. — EDITOR.]

It is not much of May Day that I recollect, for it was not very much that I ever happened to see. May Day is not now in England what it was five hundred years ago, when it was a general holiday; when young persons used to go

into the woods, in the early twilight, to gather flowers with the dew upon them; when the young men, during the day, were accustomed to exercise themselves in archery at the town-buts; and when, in the evening, everybody, young and old, used to dance round the May-pole. But there is still in England much feeling for May Day; and all over the country are to be found traces of the love with which it was kept, and of the various ways in which it was observed in different ages.

The Irish and the Highlanders call May Day *Bealtam*, — the day of the fire of Bel; and for its coming they light fires on the hill-tops, just as the ancient Druids did. The month of May takes its name from Maia, a goddess of the Romans; and Flora, with them, was the goddess of flowers; and of the Roman celebration of Flora in England there are many remains. In the south of England, there is a town where, under a corrupt word, May Day is still called Flora's Day.

My own earliest recollection of a May Day in England is of my seeing one afternoon, planted in the middle of a street, a small tree covered with flowers and ribbons, which I was told was a May-pole. Often at other times I remember having seen, on May morning, long streets looking like avenues of trees, from there having been fixed against every door-post a bough of elm or a great bush of hawthorn. In the city of York, on May morning, many times I saw the morris-dancers come in from the country, dressed in a manner learned from the Moors, and practising a dance which was introduced into England by the Crusaders. In Lancashire, one May Day, I saw a wagon with a load of rushes piled upon it. The sides of the laden wagon were decorated with silver, and apparently with any articles of silver which could be procured to hang there, — cups, salvers, watches, spoons.



The horses were decked with ribbons; and in front of them marched a band of musicians. This procession was called rush-bearing, and had been continued yearly from the time when it was customary to renew on May Day, in the parish church, the rushes which were once used instead of carpets. At King's Lynn, one morning, I was surprised, and a little bewildered, by the strange noise I heard everywhere about. On my inquiring what it was, I was answered, "Oh! it is only the boys with their cows'-horns." And when I asked how it was that so many boys should all at once be fancying cows'-horns to blow, I was told that it was because of its being the 1st of May. On the same day, I saw girls making a collection for dolls, which they carried; one of which was seated in a little room, and another of which was suspended in a hoop, with flowers all about her. And I wondered to see, in the fenny district of England, how exactly the old Roman celebration of the festival day of Flora was perpetuated by boys and girls, who yet did not know what they were doing,—who were practising exactly what had been taught there when perhaps Agricola was governor, and what had been approved and enjoyed, by legionaries at work on the old sea-wall there, perhaps when the Emperor Severus was on his visit to Britain.

My last recollection connected with May Day in England is among my last remembrances of the country; for it is of a May-pole, which was a landmark to all the surrounding district. This May-pole is like the mast of a great ship. It stands on a very high spot, and is of very ancient origin; for when certain rights were granted to the lord of the manor there, probably by one of the Norman kings, it was on condition that at Holliwood, in King's Norton, he should keep a May-pole standing for ever.

By these old holidays, how we feel ourselves linked with

the past,—connected with them who have been before us in the world, and who have rejoiced and hoped as we do! — the men of three hundred years ago, who carpeted their churches with fresh rushes on May Day; the men of five centuries since, who celebrated May Day with songs, just then fresh and current, about Robin Hood and his archers; and with the people of a thousand and two thousand years ago; Roman soldiers, who made garlands for Flora; of English flowers, violets and lilies of the valley, primroses and buttercups and daisies; and Druids, the home of whose worship was in the forests, and who used to make bonfires on high places, the night before May Day, in celebration of the power by which their woods were growing green overhead and flowery underneath.

Yes, and on a morning like this, how we feel that in us all there is one soul, and that we are of them, and they of us! — the poets, who have sung our thoughts, and made music of our feelings; Chaucer, so fond of lying on the grass, and gazing at nature and at the coming of spring, who exclaimed, —

“O May, with all thy flowers and thy green!  
Right welcome be thou, fairy, freshy May;” —

and Milton, in his time, that hailed —

“The flowery May, who from his green lap throws  
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose;” —

and old Herrick, so fond of flowers, and who was urgent with people to rise early and see the trees spangled with dew, and, in his own age, who saw —

“When as a thousand virgins on this day  
Spring sooner than the lark to fetch in May.”

And it is not only by flowers, but also by birds, that the advent of May is shown and cheered; for, by May Day,

nearly every emigrant bird has returned, — the swallow, the cuckoo, the whitethroat, the redstart, the ring-ouzel, the swift, and many others. And they appear in regular order, one after the other; the cuckoo always being preceded by the wry-neck, and the swallow being always ten days in advance of the swift. Also there are certain flowers which blossom simultaneously with the arrival of certain birds; and for this reason the lady-smock is called the cuckoo-flower. And thus, throughout the month of April, there is hardly a morning on which some flower or bird does not announce May Day as coming nearer and nearer.

The oldest holiday in England, the celebration of the beauty and the promise of the year, — it is no wonder, age after age, that we find that almost every poet had some word for the day as it passed him. Edmund Spenser tells his friend Philip Sidney, in the merry month of May, how —

“ Youth’s folk now flocken in everywhere,  
To gather May-baskets and smelling brier;  
And home they hasten, the posts to dight,  
And all the church-pillars, ere daylight,  
With hawthorn-buds and sweet eglantine,  
And garlands of roses, and sops in wine.”

Half a century later than these lines, Thomas Morley begins one of his ballads thus: —

“ Now is the month of Maying,  
When merry lads are playing.”

In the manner in which James Shirley describes May Day, is shown the classical education of the great dramatist: —

“ Woodmen, shepherds, come away,  
This is Pan’s great holiday.”

There is but little of the old jollity in the celebration of

this day now, and it is a holiday which is now no vacation from labor ; but yet, perhaps, there comes with it still as much sentiment as ever. And many of the later poets have linked with it some of their most beautiful and tender fancies, from Matthew Prior, with his sweet verses on the May flowers of Chloe, and called the "Garland," to Alfred Tennyson's touching history of the "May Queen." Says the proverb-couplet, —

" March winds and April showers  
Bring forth May and May-flowers."

In a different mood from this, and as though fresh from his "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," Gray writes on himself, at the end of his "Ode on Spring," or rather thus he makes some sportive insect say of himself, the moralist : —

" On hasty wings thy youth is flown;  
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone:  
We frolic while 'tis May."

However, whether we frolic or mope or struggle, May comes and passes all the same. But yet, if every thing is "beautiful in its time," specially so is the season celebrated in England as the month of May. In the presence of this beauty, and in our joy at it, how much more easily we trust and hope than we do while absorbed by little cares, or while walking only among houses and places of trade ! With the hopefulness of spring, we grow hopeful for the whole world, for the universe, and for eternity. And, indeed, is there not a something divine, some ordinance of the Creator, in this power of nature to draw our souls into the serene, strange, sweet confidence which we sometimes feel when the spring is at its best ? An exact answer to this question, and a text for May Day, beautiful as the season itself, there comes to mind what is recorded in two of the Gospels : "Consider the lilies of the field



how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" Do we believe this? Hardly, hardly can we say that we do. But even if we believe it, yet we feel it so faintly!

In the May-day song by W. C. Bennett, there is sentiment of which it would be well that we should bethink ourselves now and then, — we who live so much apart from Nature as scarcely even to suspect how largely we have shut her out from our thoughts and our ways of life.

"Come out, come from the cities,  
For once your drudging stay;  
With work 'twere thousand pities  
To wrong this honored day.  
Your fathers met the May  
With laughter, dance, and labor:  
Come, be as wise as they;  
Come, steal to-day from labor.

Talk not of want of leisure:  
Believe me, time was made  
For laughter, mirth, and pleasure,  
Far more than toil and trade.  
And little short I hold  
That social state from madness,  
For daily bread when's sold  
Man's natural gift to gladness.

Then leave your weary moiling,  
Your desks and shops, to-day;  
'Tis sin to waste in toiling  
This jubilee of May.  
Come stretch you where the light  
Through golden lines is streaming,  
And spend — O rare delight! —  
An hour in summer-dreaming."

However, wherever we may be, whether among the pine-woods of the North or the Cherokee roses of the South, at least, as says the "Mirror of the Months," —

"We in thought will join your throng,  
Ye that pipe and ye that play, —  
Ye that through your hearts to-day  
Feel the gladness of the May."

Poets and birds and flowers, — what a day of them this is! flowers and birds and poetry; flowers and birds as they have always been, and always will be; flowers and birds as they were before Adam was, and also flowers and birds as they seemed to the poets; flowers and birds as now through the poets they seem to us, — things of beauty, and joys for ever; spiritualized, visibly living in another light than that of the sun, and created to nourish in us a something which eye hath not seen nor ear heard. Oh! the poets we remember to-day, and the creatures which they have made their own, and yet which are ours also, all the more fully for being theirs, — Keats and the nightingale, Logan and the cuckoo, Shelley and the skylark, Bryant and the bobolink, Barry Cornwall and the stormy petrel, Mary Howitt and the humming-bird, and Elizabeth Browning and the sea-mew; the daffodil and Wordsworth, the anemone and Hartley Coleridge, the daisy and Burns, and the ivy with Felicia Hemans. Nor, among the poets of the spring, ought that writer to be forgotten, — anonymous, but belonging to New England, — through whom now there is to be heard the voice of the grass. A word or two of that utterance, how pretty and quaint, and, more indeed than pretty, how beautiful! —

"Here I come, creeping, creeping everywhere:  
By the dusty roadside,  
On the sunny hillside,

Close by the noisy brook,  
In every shady nook,  
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come, creeping, smiling everywhere:  
All round the open door,  
Here, where the children play,  
In the bright and merry May,  
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come, creeping, creeping everywhere,  
More welcome than the flowers  
In summer's pleasant hours:  
The gentle cow is glad,  
And the merry bird not sad,  
To see me creeping, creeping everywhere."

And Thomson, the poet of the "Seasons," — we have not yet even mentioned him among the authors brought to our remembrance by the spring. But are they so much to us, the poets? Yes, indeed they are. And is it not true that all of us, whether we are readers or not, have profited, even more largely than we know of, by the manner in which our thoughts have been enlarged and our feelings refined by writers, whom we have never even thanked for the good they have done us? Then let us acknowledge that, somewhere or other, there is a great debt owing by us. Now, it is a debt, some small part of which we can discharge by helping to open the eyes of the morally blind, so as that God's works may look to them as they do to us, and so as that they also may see and hear in nature what we do, and may share in our feelings about May Day, and may feel themselves growing more fit for heaven by loving the beauty with which God so clothes the grass of the field, by minding the ways and songs of birds, and by having their souls grow sensitive to the spirit of the woods, — solemn, mysterious, fearful, and yet joyous too.

## LILY'S NEW YEAR'S DAY.

MRS. SELWYN came to the door of the parlor, and looked in. Her husband sat reading the "Christian Register;" the two youngest children were chatting together in a subdued tone, and two others seemed busy with books. Apparently, she missed the face she was looking for; and, turning away without speaking, she passed up stairs.

"Very busy, Lily?" she asked, gently, as she entered a room where a young girl sat by a table, reading.

Lilias looked up: there was a shade on her sweet face; but it was of thought, not sadness. "Not busy at all, dear mother," she answered. "But it is the last Sunday of the year, you know; and I have been looking over my sermon-book. You have not forgotten that you desired us all to write down what we could remember of the sermons we heard?"

"And this is your record?" said Mrs. Selwyn, taking the book from her daughter's hand, and turning over the leaves. "You have done well indeed."

"Not nearly so well as Anna," she replied. "Her abstracts have been as full again; at least, at first."

"Anna has had other things to think of lately," said Mrs. Selwyn, smiling.

"But she has never neglected this," exclaimed Lily, eagerly; "not once, I believe, before or since she left us; though Philip rather laughs at her for it."

"But your own abstracts are much more full in the latter part of the book," remarked her mother. "The exercise strengthened your memory, it seems."

"Yes; but I do not think it was so much that. I have been more interested lately." She hesitated a moment,



for her timidity and reserve seldom allowed her to speak of her own feelings. "Do you remember, mother, this sermon, last September,—'Choose ye this day whom ye will serve'?"

Yes, Mrs. Selwyn well remembered. She had noticed that all her children had listened with deep attention; and she had hoped that the solemn, earnest appeal would find a response in some, if not all, of their hearts. The two youngest had perhaps not reached an age when any impression would be very lasting; but the elder ones,—it was surely time for them to think seriously on religious subjects. Her hopes had been disappointed. Emma, thoughtless by nature and habit, even more than girls of fifteen usually are, had soon forgotten whatever impression the sermon had made; and Julia, the eldest, had admired the eloquence of the discourse, and the grace of its delivery, without giving one thought to the solemn subject itself. Anna, though she had spoken freely to her mother of the feelings excited in her heart, and her desire for improvement, had soon been absorbed by the preparations for her marriage; and Lilius was too shy to speak at all.

These remembrances passed through Mrs. Selwyn's mind as her daughter was speaking; and, after a minute's pause, she answered, "Yes, Lily, I recollect it very well. Is it from that time that you date your increased interest?"

"Not exactly; I had been interested before: but Mr. Maynard was very solemn, you know; and I could not forget that sermon at all."

"You did not wish to forget it, my love?"

"Oh, no! but I felt as though I ought to make my decision then; and I tried to decide as I ought. I did not dare to trust myself, I have so often made resolves and forgotten them; so I thought I would say nothing to any

"one till the New Year; and, in the mean time, I would watch myself, and see if I really did desire to serve God, or if my decision was only a passing feeling."

"And now?" asked Mrs. Selwyn, drawing her daughter closer to her.

"Now I think I may say my choice is fixed. I do earnestly desire to be a Christian. But I fail so often, I do so many wrong things, that I should be afraid, if I were not sure God would help me. The sermons I hear help me a great deal, especially Maurice's. I think Maurice preaches to me even more than Mr. Maynard does."

"Perhaps you feel the words more, knowing his character so well. It is a good plan to take home to ourselves the truths we hear. And what of to-day's sermon, Lily?"

"On joining the church? Mr. Maynard did more to discourage than to encourage me, I think. But I am very young yet, and it is not a question to be decided hastily. I must consider of it."

"True, my child; and, to aid you in the decision, here is a little volume which I am sure you will value.

"'Communion Thoughts: Bulfinch.' The same who wrote the beautiful 'Lays of the Gospel'? Oh, thank you, dearest mother! Are you going? Just one thing first. Mr. Maynard has been our pastor so little while, and I know him so little, that I should hardly feel like talking with him; and yet there are some things a clergyman could answer better than any one else. Might I ask Maurice?"

"Ask Maurice by all means, my child. He considers you quite as much a sister as Anna, I am sure, and would be gratified to have you come to him with any questions, especially those which fall more particularly within his province as a clergyman. You will feel more at ease with him, too, than you could with any one else. But

don't stay too long here by yourself, my love. Come down to us soon."

New Year's Day came, and, agreeably to the wishes of the young people, was clear and pleasant. There was to be a gathering at Mr. Selwyn's house, in the evening, of the two families, which, nearly connected and always on terms of the greatest intimacy, had been still more closely united by the marriage of Philip Bradford and Anna Selwyn. But the young Selwyns could not wait until evening; and, as Philip had taken a house at no great distance from that of his father-in-law, Emma and Hatty had resolved to pay their sister a morning visit, and carry her the gifts they had prepared. Upon mentioning their plan, Vincent and Lily at once offered to accompany them; and the four set out together.

Entering Mrs. Bradford's neatly arranged parlor, they found their sister examining some books, evidently new, with which the table was covered. She looked up as the door opened, and joyous greetings were interchanged; after which, the young visitors displayed the gifts they had brought; and Anna, returning to the table, bade them come and see what Philip and herself had prepared for them.

"Books! all books!" exclaimed the laughing Emma. "How convenient it must be to have a bookseller for a husband, Nannie!"

Anna smiled, and, slipping a little box into Emma's hand, bade Hatty go to the sofa, and search there. "And Lily," she said, "that row of books is Maurice's gift to you, — your favorite author, you see."

"'Martyria,' — 'Euthanasy,' — 'Thorpe,'" — read Emma. "Much good may they do Lily! I should fall asleep over any one of them in ten minutes."

"Or over any other book," remarked Vincent, who was already devouring a volume long desired.

"Is Maurice at home, Anna?" asked Lillias, softly. "May I go up and see him?"

"Certainly, darling; you'll find him in the study." And Lily slipped away unnoticed by the others; for Vincent was too deep in his book, Hatty too much enraptured with the beautiful wax doll she had found, and Emma too busy admiring the pretty ring she had just placed on her finger, to heed her departure.

The study-door was ajar; and the timid young girl hesitated before entering; for, though Maurice Bradford had always seemed like a brother, she had seldom spoken with him on religious subjects, and she did not know how to introduce what she wanted to say. The young clergyman had heard the light step, however, and spoke.

"Is not that Lily Selwyn? Come in, Lily, and let me wish you a happy New Year."

"A happy New Year to you, Maurice, and thanks for your welcome gift."

"I am glad I happened to know your taste," he answered. "Come, sit by me, and tell me how all goes on at home. I returned only last night, and have had no time to question Anna."

Lillias sat down, and they conversed for a few minutes on common subjects; then she relapsed into silence, for her mind was too full of her own thoughts and wishes to be long withdrawn from them.

"And so," said Maurice, at last, looking earnestly at her, — "so you begin the new year, dear Lily, as a follower of the Lamb, — as a disciple of Him who is the Truth and the Light?"

Her cheek flushed, and she looked up. "How could you tell?" she asked.



"I could read the signs; I have read them for some time past. I cannot tell you how rejoiced I am that you have taken this resolve. It must make *you* very happy too."

"Yes," she said, hesitatingly, "if I were not afraid."

"Afraid, — with God to aid you, with Christ ever near you? You remember the hymn, —

'Though sometimes unperceived by sense,  
Faith sees Him always near, —  
A guide, a glory, a defence:  
Then what have we to fear'?"

"Not afraid exactly in that way, Maurice; only afraid that my own resolution may give way, — that the continued struggle with wrong habits and long-indulged weaknesses will make me weary."

"Such fear may be a safeguard, Lily. But, then, it need not be a struggle, a conflict, a great while, even if it is at first."

"Yes, I know, I am sure, that by and by, if I persevere, what is duty and conscience now, and may give me pain, will become love and joy. But there must often be a struggle with temptation, — must there not, Maurice?"

"Perhaps," he said, thoughtfully; "and yet I think it need not be so. Let it be, Lilies, instead of a struggle, a casting off of sin and temptation. If it come near, it need not touch you. Have you never thought how delightful it would be to live, like the earliest disciples, in Christ's actual presence and companionship? Yes, I see you have; and you have fancied, too, how, if temptation came, it would be powerless, with Him near to warn or encourage; that even the knowledge that He was watching your progress with sympathy and love would be a sufficient safeguard. But, Lily, we have that watchful presence, that companionship, now; or we may have it.

We know that he is ever with his disciples, for he has promised it; and the eye of faith can see him. Should temptation come, or discouragement, suffering or trial of any kind, it cannot harm one, who, like the beloved disciple, leans upon the Saviour's bosom. Trials will come, he will support us; sorrows, he will soothe us with the tenderest compassion; temptations may assail us. Let them pass unheeded: we are Christ's; we have nothing to do with sin."

The fervor of his tone, the gentle earnestness and perfect faith expressed both in look and voice, said as much to Lily as the words, though those filled her with a new hope, a new joy. He said nothing more, nor did she wish to hear more then; and, after a few moments' silence, she rose to go. Maurice, who had seemed lost in a revery, rose also. "You are going, Lily? Good-by, then; and come to me freely with any doubts or difficulties in which you think I can assist you."

The young folks had already gone home, not choosing to wait for her; and Mrs. Bradford would gladly have kept her favorite sister to dine with her, but Lily resisted all urging.

"I should be glad, you know, Anna; but mother has so much to do to-day."

"As if Emma and Julia couldn't do all that is necessary! Stay, Lily, that's a darling."

"You wouldn't have me begin the New Year with neglecting a known duty? You love me too much to wish that, I know."

"I wish—— Never mind. Go, then, if you must; but I shall borrow you of mamma for a week or two, as soon as the holidays are over. Don't mind your books; Philip will bring them over when he comes to-night. Good-by, dearest."

Lilias returned home; and the bright smile with which she met her mother's inquiring look told Mrs. Selwyn that her interview with the young clergyman had been satisfactory.

There are, in the life of every one, some seasons — days, hours, or it may be only moments — to which we look back afterward with thankfulness or with regret, according as their influence has been for good or evil, — seasons which seem to have cast a brightness or a shade, a sadness or a joy, over all the coming time, and whose remembrance and effect never leave us. Thus it was with Lily Selwyn. The dawning light of the New Year had indeed witnessed her simple, heartfelt consecration of herself to the service of the divine Master: the resolve, meditated for a long time with reflection and prayer, had at last found utterance. But she was of a nature singularly reserved and timid; and, while these qualities often prevented her from seeking the sympathy she needed, her self-distrust and deep conscientiousness made her liable to discouragement. And thus it might, it probably would, have happened, that after a time, disheartened by what seemed her failures, and weary of continual striving, she would have turned sadly aside from the true path, and sought solace in earthly things.

That short interview with Maurice, however, had altered all her future. It is true, he had said nothing that she did not already know, that she had not heard many times; but the thought presented in a new light, and deepened in its power by the fervent faith of the speaker, touched her heart as never before. From that moment, the heavenly influence seemed to guard her from evil. "The companion of Christ may not fear," she whispered to herself; and her timidity gave place to fearless confidence. "We are Christ's; we have nothing to do with sin," she said, re-

peating Maurice's words; and temptation passed her by. When trial and sorrow came, her patient fortitude never faltered. "Christ is with me," she thought, with a joy that was almost triumph; "and, with him to strengthen me, I can bear all things."

Her mother marvelled at the rapid improvement in her character; her younger sisters revered, while they loved her. Anna, happy in her home, and unconsciously scattering sunshine wherever she went, leaned on Lily as her greatest earthly support; but it was not for years that Maurice Bradford knew how much influence his words had had, or how often Lilies blessed him in her heart as she recalled that New Year's Day. A. A.

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### NEST OF THE TITMOUSE.

BIRDS are very skilful architects, so far as constructing their own houses are concerned; yet their skill is merely instinctive, no progression or improvement ever being made. The first essay of the young bird is as perfect as the nest of a veteran songster. There is a great difference in the abilities of birds, each building according to its circumstances and wants, from a simple indentation in the naked sand up to the swinging castle in the air constructed of down and hair.

Among the nests of remarkable construction may be reckoned that of the long-tailed titmouse. This bird, which is no bigger than a wren, and is almost incessantly in motion, takes innumerable means of precaution for the comfort, safety, and concealment of its dwelling. It is made like a hollow ball, with a small opening on one side.



This orifice serves the double purpose of door and window, and is so well barricaded that neither cold nor rain can penetrate into the interior. This is effected by an admirably contrived screen, before the entrance to the little citadel, of downy feathers, which is very pliant, to admit of ingress and egress, and yet exclude the weather. Yet this is not all. From its very diminutive size, this bird is afraid of numerous enemies, and therefore has recourse to wise artifice to conceal its asylum. It fastens its nest to the trunk of a tree, and covers it carefully and skilfully with the twigs and leaves of the parasitical plants that cluster around the stem to which it adheres, and contrives to give to the inimitable structure the appearance of being a part of the bark. Having exhausted its skill in the deception, intended only to deceive enemies, the little creature enters its mansion, and rears its young under the protection of the *pious fraud*. — *Selected*.

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#### OUR MAY-PARTY.

WE had a pleasant fancy the other morning, while we were thinking about May-day celebrations, — such a pleasant one, that, as you all assisted in it, it must be communicated to you. We thought of a “Child’s Friend” May-party; and we assembled in our mind all our readers, great and small, with all the kind friends who endeavor to make its pages pleasant and instructive. Can you not fancy this party too? — children from the Far West, bringing their tribute of wild, strange prairie flowers; children from the sunny South, with the splendid blooms which their earlier spring calls forth; children from the wide Empire State,

and from the sands of New Jersey, with wreaths of peach-blossoms ; and the many from our own New England, with the pale houstonia and violet, the nodding columbine, and a few late sprigs of May-flower, or, as it is called sometimes, ground-laurel.

Where shall we go Maying? what spot will suit us all? Shall we transport ourselves to Florida, where the jessamine hangs thickly in the hedges, and the fig and date are in blossom? Shall we roam by the broad Mississippi, or on the shores of the "Big Sea-Water"? No, none of these. The last flower we mentioned calls to mind a spot dear to all Americans. Let us go to old Plymouth; let us stand on the Forefathers' Rock. Our Northern springs are late, it is true, and we shall not find flowers in profusion; but we shall see much that is pleasant, and the associations of the place will more than compensate for any want of "buds and garlands gay."

Where shall we go first? We must all stand on Forefathers' Rock, which time and busy feet have worn so that it is scarcely visible; and it should be added, that the sharp instruments of visitors have done their part, until the good people of Plymouth, fearing lest their rock should be entirely carried away, have taken a large piece, and enclosed it with a railing in front of Pilgrim Hall, where mementoes of the early settlers are preserved. Let us stand there, one by one; and, if we do not feel an indescribable thrill of emotion, it is because patriotism has died out of our hearts, or has never been an element of our characters.

But we will not linger here. Warehouse-walls shut in around us, and we are seeking the fresh breath of heaven. Let us go to the burying-hill. The ascent is very steep; and you will notice that a street runs at the top of a cliff just beyond the rock. That hill was the first burying-

place of the Pilgrims. There they made the graves of those who "fell in the wilderness," and sowed them with corn, lest the Indians should see the mortality which prevailed among them.

And now we come to the "Old Burying-ground," at the top of a hill which overlooks the town of Plymouth and its beautiful harbor. See how that long, narrow beach stretches round, like an arm to keep off danger! How white and beautiful is the beat of the waves on the farther side! In winter, the waves often dash entirely over it, presenting a most glorious spectacle. That range of blue hills, which rises so beautifully to the right, is the Manomet Hills, and forms a fit setting to this gem of a bay, which lies nestled at their base. Across the bay, on the other side, is the town of Duxbury. You can see its lighthouse, and the roofs of its houses, if your eyes are sufficiently keen. See that white sail, dancing up and down, in the direction of that small island! How striking the contrast between its whiteness and the dark blue of the bay! The island is Clark's Island, named from the man who first landed upon it. There is a house upon it, which is the residence of a very hospitable gentleman, who, in the warm, summer weather, often brings his boat to the town, and carries back large parties to the island.

And, now, shall we extend our walk? Behind the town are some grand old woods, and some famous ponds, which deserve the name of lakes. There grow lovely wild flowers, and the tall trees are "bearded with moss." No, do you say? To Pilgrim Hall?

We rejoice that the spirit of the spot has thus taken possession of you. Let us go and examine these relics of the ancient time, — that famous chair, and the iron pot, which once belonged to Miles Standish; the old records, and the modern but beautiful picture. Our May Day will have

been a useful one, if it kindles or revives in our minds sentiments of veneration and gratitude towards those stern and noble men. EDITOR.

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### CUBA.

(Concluded from p. 192.)

It was in the month of March last that I sailed for Cuba, in the beautiful steamer "Crescent City," which has since foundered on the Bahama Banks; and, on arriving at the entrance of the harbor, we were obliged to remain outside till morning, in consequence of a law passed by the cautious Spaniards, since the Lopez invasion, that no vessel shall enter port after the evening-gun is fired. This caution is very annoying to strangers, and is sometimes productive of unpleasant consequences. I remember an Englishman who was seen by some Spanish officials sketching the Moro Castle from a boat; and they forthwith gave him lodgings in its interior, as an enemy dangerous to the security of the island. It required all the ingenuity of the consul to satisfy those in power that his countryman merely intended to gratify a passing whim; and it was not until some one pointed out that the drawing was so wretchedly bad that it would be taken for almost any thing else sooner than what it was intended for, that they concluded to let him go. A German, who was more of an artist, endeavored to sketch the rude plough with which they still dig up the soil; when a soldier seized him, and carried him before a commanding officer, charged with sketching the fortress. It was not until a full consultation had been held that they decided the sketch to be



a plough instead of a castle or some warlike affair, and let him go too. I am bound to say, however, that, under the present enlightened captain-general, the greatest courtesies are extended to all who are properly introduced ; and my son obtained immediate permission from him to visit the Moro, and allow an English lady-friend to sketch the scenery from and about this fortress. Before landing at the Custom-House Dock, some very sallow and solemn looking gentlemen examined the baggage. They were very polite, and were extremely so to me, passing my trunk without examination ; and I found myself once more in the streets of Havana, where I met my son, who was just returning with renewed health to New York as bearer of despatches to our government.

Not far from the landing is the spot where, according to tradition, Columbus first heard Mass. The tree under which he erected his temporary altar was only blown down a few years since ; and there is now a small chapel there, which is opened with great ceremony once a year.

One of the first things that attracts the attention is the curious appearance of the buildings. They are all light colors, and different shades are seen in the same building. Thus, the first story may be a light green, and the next a delicate blue ; while the next house may be a salmon color, and the next a bright orange. The effect, in a brilliant sunlight, is almost dazzling to an eye accustomed to our more sober architecture ; and they seem to add another degree of heat to the burning air. There is but one street in Havana worthy the name : the rest are little alleys, dividing the houses, and with a little raised curbstone for a sidewalk, which will not allow two persons to walk abreast. Trucks and carriages are dashing through these alleys at a pace which gives one uncomfortable notions of safety ; and we are not sorry to find ourselves at the door

of our hotel uninjured. Whoever expects to find the hotel of his imagination, in Cuba, will be sadly disappointed. A cot, with no bed, and only a simple quilt, a bureau, washstand, and rocking-chair, form the whole furniture of even the best bedrooms; and the living is as different from our own as can be imagined.

You rise early, and drink a cup or two of coffee while you are dressing, and also eat two or three oranges; after which, you pass away the time to the best advantage till nine o'clock, when you have breakfast. That is the regular hour all over the city; and more than one-half of the day's work is accomplished before it. The Havana merchant goes to his business, and then home to breakfast, as we in the city go home to our dinner; and many of them do no business after that meal. Fish, flesh, and fowl, of almost all kinds cover the table, together with cucumbers, green corn, and all the fruits which are so luxuriant in the tropics; but flour is a scarce and expensive luxury, the duty charged being almost prohibitory. The excellence and variety of vegetables do away, to some extent, with the want of it; and he who has roughed the world for himself can live very comfortably. Catalonian wine is generally used at breakfast and dinner, but no coffee. It is soft and pleasant, about as strong as cider; and, when taken with a lump of ice from Boston, it is very palatable. The cooking is generally good; but, even on the tables of the wealthiest planters, the best sugar is the coarse brown: the process of refining is not considered necessary where it is made. In fact, they seek to live with the least expenditure of labor; and, though it may suit them very well, I must confess to a temperament suited to working a little harder, and having things a little better.

Very little can be said in favor of the sleeping arrangements at most of the hotels. One is never safe from

intrusion. Bed after bed is filled up in your room, as new guests flock in; and after every other available place has been occupied, if you have been put into the double-bed, in honor of being the first comer, it is ten chances to one if you have not a companion; and, if he is not ready to die of a fever or some other disease, you may think yourself fortunate.

In one thing, however, too much cannot be said in their favor; and that is their unbounded hospitality. One is sure of a welcome wherever he goes: still, if your host or hostess press you to accept their horses and houses as your own, be careful and not understand them literally. It is a point of Castilian etiquette never to allow any one to express admiration of any thing without offering it as a present, though it is nothing but a compliment.

Not much can be said in favor of the religion of Cuba. It is true that the churches are always open; but the merchant has seldom time, and the planter seldom inclination, to attend service. The women are much more frequent worshippers; and, as is often the case elsewhere, her devotion stands out in beautiful contrast to man's want of it.

Speaking of women, reminds me that Cuba has some elements which would indicate it as a favorable residence for that portion of the sex whose strong minds induce them to assert their rights, and to deny any dependence upon or obligation to man. An innkeeper was once asked how many guests he had in the house. "*Fifteen women*," was the reply, "besides a few men and children; say about forty in all."

I had occasion to go to a livery-stable for a saddle-horse; and, after passing by a dozen or more horses, I was shown a door, where I entered, and was met by a large, fine-looking woman, dressed very neatly in white,—the

mistress of the establishment. Her room was not larger than a double-stall, yet was well furnished, her two children finding all the necessary playroom. She called a boy who could speak; and we soon made a bargain. While standing there, two horseloads of green cornstalks came in. The woman promptly superintended the weighing and paying. Though a little out of her sphere of action, she seemed really a helpmeet indeed for any man.

In the larger cities and towns there are good physicians, and the science of medicine is as far advanced, perhaps, as it is with us; but, at the plantations, the hospital department is under the charge of some African *Æsculapius*, who puts the whole medical faculty to shame in his skilful compound of specifics, which, in his opinion, never fail to cure. *Snake-butter*, for instance, is an infallible remedy for rheumatism. It is extracted from the largest snake on the island; and, when they succeed in catching and trying him out at just the right time and under the most appropriate circumstances, they feel rich in the possession of a wonderful remedy.

While I was riding out one morning, I saw a singular curiosity,—a Spanish officer breaking in a company of African negroes to become a part of the militia. It seemed queer enough, and I wondered what I should see next. They were practising at a mark, breast-high; but, from some cause or other, they could not hit it at all. Colored men never make good soldiers or sailors; and I could not help thinking, that, if they were placed opposite to a few of our volunteers, that company would never train again.

The horses in Cuba are small, and seem to be about as much of a mixed race as the people themselves. Occasionally you see one, that bears the stamp of its An-



dalusian blood, prancing through the streets under a military rider. Their mode of bringing commodities from the country is generally upon horses or mules; the owner or driver riding the forward one, and the next tied to the leader's tail, and so on in succession, with a network over the mouth of each. They have no hay, except that imported, using the green corn-stalks sowed broadcast for feed; and all have to give way for their immense loads in the narrow streets. They appear to pretty good advantage about the streets and avenues; but the country roads are a match for them. Sometimes you are wallowing through a sand-bank, now wading a river breast-high, and again pushing aside the boughs of an apparently impenetrable forest. Sometimes the driver pulls along the horse, and again the horse manages to draw along the driver.

Of cattle, I will say they are all a mouse or dun color, with a dark streak on their backs, of good size; their bullocks drawing by a yoke in front of the head, made fast by strips of raw-hide around the horns, and driven by a goad seven or eight feet long. Their cows are all driven into the city, and milked into the buyers' measure. The calves are generally drove with them, muzzled.

The women work on the plantations as hard as the men; but they look more healthy, and live longer than our ladies who work with the needle, and appear to enter into all amusements with great spirit. One of the greatest amusements is cock-fighting. At almost every grocery or corner you will see a rooster, plucked of most of its feathers and tied up by one leg, ready to challenge all comers. Thousands upon thousands of dollars change hands, in a very few minutes, upon the issue of a cock-fight. The great national amusement, however, is the bull-fight, which, however gratifying it may be to the Spaniard, would seem totally uncongenial to us.

The Tacon Theatre, so named in honor of Governor Tacon, was the largest theatre in America until the building of the Academy of Music in New York. The Cabanos and its outwork, the famous Moro, are the principal fortifications of Havana; and they have been supposed to be impregnable. They are both built of the pale-yellow stone of the island; and the Cabanos is so exactly like the rock on which it stands, that it is almost impossible to tell where the castle begins, and where the rock ends. In the Moro are twelve famous guns, facetiously called the twelve apostles. The Cabanos was built by King Charles III., who ordered no expense to be spared upon it; and so well was he obeyed, that it is said to have cost forty millions of dollars. In spite of his natural stupidity, the king was aroused when the cost was mentioned to him; and, taking up his spy-glass, he began a careful survey of the horizon. When asked what object he sought, he replied, "I am looking for the Cabanos; for surely such a costly thing can be seen any distance."

The native Cubans are generally civil, but the Spaniards require a gentle hint sometimes. I was walking one day with my friend Baldwin, of Kingston, when the path was obstructed by a large Spaniard. I gave him a gentle push, saying, "Allow me to pass, sir." He obeyed, but with such scowling looks that my friend exclaimed, "Col. Pratt, you must take care, or you will get into trouble: did you not see how bitter that fellow looked?" "No," was the reply; "I never pay any attention to such things. If he has not the politeness to give the right of way, I will take it."

I saw the spot where Crittenden and his comrades were shot; and I also saw Estrampes garroted, besides paying him a visit in prison. When I saw him, he was in the

chapel of the prison, where all condemned prisoners are obliged to pass the day before execution. He had on no manacles of any kind, and received me with great courtesy, offering me a cigar, which I lighted at the one which he was smoking. He then gave me a long one as a memento of him, which I shall always preserve. He had a tall, manly figure, was easy and graceful; and he met his death with dignity. He shook my hand at parting with much emotion, and, dropping a tear as he spoke, thanked me for my visit of sympathy. He said it was hard for one to die so young, but that he should endeavor to meet his death as became a man. The next day I witnessed his death; and his last words were, "Death to tyrants! Live liberty! live Cuba!" The instrument of his death is termed the garrote, and it consists of an upright post, and an iron collar fitting the neck, which is suddenly contracted with a screw, and dislocation is instantaneous. It is more merciful than hanging, though rather more shocking to the feelings.

The Cathedral at Havana is one of the most striking buildings I ever saw, though its chief interest consists in the fact that it contains the bones of Columbus. On a marble slab is the bust of the great discoverer; and here, also, are the chains with which an ungrateful monarch loaded him to whom he owed so much.

Their wharves are good: the best are the Government's Dock, covered with awning, and made convenient for loading and unloading ships, which is always done over the bow.

The Cubans are passionately fond of music; and the streets and squares are crowded with carriages on a pleasant afternoon and evening, while the air is full of sweet sounds. It is considered highly improper for a lady to set her foot in the streets or to enter a store; and

shopping and every thing else is done in her carriage. The merchants bring samples of their wares, and make their bargains on the sidewalks. The storekeepers do not always place their name over the door, as we do ; but, instead, they use some fancy designation, such as the Gem of the Sea ; Beauty ; the Stars ; America ; and every conceivable name which they think will please the fancy. They always make allowance for being beaten down about two-thirds in their price ; a thing worth remembering, if a visit is made there.

The architecture in Cuba is very peculiar. The houses are sixty or eighty feet square, and generally two stories high, of a soft cut stone or concrete, with a tile or flat roof. In lieu of windows, they use a circular grating of round iron, about four to six inches apart, and eight or ten feet high, with shutters inside. They have no glass. They have but one entrance, through an upright double-door in the centre, through which all must enter, inmates of the house, and horses and carriages, into the square. Around this are situated the kitchen, and apartments for servants and horses. The next story contains the parlor, dining-room, and bedrooms. They have no cellars. Houses and streets of all Spanish towns are said to be alike.

The ladies seldom wear bonnets, caps, or carry a parasol : they sometimes throw over their face a dark, rich veil.

It is not considered a breach of etiquette to stand for a moment and gaze in at the window, if you see a pretty face ; and if you lift your hat, and say, " Beautiful ! " you will be very likely rewarded by a sweet smile as you pass on. Any attempt at what they would deem rudeness, however, would be infallibly returned by a few inches of a stiletto between the ribs. To avoid gazing into a room, or into a beautiful lady's face, would be looked on as a desire to inflict a slight. I must say that a compliment of



the kind I have mentioned, from an American, is esteemed more highly than from their own countrymen, as they consider ours to come from the heart, while they know their own is mere empty courtesy. So, too, if you see a lady going from church to her carriage, she is glad to have you offer to assist her, even if you are a stranger; and if she is a pretty girl, and you tell her so, after she gets in she pleasantly thanks you for your admiration, and both parties separate, pleased with the kindness of compliments, even if they never meet again. It strikes our own women as rather singular at first. One lady from the Northern States was utterly shocked, as she appeared in the streets for the first time, to see two gentlemen lift their hats to her, with the compliment, "You are fit for heaven, lovely and beautiful American!" But, before she returned, she had become so accustomed to such compliments, that she felt no astonishment in being told, by the waiter of a restaurant, that the beautiful lady's refreshments had been paid for by a gentleman who admired the glances of her bright eyes.

The population of Cuba consists of about one hundred thousand Castilians, two hundred thousand Creoles, one hundred thousand free negroes, and six hundred thousand slaves. The Castilian despises the Creole, the Creole hates the Spaniard, the free negro hates them both, and the slave hates them all. I believe this will give as good an idea of the state of feeling toward each other as a whole volume would.

Much as one finds to dislike in Cuba, there is an indescribable charm about the whole island, that causes us to leave it with regret. A residence there seems to pass away like a dream in some fairyland, and the awakening to reality is often rough and unpleasant. For many months after, every thing comes up again in night-visions;

and, were it not that man has stamped his own deteriorating seal upon one of the fairest works of Heaven, Cuba would be a perfect paradise.

When I am asked if I would annex Cuba, I say, first, "Beware of covetousness;" then, "As they are, so let them be." They are of a different race, language, and religion, and we are better off without them. On them rests an eternal mortgage to superstition and the dark race; and I am not one who feels inclined to try and pay it off. If we would seek where this great and irreconcilable difference between the races is, we shall find it, in some measure, attributable to climate, and in part to the widely diffused intelligence of our own people, and the almost universal contempt for learning among theirs. It is our proud boast that no child need be unable to read: they can hardly find one that can read.

It is to this universal spirit of study, and our ever-restless desire for information, that I, a mechanic, whose home is in the mountains, and whose life has been spent in actual labor, find myself called upon to address an audience like the one now before me, and in a place once the capital of the Empire State.

And I would say, in conclusion, it is not by adding other countries to our own that we must look for greatness and advancement. Beautiful as they may be, and overflowing as they are with milk and honey, we have a land which contains all the elements of prosperity, if we but put forth our strong arms and our intelligence. Without labor, man cannot be happy; and whenever I take a trip to foreign lands, no matter how lovely they may be, my heart swells as my eye once more takes in my native shores; and in the bosom of the Catskill Mountains I can find as pleasant a resting-place as heart could wish. In the people, on every side, I see a race unequalled in

natural intelligence, industry, and refinement; and in the United States I see a country of which we may well be proud. Let us not envy others, but be grateful that our lot has been cast in the pleasant places of earth.

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## STORIES ON THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

### NO. IV.

“Remember the sabbath-day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, — thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath-day, and hallowed it.”

“Don’t you think, mother,” said Annie, looking up suddenly from the book over which her curly head had been bending, — “don’t you think the fourth commandment is very, *very* hard to keep? Do you believe any one does it?”

“I *hope* so, Annie,” answered mother, gravely; “and I don’t know that I find it more difficult than the others. It requires constant prayer and watching, you know, to enable us to remember always, and obey the divine commands; and the grace obtained by this prayer and watching will assist us as much in this commandment as in the others.”

“Yes, mother, I know,” said Annie, despondingly; “but still this seems the hardest to me. Since we’ve been having these nice Sunday evenings, mother, and I’ve got so interested in the commandments, I’ve been trying so much every week to keep the one we had talked about that Sunday, and not to forget the others either; and *this*

week I had not forgotten to pray about it every day, and I hoped so that I should not break one all the week; and I almost dared to believe I had *not*, until to-day; and to-day, mother, spoiled all. The whole time of church I was looking at Ellie Seymour's new dress, — such a lovely blue and tan plaid! — and wishing you would get me one like it; and, after church, I managed to walk nearly all the way home with her, just to ask her where she had got it from. I knew it was not keeping the sabbath holy to talk about such things: but still I kept on, and that made me feel wrong; and, when I came home, I was cross to Georgie; and so it goes!"

Annie had spoken hurriedly, half ashamed and half impatient, and mother looked both pleased and pained. She took hold of the little hand that fidgeted on her lap, and said, gently, —

"I am glad my little girl is *trying* to ponder these things in her heart, that she may walk in the law of the Lord; and sorry that she allowed her *vanity* — was it, Annie? — to lead her astray to-day. But she knows where to seek forgiveness and assistance; and next week she must watch and pray still more."

"Yes, mother," said Annie, humbly; "but still I am afraid I never shall learn to be good *all day* Sunday. Did *you*, mother, when you were a little girl like me?"

"Not always, daughter," was mother's grave reply. "I had a great many attempts and failures, like you. It was very hard to keep in a proper spirit all day, — 'be good,' as you call it; and after Sunday school and church were over, and I had read my library-book, the long afternoon, which passes so pleasantly to you now, as you say, with your catechism, was very tedious to me, after I began to feel that it was wrong to talk and think of week-day matters. And once I broke the sabbath so openly, so



flagrantly, and suffered so much from it, that it made me very careful ever after for myself, and even now for my children."

"Tell me about it, mother!" asked Annie, eagerly.

"I was never a strong, lively child, like you, Annie; and, when I was near your age, my mother grew really alarmed about me, I was so thin, and had so little activity; and she was afraid I would grow up delicate and nervous, or be grave and unchildlike; for I had no sisters as companions. So she and my father arranged that I should make a visit of several months to an aunt, who lived by the sea-shore, so that the sea-breeze and the companionship of my cousins might combine to make me strong and cheerful. I was very fond of my uncle and aunt, but knew very little of my cousins: still I anticipated a very pleasant time; and after the parting from home was over, and the tedious journey, and the first strange feeling, I did feel very happy, and the time passed most pleasantly away. It was such a new delight to me to have companions of my own age! and I did not know whether I loved best Ada or Sophy or Helen. Clem was a merry, spirited boy, and Jamie and little Theo very nice children; and there were crowds of little negroes on the plantation. We had charming times in our rambles about the beach in search of shells and sea-grapes; and through the pine-woods, gathering burrs to make little baskets; or stringing holly-berries into mock coral necklaces for Baby Nellie's dainty white neck, or for the nut-brown arms and throats of Dido and Comfort, our little negro attendants. Then there were carriage-parties and horseback excursions, and, in summer, surf-bathing; for aunt excused us almost altogether from lessons while I was there, in her anxiety that I should return home quite well, and with plenty of strength and spirits. I thought plantation-life vastly pre-

ferable to our quiet town customs, and soon grew almost as wild and spirited as my cousins. The days flew by charmingly; and Sunday made little difference in our occupations. It was very strange, at first, to see uncle and aunt go to church, and leave the children at home, except one or two; and, for the first two or three weeks, they always took me and one of my cousins in turn. The church was five miles distant, and the carriage would only hold four; and besides, there was almost always some grown-up guest staying at the plantation, who, of course, would be preferred to us. I wondered that my cousins never seemed to care, and rather preferred staying at home; but one Sunday, when there were several guests, and I, too, was obliged to remain behind, I discovered the reason of their content. They had the whole house to themselves, and could play and romp to their full satisfaction, without the restraint of older persons being near; and they had been so accustomed to spending the sabbath at home, under the care of old Aunt Pleasance, the house-keeper, that they had grown to look forward to it as the freest and gayest day of the week. It was before I had any very serious feelings on the subject, but it was very different from the quiet sabbaths we had at home; and I knew it was wrong, though I supposed uncle and aunt could not well help it. For a long time I resisted their entreaties to join them in their wild play, their running and romping through the house, with a dozen little black children after them, and their loud laughing and talking. I took a Sunday-school book from the library, and went up to my own room to read; but they discovered my retreat, and laughed at me so unmercifully, and begged me so heartily to join them, and all so merrily and good-humoredly, that I yielded to their persuasions, and went with them down to the beach to search for some beautiful shells which

Clem said the tide had floated up that morning. So the day wore away. The presence of company prevented aunt from hearing us recite the verses and hymn she generally required of us on Sunday afternoon; and, though my conscience reproached me a good deal that night, the next day's busy pleasure lulled it to sleep, and next Sunday I was very well content to remain away from church again: for Clem had promised to give us a row, in his canoe, upon the little creek that made up from the sea quite to the railing of the lawn.

"So it happened that almost every Sunday was passed in some such way. Aunt was quite satisfied that Aunt Pleasance would take good care of us; and, as no accident ever happened, she made no inquiries into our morning pursuits. Meanwhile, I grew quite careless of my old sabbath duties, and thought it was quite harmless to amuse ourselves in any innocent way, such as walking or playing, forgetting that *amusement* was not the purpose of the day. I made a point of studying my hymn and verses well and cheerfully, and thought that sufficient, and that I was much better than my cousins, who often murmured at what they called those dull afternoons.

"So the period of my visit slipped away. My father had come for me. Every one was delighted with the change that had taken place in me, and congratulated me upon my roses and my high spirits. But, happy as my mother was to have me back with her, so well and bright, I still noticed very often her eyes fixed upon me with an anxious, pained glance, which I was at a loss to understand. I should have been very much shocked if I could have read her meaning, and known that she almost regretted the exchange I had made of my thoughtfulness and reverence for bloom and smiles. She could not but notice my impatience of sabbath restraints, my weariness

in church, and my fretfulness during the afternoon readings, and it made her very sad to mark the change; but she never spoke to me directly on the subject, and it went on in the same way until one Sunday. It was the day before my mother's birthday that the great trouble came. I had been very busy all the week before, in every leisure moment, crotcheting a pair of dressing-slippers as my gift to her: but, as it was a great secret, I had only to take them up by fits and starts, to avoid her notice; and, despite my assiduous industry, twelve o'clock on Saturday night found them still unfinished. I had sat up toiling patiently thus late; and now it was *Sunday*; and, moreover, I was perfectly unable to remain awake any longer. Monday was my mother's birthday; and I could not bear to be disappointed in my long-cherished plan of having the slippers at her bedside that morning. I fell asleep, exhausted with my long labor, and with my vain projects for fulfilling my wish; and next day, as I was dressing, I formed the wicked resolve to stay away from church, and finish the slippers. My ideas of sabbath duties had been so completely subverted by my visit to my cousins, that I had very few compunctions, and accordingly pleaded a headache, and remained at home. As soon as the house was clear, I hurried to my room and sat down to work, stifling my conscience by thoughts of my mother's pleasure in my pretty and useful gift; and so I sat bending over my work for long hours, and never looked up, until suddenly an exclamation of astonishment and horror sounded near me, and, looking up, I saw my mother!

"O Annie! may there never be such a scene between you and me, daughter! I cannot repeat all my mother said,—her stern reproof, her shocked exclamations, her self-reproaches, at not having been still more watchful with me. I was sullen and rebellious at first, and was many



days in disgrace. My mother positively refused ever to wear the slippers; the very sight of them distressed her, she said; and, in my passion, I threw them out into the street. It was a sad week for all, for I would not acknowledge my fault: but mother was very kind; and at last I grew penitent, and was forgiven, by my *heavenly* as well as my earthly parents, I trust. Since then, I have been very careful and very *prayerful* with regard to the sabbath, until it has become to me, as it should be, a day of sweet rest and peace, though earthly thoughts will still sometimes obtrude upon its sacredness.

"So you must not be discouraged, Annie. Watch and pray, my child, faithfully and perseveringly; and we shall yet say, 'This is the day the Lord hath made: let us rejoice and be glad in it.'"

SISTER KATE.

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### CARELESS ANNIE.

(Concluded from p. 173.)

WANT of truth and openness formed no part of Annie's character. She had never in her life felt an impulse to conceal any thing; but when the wicked boys had gone, and she was on her return home, she did wish it were possible to hide from her mother all knowledge of the torn shawl. But a crimson flush passed over her countenance as she said to herself, "No: whatever other faults I may have, I will not be untrue."

Annie's mother was in her sitting-room, alone; and Annie told the story just as it had occurred, without seeking to excuse herself, or even saying, "I couldn't help it." She watched her mother's countenance as she proceeded,

and was surprised to see the look of sorrow and displeasure, which it wore when she first showed the shawl, gradually change into interest and pleasure.

"Now, mamma, what shall you say to me? I don't believe you can say any thing to make me more sorry: for it is now almost the 1st of November; and I should have had the money for the ragged-school, I am quite sure, if it had not been for to-day."

"I can mend the shawl very neatly, Annie; and, if you are careful to wear the other corner on the outside, the rent will seldom be noticed. I am strongly inclined to praise you, and not to give you a word of blame. I am very glad you were humane enough to save that poor little dog from falling into the hands of his tormentors. I am quite sure, that if, in accordance with your newly formed habits, you had said, 'I can't touch this dirty little creature, for I shall soil my new shawl,' I should have been seriously displeased with you. Perhaps, if you had always been a careful child, you would have preserved your shawl in this instance. You would have thought of it, and folded it closely to you, as you passed through the gateway; so that a habit of carefulness, if acquired long ago, would have enabled you to have preserved the beauty of your new shawl. I cannot blame you now; but it would have happened otherwise if you had always been careful. Do you understand me, Annie?"

"Yes, mamma; I understand it perfectly. But now about my dress, and the ragged-school money."

"We must make a compromise, Annie. I will get your school-dress, buying a yard more than you need, just as usual; and if, at Thanksgiving, I have no further occasion to complain of you, I will buy the exact quantity for a nice dress, and give you the price of the extra material."

"Thank you, mamma! I was afraid you would not think I deserved any thing. But I am sorry that I must wait a whole month more for the money. Perhaps it will do me good in the end, however, by making me more careful."

When the 1st of November came, Annie had improved so much, that her teacher wrote a note to Mrs. Mackay to say how much she was pleased with Annie's correction of her fault. She had gained, and maintained for a fortnight, the head of all her classes; and Miss Waldron thought that she might be promoted by the New Year, if she continued her new habits of attention. Annie did not know what the note contained; and she looked in Miss Waldron's face to judge of its contents from her expression: but, seeing a very pleasant smile, she felt encouraged, and ran home with great haste to give the note to her mother. "May I see it, mamma?" she asked, when Mrs. Mackay had finished reading. Mrs. Mackay gave her leave; and then, taking from the table near which she was sitting a scrap of paper, she wrote on it the word "incorrigible." When Annie looked up, Mrs. Mackay showed her the paper, and said, "Which do you like best, — Miss Waldron's note to-day, or her word six weeks ago?"

"Oh, the note, mother! I am so glad she wrote it, and so glad you let me see it! I did not know she thought of promoting me. Now I shall work harder than ever. The class above mine is Maggie Loring's; and it will be so pleasant to be with her! and then perhaps Miss Waldron will let us study together. She does let the girls, once in a while."

But, though Annie was learning to be careful in outward things, she found it very difficult to remember to be careful in regard to the duties which were followed by none

of the immediate consequences of carelessness. She often forgot her prayer in the morning; and then she could not but acknowledge at night that she had been guilty of other omissions, — so small, perhaps, as to escape the eyes of her watchful friends, but large enough for conscience to treasure up, and bring to her remembrance, as she recalled the events of the day. Often, too, she forgot what her friends desired her to do. Sometimes an errand for her mother, sometimes a little kindness for her sister or her schoolmates, were forgotten; and, when she remembered them too late to perform them, she sighed bitterly over the habit that had gained such mastery in her soul.

The much-desired Thanksgiving Day at length came, and Mrs. Mackay gave Annie the reward she had fairly earned. Annie was almost wild with delight. She set off for church with a real thanksgiving in her heart. All the family — a numerous one, of aunts, uncles, and cousins — were to dine that day at Grandfather Mackay's; and, after church, the children went to his house.

Annie had a cousin, Willie Aiken, who was full of wild sports and pranks, and who was glad sometimes to meet Annie, and to induce her to enter into some of his noisy fun. On this day she was more than ever ready for fun, because she had the consciousness of having done right. Willie sat next her at the well-filled table, and, as he passed her plate to her, made a mock-heroic bow, and wave of his hand. The whole contents of the plate were, by this movement, thrown into Annie's lap. Willie was very much frightened. The older members of the family were busily engaged in talking, and no one appeared to notice the two children.

"Don't tell, Annie, don't tell!" Willie whispered: "my mother would punish me so, if she knew it! and your



mother will not think it is strange, because she is always telling you how careless you are."

"Annie's lip quivered; a great part of the happiness of her Thanksgiving Day was destroyed by this unlucky caper: but she was a generous child; and, as she rose to go from the table, she gave the desired promise.

She came back again before any of the older people missed her, and tried to be as merry as she was before, but in vain. Her spoiled dress occupied all her thoughts. After dinner, she went to an old domestic, who had promised to try to take out the grease-spots. This was soon done; but a large dark stain, the mark of cranberry jelly, remained, and would not come out.

"Thank you, Sarah! Don't trouble yourself about it any more. I am very sorry, because I was trying very hard to keep this dress nice, and mother thought I was learning to be careful." Sarah made one more effort; but the stain seemed fixed, and she told Annie to go and have a good play with her cousins.

Fortunately for Annie, her sister Sue, sitting on the other side of Willie Aiken at table, had seen the accident, and heard the conversation; but her mother was so engaged in talking during the afternoon and evening, that she could not speak to her. When the party broke up, Mrs. Mackay's sister wished Sue to spend the night at her house. Permission was readily granted; and, in the little bustle which attended her departure, Sue forgot to tell her mother about Annie's stained dress.

Annie could not sleep that night till she had shown it to her mother. Mrs. Mackay looked very much grieved; and Annie was pained to think that she had fallen in her mother's estimation by apparently ceasing to be careful, after the hope of reward was over. She cried a great deal, and said she was very sorry; and her mother an-

swered, "You are too tired and too excited to talk to-night: to-morrow I will hear about it."

The next morning, a long conversation took place between mother and daughter. Annie found it very hard to tell the truth, and yet to keep her promise to Willie; and once or twice she was obliged to ask her mother to refrain from questioning her any farther. "I think I must take your money, Annie, and keep it till the New Year. Do you think a girl who has done so careless a thing deserves the reward, even if it was given her for her previous carefulness?"

Annie wept bitterly. She had not thought that her mother might take away the money. She rose, after a few minutes, and went up stairs to get it, in order to return it. When she came down, she found that Sue had returned, and was talking with her mother.

The moment Sue saw Annie's tearful and swollen face, she ceased talking of her aunt, and asked, "What's the matter, Annie? Are you crying about your dress, which was spoiled yesterday?" And then turning to her mother, as Annie nodded her reply, she said, "You must not blame Annie, mother. It was not her fault. Willie Aiken was playing; and, as he gave Annie her plate, he contrived to turn its contents into her lap. He was frightened when he saw what he had done, and made Annie promise not to tell that he had any thing to do with it."

Annie burst into a fresh flood of tears; but this time they were tears of relief that her character was cleared in her mother's eyes. Mrs. Mackay took her in her lap, kissed her over and over again, and, when she was calm, said, "I think a little misunderstanding, Annie, does no harm, if it is the means of showing me that you have a truly unselfish nature, and have been generous where it

was very hard to be so. I will not say a word about the dress; and, indeed, I think I shall like to look at the stain, because it will remind me that I have a little daughter who will submit to punishment, and to being misjudged, rather than break a promise or betray a companion."

Annie met with no farther misfortunes which prevented her from enjoying the pleasure of giving away what she had so perseveringly earned. She was already reaping the benefits of greater carefulness, in greater happiness at home and at school, and in the consciousness of improvement, and she was sowing the seeds of future usefulness. She learned, too, that it is never wise to make a promise like that to Willie; and, whenever afterward she was tempted to do so, she remembered her unhappy experience, and resisted the temptation.

EDITOR.

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### THE GOATSUCKER.

THE Latin name for goatsuckers, the bird sometimes called the night-hawk, is *Caprimulgus*; and they are among the *Passeres* what the owls are among the birds of prey. These birds are very closely related to the whippoorwill: indeed, I regard them as belonging to the same family. They fly at night or twilight: they have soft, loose, thick plumage, which does not make any noise when the birds are on the wing; and they have large round eyes, and long wings. Their beak opens to such a width that they can take the largest insects into it, fixing them there with their glutinous saliva; and, when the air enters, it makes a humming noise, like that of a large-sized spinning-wheel. Their nostrils are like tubes; their great toe turns very

much forward, and the nail of the middle toe is notched like a saw. This is said to be a provision by which they are better able to seize their prey; but some persons declare it is to comb the bristles, which grow like moustaches on each side of their beak.

Goatsuckers are found in all parts of the world except Asia. One of the species from Africa has a very long feather springing from each wing, which is bearded only at the top. An American species is of a very large size, and utters loud cries. Some of the Indians are very superstitious about them, and, believing that the souls of their dead inhabit their bodies, never take away their lives. They say, that, if one cries at a white man's door, it is a sign of sorrow, but at the Indian's door it is an omen that some dreadful misfortune will occur; and they await the fulfilment of the presage with the greatest anxiety. Their cries are said to be, "Whip poor Will!" and therefore they are called by this name; and in Demarara one is supposed to be always saying, "Work away! Work, work! Willy, come, go! Willy, Willy, Willy!" The name of goatsucker is applied because these birds pick off the insects on the backs of cattle, as they lie reposing on the ground.

In Van Diemen's Land is a funny little species, which lives in the hollow parts of the gum-tree; and, when the tree is knocked, it peeps its head out of the hole to see what is the matter. It does not make any nest, but lays from four to five white, roundish eggs in the hole. When it is attacked, it makes a hissing noise like an owl, and turns its head in every direction, as that bird does.

The species known in England only stops from May to August: its colors are black, brown, white, gray, and that of rusty-iron, arranged in bars, streaks, and spots.

*Selected.*







J. Sarian.

THE LAND STORM.

G. Poussin.

## THE LAND STORM.

SEE ENGRAVING.

MANY such a storm as is represented in our engraving have we seen from a beautiful spot which was for several years our summer retreat. The highest elevation of land near was only a few steps from the house, on the other side of the road, which ran directly over the top of the hill; and, when a storm was rising, it was our great delight to stand on this hill, and watch the clouds as they gathered and rolled up from all parts of the horizon. To the north and west, distant mountains bounded the prospect with a rich and beautiful interval of valley and cultivated plains; and, at the west, a little river added its silvery thread to the beauty of the scene. At the north-east was a group of nearer hills; and, nestled at their base, was the village. White, fleecy clouds would gather at first in the west, gradually growing darker on their lower edges, and rolling up over Wachusett. Then they would spread towards the north and east, growing darker and more magnificent every minute. Then the rain would begin to fall upon some of the far-away valleys; and the lightning would dart in its zigzag course from cloud to cloud, or would light up the whole heavens as with a sheet of fire. Every thing on our hill-top—trees, grass, and living creatures—seemed to pause in utter silence; while, below, the giant elms tossed their branches, and bowed in the mighty storm-wind which rushed past them. Then how gloriously the thunder reverberated from the hills! peal after peal re-echoed and sent back, till even the White Mountains, two hundred miles distant, seemed to catch the last faint vibration, and send it back to us. How continu-

ous was that grand harmony ! for scarcely was the echo silent when another burst came from the heavens above, and set in motion again the listening air. At last it drew nearer us. The black clouds seemed to settle upon the village spire, and we could see the rain falling there in torrents ; while the wind came striding up the hillside, tossing the crest of the splendid elm which shaded our house, and twisting the gnarled branches of the trees in the old orchard as if they had been only reeds. Then the first drops began to fall, and we sought shelter in the house. From the western windows, we saw the clouds lift themselves from the west, and the yellow sunlight gild the crown of old Wachusett, and creep towards us, till the river danced in the rays. And these beautiful effects were heightened by the near falling of the rain, which softened like a mist the brightness of the distant prospect. Often have the glorious songs of David come in those moments to our minds, and we have said, with him, "The Lord reigneth ; he is clothed with majesty : the Lord is clothed with strength, wherewith he hath girded himself. The world also is established, that it cannot be moved.

"Thy throne is established of old ; thou art from everlasting.

"The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice ; the floods lift up their waves.

"The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters ; yea, than the mighty waves of the sea."

EDITOR.

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## THE HYDRA.

ONE of the most interesting creatures which live in the water is a little worm called the *hydra*. The substance



of which it is composed is a sort of jelly. It is of the shape of a tube-worm, but so small that you might almost mistake it for a stalk of hay. Naturalists place it in the order of zoöphytes; that is, living creatures whose organs are placed around their mouths like the rays of a daisy, and so are sometimes called *radiated* animals. The hydra belongs to that division of zoöphytes called *polyps*; that is, creatures which have a fringe of arms around the mouth. The hydra is higher in the scale of life than the sponge, because it has *tentacula*, or arms, which the sponge has not.

Hydras are very quick to know when they are touched, and try directly to hide themselves. But they never feel what we call pain. You may cut one into four or five pieces, and it hurts it no more than cutting our hair into four or five parts. This is because God has seen fit to make the jelly-tube of a hydra without any nerve of feeling in it. But its Creator has given the little creature a sense of light, as well as some will of its own. The hydra is a fresh-water gentleman, and it is not unlikely that he may be a near neighbor of yours; for he lives in weedy ponds, and in the slow-moving water of ditches. About May, the hydra is found abundantly in the ditches. You and I may have often passed by without observing him; for he looks like a delicate thin hair or tube, about the length of one of your finger-nails; and, if at all frightened, he curls himself up into a small circle.

These hydras were first observed about one hundred years ago by a Mr. Trembley, of Geneva, in Switzerland. This gentleman was fond of looking at plants; and one day, when he was closely examining some water-plants which he had placed in a basin, his attention was caught by something that resembled small strings of the stalk sticking to the leaves. He watched these strings or fila-

ments to see what they could be ; and very soon he found they moved, and snapped up insects, and even worms. He saw these little strings did not like to be in the dark ; for they crept round to that side of the basin where the most light fell. Do you think Mr. Trembley threw his basin of plants away ? No, indeed ! he was deeply interested : he felt sure that he was looking at some little creatures no man had before observed. For several years he kept them on the leaves of water-plants, and fed them with insects and small water-worms. He often examined them with his microscope, and then found that the hydra has neither head nor feet ; that it has no shell over it, no skin, no bones, no muscles ; but that it is altogether one soft, transparent tube of jelly flesh, open at both ends, having only a few spots or grains in its flesh, which spots, some think, are made of lime.

One end of the hydra's tube is narrower than the other. This narrow end some call the tail, some the foot, because, when the hydra curves up the edges of this end of its tube, it forms a sort of cup or sucker ; and, by this sucker, it sticks tight to the stems and leaves of plants. The widest end of the tube is called the mouth ; and this mouth has a crown all round it of ten or more *tentacula*, or tendrils, as fine as the most delicate baby's hair. These fine arms are hollow ; and the hydra can either push out these tendrils, or bury them in its hollow body, just as a snail draws in its horns. When the hydra wishes to send forth its arms, it fills them with a little fluid, which it forces into them from the inside of its tube ; and, when it wants to draw in its arms, it empties them, and then they shrink down close to the mouth.

Mr. Trembley found the hydra a very voracious creature. It was always casting its arms about like fishing-lines, and prowling over leaves in search of insects, small

worms, and shell-fish. If an insect did but touch one arm, the hydra felt it in a moment, and, quick as thought, twirled two or three more of its arms round the struggling captive, pouncing upon it like a spider on a fly. As soon as its prey was safe, it bent its arms round, and twisted the worm or insect into its mouth; then, opening wide its tube, it would often swallow a portion of food that looked bigger than itself. Mr. Trembley once saw two hydras throw their long arms over the same worm. They pulled and tugged to get it away from each other, till at last the largest and strongest conquered, and drew both the captive worm and the smaller hydra into its mouth. "Poor little hydra! now you are dead," thought Mr. Trembley; but this was a mistake. To his astonishment, he beheld the little hydra very happily landed in the inside of the bigger one's tube; and there it lay, sucking away at the same worm which the juices in the large hydra's tube were dissolving; and, when the worm was all eaten up, the big hydra cast the little one, uninjured, out of his mouth. Another time, Mr. Trembley was desirous of knowing what the inside of the hydra's tube was like; so he turned the hydra's tube inside out, like the finger of a glove. Do you think this killed the living hydra? Not it; it mattered not to the little creature which was the inside or which was the outside of its body; and the turned hydra went on eating as if nothing had happened. When the hydra has eaten all it wants, it usually looks like a quiet round ball, having its arms drawn short in round its mouth.

When the hydra wishes to walk upon a leaf, it fixes the sucker end of its tube tightly down, and then stretches out its body till the mouth end leans on the leaf. Then, loosening the sucker, it gently draws the sucker-foot close up to the mouth, and, again fastening it down, throws its mouth

forward. Thus it travels on. But, before its mouth is thrown forward, the hydra always seems to stop, as if thinking what to do next. So it takes this gentleman a long summer's day to travel seven or eight inches. But, if the hydra is in a great hurry, it makes somerset after somerset, like a boy, and so rolls itself onward.

In the water, the hydra glides along most pleasantly. It begins by raising the foot end of the tube out of the water to dry its flat edges; then, gently pulling the dry foot just under the water, the water shrinks away from the edge of the dry foot, and, rising a little way up round the tube, a sort of cup or hollow is left between the water and the end of the dry sucker. This little hollow keeps the hydra from sinking; and, till its foot becomes wet, it hangs in the water at its ease, gliding across the pond or ditch; and, all the way as it swims, it casts its fishing-lines about for food. That is something like the way in which we trail for blue-fish and pickerel.

Since the jelly flesh of the hydra has no nerve in it to occasion pain, the hydra is very tenacious of life. Indeed, it seems almost impossible to kill this little creature. Mr. Trembley, one day, cut a hydra into two pieces: not one of the pieces shrunk or curled itself up. But the mouth end began to fish; and presently he saw a new foot beginning to grow at the cut end; and, to his surprise, the foot-piece, which he had cut off, had in four or five days a new mouth, and fresh tentacula, or arms, thrown out. Even a single arm, when it was cut off, soon made a perfect hydra. At one end a mouth sprouted out, and at the other end a foot appeared. From this circumstance, we find that the powers of life are the same in all parts of the hydra's body, just as we find that in the cuttings of a geranium there is perfect life in each little piece of a cut-off branch; for one end throws out a root, while



branches come forth at the other end of the stalk. It has been observed, too, that hydras which grow out of cut-off pieces are always larger than those which are born of a parent. When they are born, they seem to grow on the sides of the parent like buds on a tree. These little jelly buds keep growing till they become a tube, having a mouth end crowned with arms, and a foot end with a sucker. When these are complete, the little hydra falls off the parent, and walks or swims away. — *Youth's Cabinet*.

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### THE IBIS.

AMONG the birds of Egypt, there are few more beautiful than the ibis, which you know the ancient Egyptians used to worship. Bayard Taylor, who writes the most pleasantly and racily of all Egyptian travellers that I have ever read, gives the following description of birds in general, and the ibis in particular: "A most beautiful feature in the Nile voyage is the sight of birds, as tame as if domesticated, perching on your boats, on the house-tops, on the palms, on the backs of oxen and of camels, chirping, warbling, skipping everywhere, as free and joyous as if they never knew an enemy. Nor have they an enemy in the native population; for the Egyptians do not molest birds: only travellers affright them with the sportsman's gun. This may be because the Egyptians are an unarmed people; but, to whomsoever the credit belongs, let Egyptians have the praise of the land where birds are safe and free. Most sweetly do they carol, at sunrise and at sunset, in the acacia groves and in the palms. Some of

unknown names are of beautiful plumage and delicate form; but the bird for which the traveller looks, from the moment he enters Egypt, is the pure and sacred ibis. We had several times seen, at a distance, a bird that we conjectured must be this; but to-day we had a nearer view, that, by comparison with the sculptured form, quite satisfied us of its identity. It was a most delicate creature, about a foot long from the beak to the tip of the tail, with long, slender legs, and a neck that curved gracefully, and terminated in a long, crooked beak. It was of stainless white, and, when it flew, seemed rather to swim with gentlest motion on a buoyant sea. The selection of such a bird as sacred, and the association of it with their religious sculptures, show a nice sense of beauty in the old Egyptians. There swims not in the air a bird of such delicacy of form and purity of color." — *Selected.*

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"I'LL BE REVENGED ON HIM."

"COME along, Charlie Barrow: I can't wait for you, if you stop talking there. No more last words, I say." This speech was made, in an imperious, impatient tone, by Master James Graham, a boy of some thirteen or fourteen years, attired in the most elegant costume, and twirling in his hands a miniature cane. The companion whom he addressed was perhaps a year younger than himself, plainly and neatly dressed, who was talking to a boy of about his own age, whose patched and faded garments bore evidence of struggles with pinching poverty. Charlie seemed to pay no attention to the impatience of his play-

fellow, but finished his conversation; and then, bidding the poor lad a kind and friendly farewell, he rejoined James, who was tapping his shining patent-leather boots with the end of his cane, for want of a better employment.

"Why do you stand talking to that ragged fellow, Charlie?" he cried. "I should think you would have too much spirit to be seen speaking to him."

"And I should think, James, that you would have too much good sense, not to speak of any thing better, to make such a remark as that."

"Good sense? I don't see that sense has any thing to do with the matter; and, if it has, I rather think it is on my side. He is in a different rank of society from you and me; and I don't see why we should notice him."

"I did not speak to him to gratify him then; though I should do so, if I had no other reason. I wished to inquire for his mother and sister."

"Mother and sister! Worse and worse! Why, how happened it that you knew he had any? And how came you to know him at all?"

"Before you came to live in the neighborhood, James, John Lee was my only playmate; and I am glad to play with him now, whenever he can be spared for a little amusement. He used to go to our school; and though he dressed plainly, and it was evident that wealth did not belong to his family, there was not a boy better loved or more respected. I sat next him for a long time; and I noticed that his clothes, when they grew old, were not replaced, as heretofore, with plain though good articles, but they were carefully patched and darned. One morning, when he came to school, he looked very sad; but, as we were required to attend to our lessons, I did not find out the cause. After school, he went to the master's desk and told him that he could no longer attend school, be-

cause his services were needed at home. The master was very kind, and inquired if he could not be spared for a part of the day ; but John said that he had obtained employment as a doctor's boy, and that he was needed at all hours of the day. I was sorry enough for him, poor fellow ; but we agreed to see each other as much as possible in the evening. I go very often to his house. His father has been dead many years. The fortune which he left was quite small, but enough to support the widow and her two children comfortably, though with strict economy. It was John's darling wish to go to college, and be educated for an engineer ; and the energies of the whole family were exerted to gratify this desire. But the failure of a company in which half of Mrs. Lee's property was invested put an end to all these bright plans ; and John was obliged to seek an employment which might support himself, and add something, however little, to the scanty resources of the family.

"No one could know Mrs. Lee without feeling an involuntary respect for her. She never complains, and is all the time busy with her needle, except the necessary time spent in nursing her daughter, who is an invalid. John loves his sister dearly. She is sixteen, — three years older than himself ; and it is his delight to do any thing for her in his power."

"All that may be true, Charlie, and John Lee may be a very good boy ; but, still, I don't see why we should associate with him."

"I have known John Lee three years, and have never discovered any thing bad in him. He has his faults, of course ; but he is a far better boy than I am."

"Very probably ; but there is such a want of refinement and good breeding in that class of people !"

"Wrong again, James. Your mother is an elegant



woman; her manners are polished and lady-like, but no more so than Mrs. Lee's. If Mrs. Lee, by a sudden turn of fortune, were to become mistress of such an establishment as your father's, she would be equally capable of the etiquettes and refinements which you consider so necessary."

"Upon my word, Charlie, you grow quite eloquent. Why don't you go and play with those fellows?" — pointing to a group of quarrelsome, dirty lads, who were kicking football.

"Simply because I do not believe our tastes and pursuits would agree. They would not be happy in my company, and I should not enjoy theirs. John Lee and I have many pursuits and thoughts in common; and so we have chosen each other for friends. Come, James, shake off this nonsense, and let me introduce John to you. He's a capital fellow, though a little shy at first."

"No, no, Master Charles! It is bad enough to go with you, if you will persist in associating with him, without becoming acquainted with him myself."

Charlie's spirit was a little roused at this; but he knew that he could not convince James, if he became angry; so he quietly let the subject drop, hoping that circumstances might prove to James the folly and worldliness of his opinions, if they were worthy the name of opinions.

John had lingered a moment to look after Charles, and heard James call him a ragged fellow. He did not stop to hear Charlie's defence, but hurried off, his cheek glowing and his eye kindling with indignation. His first impulse was to tell his mother how insulted he had been. "But no," he thought: "it is hard enough for her to be poor, without hearing any thing foolish boys may say to me. I'll be revenged on him myself, though; see if I won't!" When John entered his home, he found his sister unusual-

ly languid. "Can I do any thing for you, Mary?" he asked.

"If you will read to me, John, I shall like it very much. Mother has been so busy finishing the sewing which must be done to-night, that I could not ask her."

John took the Testament, and read. At length he came to the passage, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head."

"I believe that verse was made for me," thought John. "I wonder if I could not get my revenge in that way? Perhaps I might."

Three weeks after, John Lee was startled from his sound slumber, in his little attic over the doctor's office, by the violent ringing of the office-bell. Hastily throwing on his clothes, he ran down to the door. The rain was pouring in torrents, and the wind blowing violently. The moment he opened the door, James Graham sprang in; but, seeing only John, he asked in a hurried manner for the doctor.

"He has gone to his cousin's to spend the night," replied John, "and will be at home at eight o'clock to-morrow morning."

"Oh, my mother! my mother! What can be done?" cried James. "I have been to the other doctor, and he is sick; and my mother will die if she cannot get relief."

"The doctor would come, Master Graham, I am sure, if you would send for him."

"But we have no one to send. My father is absent on business; and our servant has only been with us a day or two, and does not know the way. I would go myself, if I knew it. Oh, dear! Something must be done quickly."

John considered a moment, and then resolved that it would be right for him to leave his post and go for his mas-

ter. "Master Graham," he said, "if you will run home and tell your servant to get your chaise ready, I will go over for Dr. Ayres. He often trusts me to drive his horse; and you need not fear any accident. I will come to your house as soon as I can."

In quarter of an hour, John sprang into the chaise at Mr. Graham's door, and drove rapidly away. It was a lonely ride under any circumstances, but in the dead and darkness of night it seemed doubly so. The muttering of distant thunder, too, was soon heard, and the cloud approached nearer and nearer. Now a flash of lightning startled him, lighting every object for a moment with a strong glare, which only made more terrible the succeeding gloom. John had a courageous disposition, and his mother had strengthened it, frequently saying to him, "There is nothing to dread, my son, but sin."

Nevertheless, he could not help an indefinable sensation, half fear, half loneliness, at finding himself, with the exception of his horse, the only animated thing amid the wild contest of the elements. The brave animal seemed to feel that something was at stake. Although at every flash of lightning he plunged violently, and held his head as closely to the ground as possible, as if to shut out the flaming heavens, still he kept boldly on. The twenty minutes of John's drive seemed to him an hour. Fortunately, the doctor had not retired. He had been engaged in a long conversation with his host, which had detained him, without thought of the hour, until after midnight; and then the fearful grandeur of the storm prevented his retiring.

"You, John, at this time, and in such a storm?" he exclaimed, as he answered the boy's hurried summons.

"Yes, sir. Mrs. Graham is very ill, and her husband away; and neither Master James nor the servant knew

the way here. I offered to come and get you. I hope I did not do wrong to leave the office, sir."

"No, no; quite right! Wait a moment, and I will be ready."

Dr. Ayres went into the house to take leave of his host; and in a moment more the wheels rolled swiftly down the avenue on the homeward way. The thunder and lightning had almost ceased, though the rain still fell in torrents. Dr. Ayres insisted upon driving, and bade John go to sleep, if he could, in a corner of the chaise. Under the doctor's more powerful hand, the ride home occupied only about fifteen minutes. He sprang out of the chaise at the door, and hastily entered the house. John, half asleep, now that the necessity for action was over, wet and tired, slowly followed. He had reached the garden-gate, when he felt himself seized by the arm; and, turning round, he saw James Graham.

"You must not go home till you have dried your clothes," he said. "There is a great fire in our dining-room. Come in, and sit down and rest."

In vain John tried to excuse himself. James pulled him back, and, dragging him into the comfortable dining-room, where the fire did look cheerful certainly, he placed him in an arm-chair directly in front of it, and gave him a cup of the hot coffee which the housekeeper had made for the doctor in the midst of all her hurry and distress. In a few moments, the doctor entered the room.

"I'm glad to see you here, John," he said; "for I need some medicine, and I think you can find it for me." He gave him the directions; and away went John, as if there had been wings to his feet. The doctor thought he had better remain at Mr. Graham's half an hour longer, as his services might be required again. James, during this time, was constantly running between the door of his mother's room and the dining-room. Now he listened to



her faint moans of pain ; and then, unable to bear to hear her distress any longer, he rushed back to the dining-room. At length the doctor came down stairs again ; and, in answer to the boy's eager inquiries, he informed him that his mother was now out of danger, but that she required great quiet, and that the best thing he could do would be to go immediately to bed. "As for you, John," he added, "you may go home, and sleep as hard as you can, to make up for lost time."

"Wait a minute, John," cried James, as the doctor left the room, and John prepared to follow. "I called you hard names the other day, and I am very sorry for it. I should like to know you better ; for I am sure you are a boy of the right spirit. I can never forget" — here James's voice became choked — "what you have done for us to-night ; and, if my father can ever befriend you when you go out into the world, I will answer for it that he shall do it. But don't think that I imagine any thing would repay your kindness ; only I should like to show, better than by words, how much we feel it."

John went home very happy. He had revenged his injury in the truest way ; and James was more sorry for his thoughtless and heartless words than if John had planned the most subtle scheme of injurious vengeance. Boys, will you try this method of revenge ? You will find it, as did John, by far the most satisfactory and effectual.

EDITOR.

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## WORSHIP OF THE GANGES.

I KNOW of no one among all our foreign missionaries who writes more readable letters home than Dr. Scudder, who has long been laboring among the idolaters of India.

From one of his letters, I learn some interesting facts. It seems that rivers are favorite objects of worship with the Hindoos. One of the most celebrated of these is the river Ganges. It is called the Ganges after the Goddess Gunga. The Hindoos say that the Goddess Gunga — who was produced from the sweat of Vishnu's foot, which Brahma caught and preserved in his alms-dish — came down from heaven, and divided herself into a hundred streams, which are the mouths of the river Ganges. All castes worship her. The sight, the name, or the touch, of the river Ganges, takes away, it is said, all sin. To die on the edge of the river, or to die partly buried in the stream, or to drink its waters while their bodies are besmeared with mud, is supposed to render them very holy. On this account, when it is expected that a person must die, he is hurried down to the river, whether willing or unwilling. Sometimes the wood which the people bring to burn their bodies after death is piled up before their eyes. Oh, how inhuman is this! After it is supposed that they are dead, and they are placed on the pile of wood, if they should revive and attempt to rise, it is thought that they are possessed with the Devil, and they are beaten down with a hatchet or bamboo.

Were you standing on the banks of the Ganges, you might perhaps, in one place, see two or three young men carrying a sick female to the river. If you should ask what they are going to do with her, perhaps they would reply, "We are going to give her some Gunga to purify her soul, that she may go to heaven; for this is our mother." In another place, you might see a father and mother sprinkling a beloved child with muddy water, endeavoring to soothe his dying agonies by saying, "It is blessed to die by Gunga, my son; to die by Gunga is blessed, my son." In another place, you might see a man

descending from a boat, with empty water-pans tied around his neck ; which pans, when filled, will draw down the poor creature to the bottom, to be seen no more. Here is murder in the name of religion. He is a devotee, and has purchased heaven, as he supposes, by this his last deed. In another place, you might see a person seated in the water, accompanied by a priest, who pours down the throat of the dying man mud and water, and cries out, "O Mother Gunga! receive his soul." The dying man may be roused to sensibility by the violence ; he may entreat his priest to desist ; but his entreaties are drowned. He persists in pouring the mud and water down his throat until he is gradually stifled, suffocated, — suffocated in the name of humanity, — suffocated in the name of religion.

It happens sometimes, in cases of sudden and violent attacks of disease, that they cannot be conveyed to the river before death. Under such circumstances, a bone is preserved, and, at a convenient season, is taken down and thrown into the river. This, it is believed, contributes essentially to the salvation of the deceased.

Sometimes strangers are left on the banks to die, without the ceremony of drinking Ganges water. Of these, some have been seen creeping along with the flesh half eaten off their bones by the birds, others with limbs torn by dogs and jackals, and others partly covered with insects.

After a person is taken down to the river, if he should recover, it is looked upon by his friends as a great misfortune. He becomes an outcast. Even his own children will not eat with him, nor offer him the least attention. If they should happen to touch him, they must wash their bodies, to cleanse them from the pollution which has been contracted. About fifty miles north of Calcutta are two villages, inhabited entirely by these poor creatures, who

have become outcasts in consequence of their recovery after having been taken down to the Ganges.

At the mouth of the river Hoogly, which is one of the branches of the Ganges, is the island Sanger. Sanger Island is the place where formerly hundreds of mothers were in the habit of throwing their children to the crocodiles, and where these mothers were wont to weep and cry if the crocodiles did not devour their children before their eyes. Think what a dreadful religion that must be which makes mothers willing to do such things! The British government in India has put a stop to the sacrifice of children at that place: but mothers continue to destroy their children elsewhere; and will continue to destroy them, until Christians send the gospel to them. It is not improbable that many children are annually destroyed in the Ganges. Mothers sacrifice them in consequence of vows which they have made. When the time to sacrifice them has come, they take them down to the river, and encourage them to go out so far that they are taken away by the stream, or they push them off with their own hands. — *Selected.*

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### SICKNESS.

Oh, how the weary hours and days drag on! Perhaps you are suffering severe pain in head, or limbs, or body. Perhaps the pain shoots along the nerves, now here, now there, always changing; or remains in one spot until you think any change, even a worse pain elsewhere, would be a relief. Those nerves, how wonderful they are! — a whole system of telegraphs. Comes an enemy in shape of disease or pain to attack any part of the body, be it ever



so minute or distant, and instantly the nerves telegraph to head-quarters of the trouble, and make the brain sympathetically feel with the suffering member. It is very wonderful and curious, and quite beyond our power of understanding, how these delicate fibres can so affect our thinking organs, and bring to our minds knowledge of what our bodies do and feel and suffer.

But when pain seizes them, and they give us notice of terrible head or tooth ache, of fevered blood and aching limbs and great weakness, then we are inclined to consider them somewhat troublesome monitors, to forget their wise and good uses, to overlook the exquisite pleasure they often give, and dwell only upon the wearisome pain, which we are sometimes disposed to think nothing will ever cure. Perhaps we must lie in bed from weakness, unable to occupy or amuse ourselves in any way; we may hear our companions out enjoying the fresh air and health and liberty, playing their games, going where we so much like to go, and doing things we like to do, while we must bear pain and fever, and strive to make ourselves patient; or, what is harder to a thoughtful person, must see others performing our duties, with the additional care of waiting upon us, — duties we should be so glad to do if we could, — while we can only lie still, and study out again and again, though already so weary of it, the pattern of the room-paper, and imagine how it would look if it went some other way from what it does, or was some other color; or look for the hundredth time at the pictures on the wall, searching for some new point or new idea, or thinking over the old train of thought connected with them. Most probably our appetite quite deserts us, so that not even choice delicacies, such as in days of health we should consider rare treats, can tempt it; and, to our aching heads and weary eyes, even the sunshine becomes painful,

and we gladly shut out the blessed light of day. And so the hours go wearily on, how slowly! If we could only make them move as slowly when we are well and occupied and happy, and they seem to fly so swiftly past us! Or if we could only hasten their pace a little now, and bring the time of relief and health onward!

“Oh pain and benumbing sadness  
That brood in the heavy air!” —

we feel, if we do not say, and perhaps grow quite impatient and discontented with our lot.

Rather a dark picture, is it not? Let us see if there are no sunny spots to be found. Many of you have doubtless had illnesses, and suffered severe pain, or perhaps have been kept by weakness from joining your companions in their games and studies and duties. Did you find it very hard? Were there not some pleasant things about it that made you sometimes almost forget the suffering and disappointments? We will try to find some of these pleasant things, — *compensations* they are, — and to remember them the next time a cold, or headache, or more serious illness, confines us to the house.

And one of the first is, I think, the luxury of *sleep*. True, that luxury does not always come to us, or, coming, does not always refresh us. Pain and fever keep away the gentle messenger of rest, or feverish dreams and restlessness weary and overtask you; but, if you do lose your consciousness in a quiet, easy nap, how wonderfully refreshed and brightened you feel! It seems like waking in a new world, where at first pain and weakness are not. I do not imagine there are many physical sensations sweeter than that of waking from sleep so renovated, except, perhaps, *going* to sleep, and losing thus your sense of suffering and weariness.

Then, when your head and eyes have suffered from the glare of day, have you ever noticed how beautifully, softly, and soothingly the twilight steals on, and night shuts down over your weary world, —

“Like a curtain from God’s own hand it flows,  
To shade the couch where his children repose,” —

like his own tender love, encompassing and blessing us, showing us new beauties and wonders that daylight hides? Is *sickness* any thing like the night, teaching us truths and lessons we should never learn in health, as night discloses her own peculiar jewels and glories, never exposed to the eye of day?

Probably, when you are well, you like fun and frolic and noise; you do not want to be still; dislike quiet above all things: but, if you have been sick, did you never feel very grateful to the kind friends who moved so softly about your room, and hushed all disturbances, and anticipated your wishes? And, if you have had sleepless nights, have you ever listened to the *silence*, and felt how beautiful it was? On a still winter’s night in the country, that intense silence is like music to some weary brains, and it is almost worth a sleepless night to feel its soothing power.

But there are also the kind attentions of friends to cheer you; very often a warm interest expressed for you, of which you were quite unconscious; and an unselfish love evinced for you by father and mother, brothers and sisters, which makes you happy now, and will always make you happy if you treasure it in that wonderful storehouse where you hide many treasures, — your *memory*.

A thoughtful friend brings you a fragrant bouquet: were ever flowers so lovely or odorous? They give you a delight unknown before, and seem to whisper of new

life and health, of freshness and beauty, and all that is fair. You watch and treasure them to the last bud or fading leaf or blossom, with more care than you would if they were not so fragile and fleeting in their loveliness; and many a holy hope and thought do they bring your silent heart. Or a beautiful picture may give you the same thoughtful joy, and cause you to forget all pain and weariness for a time.

The pleasure of getting well, too, — what a delight that is! To grow strong and hungry, to go about, and ride or walk out, — you must experience it to appreciate it. And another thing you must *experience* is the pleasure of overcoming your impatience and discontent, of keeping your cheerfulness even through disappointment and suffering, having a spirit so bright as to make all things bright about you. *Try that!*

And, if you ever intend to be sick again (or if you never yet have *had* that experience), I should recommend you very earnestly to store your mind with pleasant verses of poetry and soothing hymns, the beautiful and cheering thoughts of others. There is great pleasure in learning them; and you will find it a greater one when you can neither read nor talk, and must perhaps pass some solitary hours to amuse and cheer and refresh yourself with repeating poetry and hymns. You can find them suited to all moods of mind and heart, and interest yourself thus often, when without such a means you would find it much harder to bear pain and confinement. Many a sufferer — from not merely a short illness, but life-long invalids — could tell you of the comfort and ease bestowed by recalling beautiful poems and holy hymns learned in health, but gaining new meaning and beauty in sorrow and sickness.

Older people often prize the leisure which convalescence affords as a time for thought, and for rest from the busi-



ness and cares which usually perplex and weary them. You do not feel this need ; you want to be active at work or play, to be learning new things in life, and using all your restless powers in studying the objects around you. But even the youngest of you may feel the pleasure of knowing the heavenly Father's nearness and love, and may learn to know that in sickness this faith in him and love toward him may be more clear and more delightful : you may learn also of that other life, which is to be more beautiful and more noble than this, where there is no more pain, for which we are now daily preparing ourselves. Perhaps you may have drawn very near to the gate which opens into that new life, and almost made the change from earth to heaven. There is nothing to fear in that change, if you love goodness and holiness ; for Jesus has said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." Strive, above all things else, to keep your truth and purity untarnished, that, blessing you, he may add, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

H. S. H.

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### THE FALL OF THE ROSSBERG.

ONE of the most terrible calamities of modern times was that of the great land-slide in Switzerland, generally known as the *fall of the Rossberg*. In my early boyhood, I had read a thrilling account of the disaster ; and I have a distinct recollection now of lying awake at night, thinking about it, and shivering with terror as each heart-rending scene passed in review before my mind. Little did I venture to hope then that I should ever climb the mountains of the classic land of William Tell, and see with my own eyes the spot where so many human beings were

ingulfed by the treacherous Rossberg. I had dreams, sometimes, of long rambling amid such scenes in foreign lands; and pleasant dreams they were, too, from which I was always sorry to awake. However, these dreams became realities in after-life; though even then they often seemed like dreams.

It was in the month of June, 1852, that I visited the charming valley, once so widely desolated by this avalanche from the Rossberg. The day before, I had climbed the Righi, and, that very morning, had seen the first beams of the sun light up the tops of the snow-covered mountains. Our excellent guide, with baggage enough on his back, we thought, to make a respectable load for Hercules, had conducted us safely down the slope of the Righi to Arth, a somewhat insignificant village on the margin of Lake Zug; and here we were right in the neighborhood of the Rossberg and its victims. Before I describe the catastrophe which has made this spot so memorable all over the world, let me give you a glimpse of a Swiss mountain-guide. He is a character, you may be sure of that. I have a picture of him, which I must exhibit to you. Don't for a moment suppose that the artist has exaggerated the size of the loads he is able to carry. The man we employed carried, apparently with the utmost ease, all the way up the Righi from Weggis, and down on the other side to Arth, a load which, for weight and bulk, was perfectly astonishing. It consisted of three carpet-bags, one valise, three overcoats, three shawls, two umbrellas, sundry walking-sticks (for future use; the *alpen-stock* is the fashion among the Alps), besides a budget of curiosities too numerous to mention. And I have seen other fellows, in the same line of business, carry still greater loads. Some of the peasants in this part of Switzerland, who cultivate little patches of ground and keep

a few cows, will go to market with a load which a donkey would stagger under; and, what is more, they will smoke half the time, and sing cow-herd songs the other half. They are as merry as the chamois that roam over the mountains.

But I must not detain you longer from the account of the fall of the Rossberg, which took place in the beginning of the present century. The village of Goldau is built over the very place where former villages were buried. Dr. Zay, of Arth, was an eye-witness of the catastrophe; and I will avail myself of his description of it, as well as his statement of the cause which produced it.

The Rossberg, or Rufiberg, is a mountain four thousand nine hundred and fifty-eight feet high. The upper part of it consists of a conglomerate or pudding-stone, formed of rounded masses of other rocks cemented together, and called by the Germans Nagelflue, or Nail-rock, from the knobs and protuberances which its surface presents, resembling nail-heads. From the nature of the structure of this kind of rock, it is very liable to become cracked; and, if rain-water or springs penetrate these fissures, they will not fail to dissolve or moisten the unctuous beds of clay which separate the nagelflue from the strata below it, and cause large portions of it to detach themselves from the mass. The strata of the Rossberg are tilted up from the side of the Lake of Zug, and slope down toward Goldau like the roof of a house. If, therefore, the clay which fills these seams be washed out by rains or reduced to the state of a slimy mud, it is evident that such portions of the rock as have been detached from the rest by the fissures must slip down, like the masses of snow which fall from the roof of a house as soon as the lower side is thawed, or as a vessel, when launched, slides down the inclined plane, purposely greased to hasten its descent.

Within the period of human records, destructive land-slips had repeatedly fallen from the Rossberg, and a great part of the piles of earth, rock, and stones, which deform the face of the valley, derive their origin from such catastrophes of ancient date; but the most destructive of all appears to have been the last. The vacant space along the top of the mountain, caused by the descent of a portion of it, calculated to have been a league long, one thousand feet broad, and one hundred feet thick, and a small fragment at its further extremity, which remained when the rest broke off, are also very apparent, and assist in telling the story. The long and wide inclined plane forming the side of the mountain, now ploughed up and scarified, as it were, was previously covered with fields, woods, and houses. Some of the buildings are still standing within a few yards of the precipice which marks the line of the fracture.

The summer of 1806 had been very rainy; and on the 1st and 2d September it rained incessantly. New crevices were observed in the flank of the mountain; a sort of cracking noise was heard internally; stones started out of the ground; detached fragments of rocks rolled down the mountain. At two o'clock in the afternoon, on the 2d of September, a large rock became loose, and, in falling, raised a cloud of black dust. Toward the lower part of the mountain, the ground seemed pressed down from above; and, when a stick or a spade was driven in, it moved of itself. A man, who had been digging in his garden, ran away from fright at these extraordinary appearances. Soon a fissure, larger than all the others, was observed; insensibly it increased. Springs of water ceased all at once to flow; the pine-trees of the forest absolutely reeled; birds flew away screaming. A few minutes before five o'clock, the symptoms of some mighty catastrophe



became still stronger ; the whole surface of the mountain seemed to glide down, but so slowly as to afford time to the inhabitants to go away. An old man, who had often predicted some such disaster, was quietly smoking his pipe, when told by a young man, running by, that the mountain was in the act of falling. He rose, and looked out ; but came into his house again, saying he had time to fill another pipe. The young man, continuing to fly, was thrown down several times, and escaped with difficulty : looking back, he saw the house carried off all at once.

Another inhabitant, being alarmed, took two of his children and ran away with them, calling to his wife to follow with the third ; but she went in for another who still remained (Marianne, aged five). Just then, Francisca Ulrich, their servant, was crossing the room with this Marianne, whom she held by the hand, and saw her mistress. At that instant, as Francisca afterward said, "The house appeared to be torn from its foundation, and spun round and round like a top. I was sometimes on my head, sometimes on my feet, in total darkness, and violently separated from the child." When the motion stopped, she found herself jammed in on all sides, with her head downward, much bruised, and in extreme pain. She supposed she was buried alive at a great depth. With much difficulty she disengaged her right hand, and wiped the blood from her eyes. Presently she heard the faint moans of Marianne, and called to her by her name. The child answered that she was on her back, among stones and bushes, which held her fast, but that her hands were free, and that she saw the light, and even something green. She asked whether people would not soon come to take them out. Francisca answered that it was the day of judgment, and that no one was left to help them, but that they would be released by death, and be happy in heaven.

They prayed together. At last Francisca's ear was struck by the sound of a bell, which she knew to be that of Steinenberg; then seven o'clock struck in another village; and she began to hope there were still living beings, and endeavored to comfort the child. The poor little girl was at first clamorous for her supper; but her cries soon became fainter, and at last quite died away. Francisca, still with her head downward and surrounded with damp earth, experienced a sense of cold in her feet almost insupportable. After prodigious effort, she succeeded in disengaging her legs, and thinks this saved her life. Many hours had passed in this situation, when she again heard the voice of Marianne, who had been asleep, and now renewed her lamentations. In the mean time, the unfortunate father, who with much difficulty had saved himself and two children, wandered about till daylight, when he came among the ruins to look for the rest of his family. He soon discovered his wife, by a foot which appeared above ground. She was dead, with a child in her arms. His cries, and the noise he made in digging, were heard by Marianne, who called out. She was extricated with a broken thigh; and, saying that Francisca was not far off, a further search led to her release also, but in such a state that her life was despaired of. She was blind for some days, and remained subject to convulsive fits of terror. It appeared that the house, or themselves at least, had been carried down about one thousand five hundred feet.

In another place, a child two years old was found unhurt, lying on its straw mattress upon the mud, without any vestige of the house from which he had been separated. Such a mass of earth and stones rushed at once into the Lake of Lowertz, although five miles distant, that one end of it was filled up; and a prodigious wave, passing

completely over the Island of Schwanou, seventy feet above the usual level of the water, overwhelmed the opposite shore, and, as it returned, swept away into the lake many houses with their inhabitants. The village of Seewen, situated at the further end, was inundated, and some houses washed away; and the flood carried live fish into the village of Steinen. The chapel of Olten, built of wood, was found two miles from the place it had previously occupied; and many large blocks of stone completely changed their position.

The most considerable of the villages overwhelmed in the vale of Arth was Goldau, and its name is now affixed to the whole melancholy story and place. A party of eleven travellers from Berne, belonging to the most distinguished families there, arrived at Arth on the 2d of September, and set off on foot for the Righi a few minutes before the catastrophe. Seven of them had got about two hundred yards ahead. The other four saw them entering the village of Goldau; and one of the latter, Mr. R. Jenner, pointed out to the rest the summit of the Rossberg, where some strange commotion seemed taking place. All at once, a flight of stones, like cannon-balls, traversed the air above their heads; a cloud of dust obscured the valley; a frightful noise was heard. They fled. As soon as the obscurity was so far dissipated as to make objects discernible, they sought their friends; but the village of Goldau had disappeared under a heap of stones and rubbish one hundred feet in height, and the whole valley presented nothing but a perfect chaos! Of the unfortunate survivors, one lost a wife to whom he was just married; one, a son; a third, the two pupils under his care. All researches to discover their remains were fruitless. Nothing was left of Goldau but the bell which hung in its steeple, and which was found about a mile off. With the

rocks, torrents of mud came down, acting as rollers; but they took a different direction when in the valley, the mud following the slope of the ground toward the Lake of Lowertz, while the rocks, preserving a straight course, glanced across the valley toward the Righi. The rocks above, moving much faster than those near the ground, went further, and ascended even a great way up the Righi. Its base is now covered with large blocks carried to an incredible height, and by which trees were mowed down as by cannon.

A long track of ruins, like a scarf, hangs from the shoulder of the Rossberg, in hideous barrenness, over the rich dress of shaggy woods and green pastures, and grows wider and wider down to the Lake of Lowertz and to the Righi, a distance of four or five miles. Its greatest breadth may be three miles; and the triangular area of ruins is fully equal to that of Paris taken at the external Boulevards, or about double the real extent of the inhabited city. The portion of the strata at the top of the Rossberg which slid down into the valley is certainly less than the chaotic accumulation below; and there is no doubt that a considerable part of it comes from the soil of the valley itself, ploughed up and thrown into ridges like the waves of the sea, and hurled to prodigious distances by the impulse of the descending mass, plunging upon it with a force not very inferior to that of a cannon-ball.

The effects of this terrible convulsion were the entire destruction of the villages Goldau, Bussingen, and Rothen, and a part of Lowertz. The rich pasturages in the valley and on the slope of the mountain, entirely overwhelmed by it and ruined, were estimated to be worth one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. One hundred and eleven houses, and more than two hundred stables and châteaux, were buried under pieces of rocks, which of themselves



form hills several hundred feet high. More than four hundred and fifty human beings perished by this catastrophe, and whole herds of cattle were swept away. Five minutes sufficed to complete the work of destruction. The inhabitants of the neighboring towns and villages were first roused by loud and grating sounds like thunder. They looked toward the spot from which it came, and beheld the valley shrouded in a cloud of dust. When it had cleared away, they found the face of nature changed. — *Youth's Cabinet.*

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### THE JAPANESE.

THE country of the Japanese consists of several large and small islands, lying close together at a short distance from the eastern coast of Asia. They are among the most civilized of the heathen nations; and they exercise a great variety of useful and ornamental arts, in some of which they surpass even the ingenious Chinese. As to religion, they are idolaters, — a large portion of them being followers of the Buddhist religion, which consists in the worship of Buddha, otherwise named Gaudama, who was supposed to be an incarnation, or human manifestation, of the Deity.\* Others adhere to the more ancient religion of the country, which is called Sinto. Their worship, it is said, consists in prayers and prostrations. The celebration of festivals, and going on pilgrimages, are among their religious acts. Their temples are ordinarily built upon eminences, in retired spots, at a distance from bustle

\* This religion, which originated probably in India, is very widely spread over the eastern part of Asia.

and business, surrounded by groves, and approached by a grand avenue, having a gate of stone or wood, and bearing a tablet or doorplate, which announces the name of the deity to which it is consecrated. The temple itself is described as a small, mean wooden building, either empty, or containing only a mirror of polished metal set in a frame of braided straw, and at the entrance a basin of water, in which the worshippers wash for purification.

Their private dwellings are slightly built of wood and plaster, one or two stories high, and partitioned into rooms only by movable screens. The windows are of paper instead of glass. The houses being constructed of wood, even in their large cities, subjects them to frequent and destructive fires. They have had the art of writing for a long time, and also that of block-printing after the manner of the Chinese. Books are therefore common; and reading is a very common amusement among them. Among their books are mentioned poems, lives of their great personages and saints, histories, entertaining and instructive narratives, &c. Besides their own mode of writing, they also employ the Chinese characters, apparently in a similar way to the use of French and other foreign phrases in our books. The Chinese language also, or at least its written characters, seems to be taught as a kind of learned language among them,—a necessary accomplishment of a literary profession.

Japan was first made known to Europeans by Marco Polo, between five and six hundred years ago. About three hundred years ago, the Portuguese sent missionaries to Japan to convert the natives to the Catholic faith. They were very successful, and large numbers embraced Christianity in the form in which it was presented to them by these missionaries; but a jealousy, not without reason, of the interference of these foreign teachers in the affairs

of the government, induced the Japanese to banish them from the country, and to require their converts to renounce their new faith. They were severely persecuted, and in fact exterminated. Since that time, the Japanese have kept themselves entirely secluded from the rest of the world, admitting only a trifling trade with the Chinese and Dutch, and allowing no foreigners to set foot within their territories, except under strict guard. The most that we know of them has been derived from accounts given by the Dutch, who visited Japan for trade, and whose only opportunity of seeing the country was an occasional visit of ceremony to the daira or emperor at Jeddo, the capital city of the empire.

The Japanese chiefly subsist upon vegetable food, and fish, it being contrary to their religious principles to indulge in animal food. By some sects, the deer, hare, and wild boar were eaten, and some birds by the poorer classes. Although they have had, from time immemorial, the horse, the ox, the buffalo, the dog, and the cat, none of these are ever used for food. Of vegetables they possess a great variety, including most of those cultivated in our gardens. The staple article of food, however, is rice: barley is cultivated for the horses and cattle. From rice they also prepare a kind of intoxicating liquor called saki, of which they use large quantities.

The laws of the country are very strict; and a very exact degree of order is maintained in all ranks of society. After the banishment of the Portuguese missionaries, all the inhabitants of the country were required to perform the ceremony of trampling on the cross, in order to insure the greatest security against any attachment to the Catholic religion. This ceremony, it is said, is still yearly performed under the direction of appropriate officers. This severity towards Christians and Christianity appears to

arise from no special hostility to the Christian doctrines, but from an extreme jealousy of foreign influence and interference, which leads them to exclude, with the greatest rigor, every thing which can give it opportunity of entrance. From the same jealousy, they are unwilling to communicate to foreigners the knowledge of their own language, or of the geography and state of their country. On the contrary, they are very inquisitive to learn whatsoever they can of foreigners, even to the minutest particulars. From the intercourse maintained with the Dutch, by the occasional visit of a Dutch trading-ship, they have kept themselves informed of whatever they wished to know of the state of foreign affairs, and of the progress of the arts and sciences in Christian countries, of which they have adopted as much as seemed to be useful to themselves, — such, for instance, as the art of calculating almanacs, constructing time-pieces, &c.; for, in this respect, they have manifested a disposition quite opposite to that of the Chinese, who have affected to despise every thing foreign. — *New-Church Magazine.* D. H. H.

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#### THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

PERHAPS our little readers have not forgotten the old man of the mountain, and his half-promise that they should hear from him again. He did not forget you; though he was unable to fulfil his desire, and write another letter. With the cool winds and falling leaves of autumn, his strength gradually failed. Seated in his arm-chair, now removed from the old elm-tree to the ample fireside, serene and happy, though very, very feeble, he



would watch for hours the ever-changing clouds that flitted across the deep-blue sky, or the trees now robed in the brilliant and varied hues of the autumn. It was a beautiful but sad sight to see him, once so active and energetic, now so calm and peaceful, patiently awaiting the time of his departure, so near at hand.

One Sabbath afternoon I went, as usual, to make my weekly visit. The first snow of the winter had fallen during the past night, and the earth was now robed in a mantle of the purest white; the rays of the setting sun were reflected back as from a wilderness of diamonds; the air was keen and piercing. As I walked quickly on, the few calm words which he uttered at my last visit flashed quickly upon my memory: "I shall hardly outlive our first snow; I am going home very soon." Involuntarily I quickened my steps. Robin, who was now staying with him, opened the door, and hushed my usual welcome, whispering in a low voice, "Grandpapa is asleep; pray, don't wake him. He has been chilly and cold all day," continued Robin; "though I have heaped log after log on the fire, as you see." — "Where is your mother, child?" said I. "She went to lie down a little while ago, and left me to wait on grandpa. When the sun was setting, he told me to lift the curtain, that he might look out, and said, 'It is very beautiful!' and then he went to sleep." He was indeed asleep: it was the sleep of death, as calm, as heavenly, as full of peace, as the last sunset on which he gazed. It was a fitting time for him to die, so ripe in years and virtues. Death had no terrors for him: he only thought of it as going to his heavenly home, and always spoke of it with hope and joy. We hardly dare to mourn him; for we know that he is happy now. Thus peaceful, calm, and happy, was the end of the

OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

A. M.

## THE SEASONS.

## FIRST CHILD.

I LOVE the Spring, when first the leaves and flowers  
 Peep from the ground,  
 And the rain falls with its refreshing showers  
 And rushing sound.  
 Ah, then how gayly, gladly pass the hours  
 That Spring has crowned!

I love the first soft airs that, gently blowing,  
 Break Nature's sleep ;  
 And the free streamlet from the hillside flowing,  
 So full and deep ;  
 And velvet carpet of the green grass, growing  
 On plain and steep.

## SECOND CHILD.

Give me glad Summer, for the Spring is chilling  
 With its fresh gales ;  
 But the warm breath of Summer, ever filling  
 With joy the dales,  
 Comes, and to my heart, attuned and willing,  
 Tells its sweet tales.

Yes! give me Summer; for the earth is ringing  
 With glad delight ;  
 And lovely flowers in every field are springing,  
 Than Spring's more bright ;  
 And the sweet warblers of the grove are singing  
 From morn till night.

## THIRD CHILD.

The Autumn, with its wealth of fruits abounding,  
I love the best :  
The harvest-home is merrily resounding ;  
And gay the jest  
Of the good farmers, when, the board surrounding,  
They take their rest.

Then wears the sky a deeper tinge, and brighter  
The sunset's hues,  
And the full moon makes night than day seem lighter,  
And gleam the dews,  
Till the white frost locks all in keeping tighter, —  
His reign renews.

## FOURTH CHILD.

Mine be the Winter, with its dazzling glory  
Of drifted snow ;  
And the old trees, that bow their heads so hoary  
To winds that blow :  
Then, then I hear the ghost or wizard story  
By firelight glow.

The pure, clear air, that whistles through the valley,  
To me is dear :  
I let its breezes with my garments dally,  
Nor danger fear,  
When forth into the storm I boldly sally  
With hearty cheer.

## MOTHER.

All have their joys, — the Spring, that brings the roses  
Among its train ;  
The Summer fair, that thousand sweets discloses  
On hill and plain ;  
Then the ripe Autumn, with its well-filled closes  
Waving with grain.

Last, Winter comes, and, round the fireside bending,  
We feel no cold.  
Then from our full hearts let us ever, sending  
Forth praise untold,  
Thank the great God, and pray that we, ascending,  
May reach his fold.

EDITOR.

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“CONSIDER THE LILIES OF THE FIELD HOW THEY  
GROW.” — MATT. vi. 28.

WE have chosen, dear children, a text appropriate to the season of the year. Before this month has passed, the lilies, as well as many other beautiful and early flowers, will cover the face of the earth with their bright blossoms. Our Saviour always drew his teachings from the objects that surrounded him ; and we, too, would draw our lesson for the month from the silent and pure preachers which grow, too often disregarded, in our daily path.

*Consider the lilies.* How well each flower is adapted to its place, and springs up in just the soil which is needed to make it flourish best ! We do not find the columbine, which needs a dry soil, by the brookside ; nor the white



violet, which requires moisture, among the rocks: but the columbine repays us for a scramble up the steep hillside, and the white violet is cheaply obtained at the expense of a few splashes of mud and water.

God has put each in the fitting spot. Ought we not, from this great fact, to learn, that, in his garden of the world, he has placed his human flowers in just the best places for them? One child thinks he should be happier if he had not so many brothers and sisters. This thought shows a selfish heart; and God has wisely given that child brothers and sisters, that he may be obliged to give up selfish actions, and learn to be generous, not only in deed, but in thought. Another would like to be rich, so that he might never be obliged to exert himself. He would like to take his ease, and to be waited upon; but God sees that riches would only increase the indolence of his disposition, and has ordained his lot in a family where he must learn from infancy to help himself. We might go on with these instances; but two will suffice to show you our meaning.

If you examine a flower with an older friend, who can tell you its different parts, and the office which each part performs in the plant, you will gain a new and beautiful idea of the wisdom of God; and you will learn, too, that every thing in creation is busy, even to the leaves and flowers, which might be supposed to be idle. The root draws the moisture and nourishment from the ground: the leaves have their office to perform in attracting the sunshine and the dew, and in extracting from the air the element necessary to the life of the plant. The flower must come to perfection, and its leaves must drop off, in order that the seed of the future flower may ripen.

God has adorned the earth with these, his beautiful creations. Many of them are of no known use to man or

animal. Thousands of them grow up and wither where the eye of man never sees them, as if God, in making this lovely world, would leave no portion without its ornament, no place that did not bear witness to the exceeding greatness of his love. The moss of the desert had power to fill with love and gratitude and faith the soul of Mungo Park when he was perishing in the desert, and inspired him with the courage to make the needful exertion to save his life. Shall we not, too, learn faith in the goodness and fatherly care of Him who has "so clothed the grass of the field"?

EDITOR.

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### LETTER TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

MY DEAR FANNY,— Will you think I pass over the bounds of friendship, if, in answer to your kind letter, I give you a moral lecture? To speak the truth to a person, especially a truth which concerns his own character, is a very difficult task; and I trust I may perform it in all gentleness, and that you will take it as it is meant. Of course, if I did not feel interested in you, and did not see in you the elements of many good qualities, I should not take the trouble to do this. It is because I really desire your good that I write.

But without further preface, since mine has been too long already, let me say that I fear you have not sufficient independence of character. You are too much influenced by those with whom you are thrown or whom you happen to fancy. I do not speak now of your readiness to oblige, which is so attractive in a young girl, but the excess to which that readiness carries you, and which will prove fatal to many excellences if it is not checked.

The first which it must injure is your truth. I know there are a great many forms of speech which have come to be considered as mere words of politeness, and which are uttered as matters of course; but every young person should guard against using them, unless in perfect sincerity. For instance, I heard you say to Miss Harrison, in reply to her invitation, that you should be happy to visit her; and afterwards you told your mother that you knew no inducement strong enough to tempt you to stay with her. If this was the case, why would it not have been better to thank her for the invitation, and express your sense of the kindness that prompted it, without sacrificing truth? I know Miss Harrison is sensitive and exacting in regard to etiquette; but I think she would have been satisfied with the expression of your pleasure at her civility.

It is embarrassing oftentimes, I know, to reconcile truth and politeness. I have been frequently called upon to admire a picture which I did not like, or a book which I could not approve, or some article of apparel which seemed to me in excessively bad taste. Formerly, I used to praise every thing, as I was expected to do; but a shrewd old lady opened my eyes to the folly and wickedness of this; and now I find a great many ways of being perfectly civil, and yet preserving my truth. I think no one has a right to be offended, if you say that your taste is not suited, provided you say so in a lady-like and proper manner.

"Oh, don't ask her!" I once heard one lady say of another: "she thinks every thing is pretty; and her judgment is not worth a farthing." I afterward saw the lady in question, and knew from observation that she had fallen into the habit of acquiescing in the opinions of her friends, from a want of sufficient independence to disagree with

them; and her friends found her out, and valued her opinions, at length, at just what they were worth,—nothing.

You lessen your confidence in yourself, and your own self-respect, by this want of independence. How is it possible for you to do otherwise than despise yourself, when you are conscious that you are continually violating truth and principle? and how can you have any confidence in yourself, when your opinion changes to agree with that of every different person you meet?

I had once a friend who did not approve of the waltz,—it was before the polka became the fashion, Fanny. At home, she was supported in her disapproval by father, mother, and brothers. She went, however, to make a visit in a distant and gay city. One evening, at a small party, she was conversing with the lady of the house about this dance. “Absurd,” said the lady, “for some persons to make so much ado about waltzing! It makes me quite vexed at their prudishness. Do you see any possible objection to it?”

My little friend, distressed at the idea of being considered prudish, uttered a faint “No,” and felt herself so self-condemned for her weakness, that she could no longer listen to the conversation or take part in it. After a time, the brother of the lady to whom she had been talking came and claimed her as a partner in a waltz. She drew back, and declined; but he said, “Just one turn round the room. I would not have asked you, had not my sister told me, that, unlike many ladies in your section of the country, you approve of waltzing.”

What could she do? She would not add to the falsehood she had already told by pleading fatigue or illness, neither of which she felt; and she accepted his invitation. She was graceful; and she had repeated invitations in the



course of the evening, all of which she felt forced to accept. She did not sleep at all that night. Thoughts of her injured self-respect, of her falsehood, of her want of moral courage, made her almost ill; and her headache and heavy eyes, the next morning, quite alarmed her friends. She never waltzed again, however. Afterwards, when she went into company, she deprived herself of the pleasure of dancing at all, that she might not be obliged to participate in any amusement which her conscience condemned.

These visits — this journeying round in the world — have a bad effect on a person who is deficient in moral courage. A young girl, who has been in the habit of morning and evening devotions, makes a visit in a family where the things of this life are the all-important ones. It requires, at first, a great deal of courage to kneel down quietly, and ask for a blessing on the occupations of the day, or pray for preservation through the still watches of the night, in the presence of a careless and indifferent person. But it must be done, or conscience will not be satisfied, — done at once: the first time the question comes up, it must be decided aright, or every succeeding morning and evening will make it harder and harder.

Sabbath occupations, too, are a matter in which you will be called upon to exercise your independence, — your moral courage, I should rather say. I consider running about from church to church to hear some famous preacher, pleasure-riding, light and frivolous letter-writing, novel-reading, inconsistent with the right use of the holy day. You must settle these points for yourself; but, after you have once decided that any one of these is wrong, do not be turned from your decision by the customs of those friends with whom you may happen to be.

I trust I have said enough to show you what I mean;

and I dare say, as you read, you will remember instances in your own experience, where you have, from a desire to oblige or a fear of being thought to set yourself up above your companions, sacrificed your sense of right.

For the moment, I know it will be hard for you to assert your own convictions, but only for the moment. If your friends are really such, though they may disagree with you, they will respect your conscientious scruples; and your own consciousness of having been true to yourself will repay any exertion which you may have made. If, however, you still feel that you are an object of ridicule to your companions, though your conscience gives it glad approval, ask yourself whether their esteem is really valuable. In nine cases out of ten, you will find their judgment is not based on high Christian principles, but on the current notions of the world around them.

If this letter does not commend itself now to your heart, I shall trust that the seed has been dropped which shall germinate by and by. If you think me severe and uncivil now, you will not always think so. A few years more will redeem me from any such charge from you; and then, if not now, you will consider me

A TRUE FRIEND.

EDITOR.

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## THE AMERICAN BISON.

I AM going to tell you about the bison, which is one of the most remarkable animals in our country. It is about as large as an ox. It inhabits both parts of the American continent; and, in North America, immense herds are frequently seen. The fore-parts of the body of this ani-

mal are very thick and strong; the hinder are much more slender; the body is covered in many parts with long shaggy hair; the horns are short, rounded, and pointing outwards; and on the shoulders is a great hump, which is the distinguishing mark of the bison.

The bison grazes like a cow: he runs wild in forests, and his appearance is threatening and ferocious. No person could see this animal in the woods, for the first time, without showing him his heels, and escaping from his company as soon as possible.

The chase of these animals is one of the favorite sports of the Indians, who use the flesh as food, and have several ingenious ways of killing them. The vast herds of bisons in the Western country sometimes present a most astonishing spectacle. They press close together, so as to appear to be one solid mass, and then rush onward, driving before them, or crushing, every thing that comes in their way. Their line of march is seldom stopped even by deep rivers; for they swim over them without fear, and nearly in the order that they traverse the plains. When flying before their pursuers, it would be in vain for the foremost to halt, or attempt to stop those behind him, as they rush on, no matter what is before them. In their course, they frequently brush down large trees.

The Indians have a curious method of luring these animals to leap over a high precipice. A swift-footed and active young man is selected, who is disguised in a bison's skin, having the head, ears, and horns so fixed as to deceive even the bisons themselves. When thus arrayed, he stations himself between the herd and some of the precipices, which often extend for several miles along the rivers. The Indians surround the herd, and rush upon them, with loud yells. The animals, being alarmed, and seeing no way open but in the direction of the disguised Indian, run towards him, and he, taking to flight, dashes

on to the precipice, where he suddenly hides himself within some crevice. The foremost bison of the herd arrives at the brink; he cannot turn back; there is no chance of escape. The poor creature shrinks with terror; but the crowd behind press upon him, and he is hurled, with those who follow him, over the precipice. This seems a cruel and wasteful method of killing buffaloes; and, fortunately, it is not often resorted to by the Indians.

A better way of killing bison is that of attacking them on horseback, in which some of the Indians are very expert.

The sense of smell in the bison is wonderfully nice. It is said by hunters that the odor of the white man is far more terrifying to them than that of the Indian. In Long's Expedition to the Rocky Mountains, a story is told of an exploring party, who were riding through a dreary country where a vast number of bisons were used to roam. As the wind was blowing fresh from the south, the scent of the party was wafted directly across the river Platte, and, over a distance of eight or ten miles, reached the bisons. The instant their atmosphere was infected with the tainted gale, they ran as violently as if closely pursued by mounted hunters; and, instead of fleeing from the danger, they turned their heads towards the wind, eager to escape this terrifying odor.

The skins of the bison are commonly of a reddish-brown color. They furnish the Indians and whites with excellent coverings in winter. A sleigh-ride would be uncomfortable without them; and they form an excellent protection from the rain and cold. They are called *buffalo robes*; the term buffalo being generally, but incorrectly, applied to the bison.

The bisons have often been seen in herds of three, four, and five thousand, blackening the plains and prairies as



far as the eye could view. At night, it is impossible for persons, unaccustomed to their noise, to sleep near them. Their continued roaring sounds like distant thunder. Although the bison is a very fierce-looking animal, it is, at the same time, generally quite harmless. A little boy might go near them, and perhaps even chase them, without their turning to injure him.

A young bison, it is said, displays an affecting instance of attachment to its mother, when the latter happens to be killed by the hunters: the young one then will not leave her, but, alarmed and trembling, follows the hunters who are carrying away its parent.

To the Indian tribes, the bison is an invaluable gift. He supplies a large part of the food used by the natives, and coverings to their tents and persons; while his very refuse is used for fuel in the desert places where not a tree or shrub is to be seen. How wonderfully are all things adapted to the wants of man! — *Forrester's Magazine.*

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## THE SAXONS.

THE Saxons were a tribe or nation that inhabited a part of Germany, and that from a very small beginning gradually extended their power along the Rhine, and as far north as Denmark. When the Roman power declined in the fifth century, and the Romans, too busy with their own affairs nearer Rome, were unable longer to maintain their strength in Britain, and protect it against the barbarous encroachments of the Picts and Scots who inhabited the North, then the Britons applied to the Saxons, and the Angles, another German tribe, for help. This was readily granted. The Northern hordes were conquered and driven back. Then the allies conceived the idea of con-

quering the country to themselves. Accordingly, instead of returning home, they invited fresh hordes of their countrymen to visit the island; and, after a long war, the Saxons and Angles triumphed over the Britons in almost every encounter, and drove the miserable remnants of the nation to seek refuge in Wales and Cornwall. The struggle lasted nearly a century and a half, and ended in establishing the Saxon kingdoms in the south of Britain. To this territory they gave the name of Anglo-land, or England. The Christian religion was established in Britain by the Saxons in the sixth century.

The early Saxons were chiefly devoted to war. They were bold, hardy, and energetic; but the barbarous state of manners prevalent at that period prevented them from turning their mental and physical strength to any useful account. Agriculture afforded but little employment, and that little was confined to the servile class called serfs. Foreign commerce was hardly known, and there were very few products of industry or art to afford materials for trade. They had no literature, and religion had at that time but very little influence upon them. It was natural that they should turn to war.

In the ninth century, there was a marked improvement in the condition and character of the Saxons. Schools had been established, the laws were reformed, trial by jury was introduced, and various other improvements were made, that mark an advancing civilization.

At this time they had various mechanical arts. Gold became abundant among them, and in their manners they exhibited a curious mixture of barbarism and rude luxury. They were divided into nobles, ecclesiastics, freemen, and serfs: the last were born to servitude, and sold like cattle. The language which they spoke at this early period we could not now understand; yet it forms the basis of the modern English. — *Selected.*